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The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 1.

BOSTON, MASS., 1 OCTOBER, 1886.

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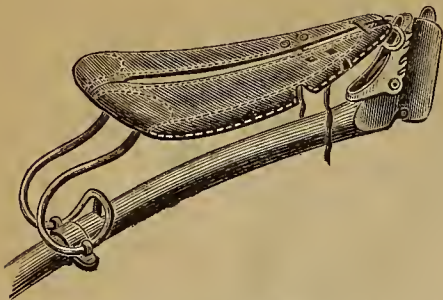
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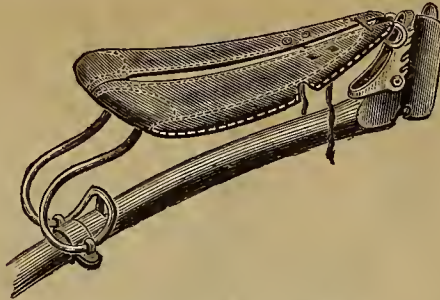
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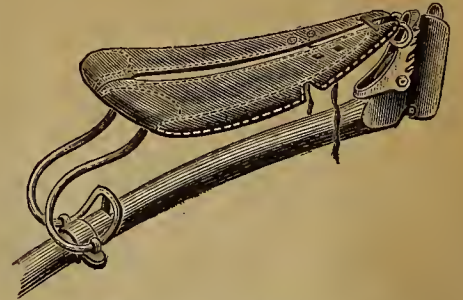
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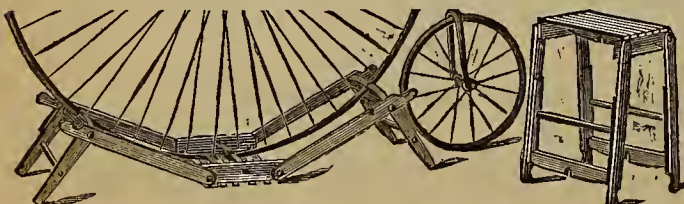
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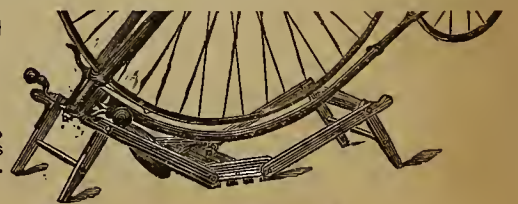


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Is enough in itself to determine one in favor of the

ROYAL ❖ MAIL!

The Only Wheel having this Head.

WE ARE RECEIVING THE HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS.

TRULY THE WHEEL OF THE YEAR.

Genuine Trigwell Ball-Bearing Head used on the Royal Mail.

The rigidity of a bicycle and the freedom in steering is increased to such an extent that hills can be surmounted with far greater ease, and rough roads traversed with considerably less discomfort. A Ball Head will not require lubricating or adjusting more frequently than ONCE EVERY ONE THOUSAND MILES.

The invention was awarded the Silver Medal at the Inventions Exhibition, 1885, by a jury of experienced and practical riders.

The One Hundred Mile Race of the London Bicycle Club, from Bath to London, was won on a bicycle fitted with this Head, in 7 hours 33 minutes, against a strong head-wind for at least a third of the distance, with heavy rain falling for six hours.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. FURNIVALL says:

The Ball-Bearing Head has quite surpassed my expectations. Its advantages for road riding are greater than one would believe possible without a practical experience of them. I will never have another bicycle without a Ball Head.

Mr. HAWLEY, Hon. Sec. of the L. B. C., says:

My bicycle was ridden about 4,000 miles last year, during which time the Ball Head was only adjusted three or four times. I certainly think this is a distinct advance in cycle manufacture.

Mr. HY. HERBERT, Clarence, B. C., says:

I cannot speak too highly of the Patent Ball-Bearing Head, which is really everything that can be desired for rigidity and ease of steering.

From "WHEELING," 1 Sept., 1886:

We seldom remember such unanimity as prevails with reference to the Ball-Bearing Head of Messrs. Trigwell, Watson & Co. Not a man who has tried it is there who does not swear by it as the greatest thing in bicycle manufacture of the day.

A Trigwell's Patent Ball-Bearing Head was fitted to the machine of Mr. Mills, on which he made the existing record (bicycle) for the Land's End to John o' Groat's ride, though he rode another machine not fitted with this head when he made the twenty-four-hour record. The longer ride, however, was by far the best test for this well-appreciated head-piece, whose merits are so pronounced that no bicyclist should be without it.

Mr. HARRY JONES, of the Haverstock C. C., says:

My record last year amounted to 8,241½ miles. I have ridden over some of the roughest roads through nearly every county in England and Wales, and can say that some of the grass roads traversed in Lincolnshire, etc., would have been quite unridable with the ordinary head; but in this, and where any delicate steering is required, I have found the Ball-Bearing Head invaluable, and also a great assistance in hill climbing. I have ridden it over 1,000 miles without oiling, and only adjusted it three times during the year, and the wear is imperceptible.

Mr. SHIPTON, Sec. to the C. T. C., says:

My views as to the merits of your new Ball-Bearing Head are pretty fully expressed in the *C. T. C. Gazette* for October last, to which you are at full liberty to make reference. The eulogium then bestowed I cannot but confirm by the light of more recent experience. To put it briefly, I consider the Ball-Bearing Head to be the most valid of all the modern-day improvements, and I would not be without it for twice its cost.

We have Royal Mails, either with Old Pattern Head and Cemented Tire, or Ball Head and Cemented Tire, or Ball Head and Grip-Fast Tire.

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In Selecting a Wheel, Get the Latest Improved.

The Excellence of the Royal Mail Bicycle is Too Well Known to Need Description.

We take Other Wheels in Trade, and can Allow More Now for Old Wheels than able to in the Spring.

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Beating George Weber's American record by over 11 minutes, and Golder's English record by over 9 minutes. He did the

100 Miles in 6 Hours, 43 Minutes and 59 Seconds,

Knocking McCurdy's record over an hour. His mount was a

57-INCH AMERICAN CHAMPION,

Which is not a Light Roadster, but a machine constructed solely for Road Riding. Whittaker says it's the Bearings.



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FIRST. The comparative superiority of the machine in vital points.

SECOND. The comparative cost of same, all things being equal.

The result of this consideration in a majority of cases will influence the purchaser to decide on one of the

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 1 OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 1.

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Washington, H. S. OWEN, Capital Cycle Co.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

WITH this number we enter upon our second volume. We cannot boast of great age, but for a "bantling" we think our record has been a good one. We have found a place for ourselves, if we can judge by the support wheelmen have given us, and we hope their continued favors will lead us to do better things. It has been predicted that the CYCLE would "soon go up." It has been steadily going up since its start.

Wheeling in England and the WORLD in America have started on a campaign against the amateur law. They have undertaken a hopeless task. The drift of public opinion is setting toward rather than away from this law, and the devotees of those sports where it has not obtained are now earnestly seeking to employ it. The yachtsmen feel the necessity for some such law, and a movement to put one in force has many advocates in yachting circles.

THE season of 1886 has given us the best crop of amateurs we have ever had. Had Hendee, Rowe, Burnham, etc. etc., been riding as amateurs this year, we should have heard nothing of such good men as Rich, Foster, Crist, Gaskell, DeBlois, Hart, and Brown have shown themselves to be. The boys have had a chance to do something, and they have shown us the best racing of the tournaments.

IT does not speak well for the success of the promateur class of riders that the winner could be picked in every race at the fall tournaments; but it is greatly to the credit of the men that this could be done, for it shows that the races were run on the merits of the riders

CROSSING the field at Springfield on the last day of the tournament, we saw a large mound of fresh earth. "What's that?" we inquired of interlocutor Lawton. "That," replied he, "is where the wheelmen have been burying hatchets. There's a lot of them in that mound, and we consider that to be one of Springfield's proudest monuments." We shed a few tears on the mound, as we thought that the proper thing to do.

LET it be said to the credit of wheelmen, that no English cyclist who has come over ever went back and wrote a book on America. And yet the English wheelmen see a great deal of the country.

SAVED BY A VOICE.

THE following is an extract from the diary of an intimate friend of mine, now deceased. It contains an account of an occurrence so remarkable, that I feel no apology is required for introducing it to my readers. Neither do I violate any confidence in so doing. There is no longer any one whose susceptibilities can be wounded, or in whom painful memories can be awakened, by the perusal of these lines. The chief actor, if I may use the expression, has now be endead for years, and the family of the other person, to be hereafter referred to, has been resident for about the same length of time in another hemisphere, where it is extremely improbable (but yet possible) that a copy of the annual containing the relation of this strange experience should ever meet their eyes.

As regards the occurrence itself, it is not my intention to offer any theory of my own. Some who read these lines will see in it a confirmation of the beautiful and consoling dream, that the spirits of those we have loved and lost are sometimes permitted to watch over the dear ones they have loved on earth; while others will take a prosaic, and so-called scientific view of the matter, and will talk of "reflex action," "unconscious cerebration," etc., until they lose all sight of the golden sunshine of poetry, in the dreary fog of materialism. As to which hold the more accurate view, there may be a difference of opinion—as to which holds the happier and more elevating, one! I will only say that the occurrence evidently made a very deep impression on my friend's own mind. His own opinion on the matter is obvious, from what he has

written; while that he felt it to be too sacred a subject for discussion even with his dearest friend, is made evident from the fact that my first intimation of his having had such an experience, was from the perusal of the entry dated 13 August, 187—, when his diary came into my hands.

Before I proceed to give the extract, it is perhaps necessary that I should supply a brief sketch of my friend's history, so far as it relates to the matter in hand, and thus enable my readers to enter into the subject with a fuller sympathy and comprehension than they would be able otherwise to do.

Herbert F., known to his intimates as "Bertie," was a man about 25 years of age at the time this entry in the diary was made. He possessed a moderate competence of his own, was devoted to athletic pursuits in general, and was an enthusiastic wheelman in particular. He had gone in for racing with marked success, and at this period of his career was beginning to be looked upon as a "coming man," and one almost certain to develop into a champion.

He had been engaged to a very beautiful girl, to whom he was passionately attached, and who returned his affection with equal ardor.

The termination of their brief dream of happiness was singularly tragic.

My friend was unexpectedly called to Paris on business of an urgent nature, which he expected to detain him about ten days. On the night previous to his departure he bade farewell as usual to his *fiancé*, who appeared more depressed at their separation than the brief nature of its duration seemed to warrant. All his efforts to cheer her drooping spirits were in vain,—she could only cling to him, and exclaim, "Suppose we never see each other again!" and so, with tears on her part, and a tender smile at her fears, and an assurance that ten days at the utmost would see them together again, on his, they parted.

Three days later, she was found dead, with an unfinished letter to her lover before her, her hand still grasping the pen with which she had been inditing loving words to him she was never to see again! Unsuspected heart disease, the doctors said.

My friend was for a time utterly prostrated at the appalling suddenness of the blow. Then his strong healthy nature asserted itself; he resumed his former pursuits with all his accustomed ardor, and to the superficial observer he seemed at the period (nearly three years from the date of his loved one's death), when he met with the strange experience which he records, to have entirely recovered his former happy, light-hearted disposition. He never spoke of his loss to mere acquaintances, and but rarely even to me; but I, who had proven the faithful, loving nature of the man, and had been a witness of the true and tender affection subsisting between the lovers, knew well that she whom he had so early lost, was seldom or never absent from his thoughts.

And now for the entry dealing with the occurrence which suggests the title of this narrative. I give it exactly as it stands written in my dead friend's hand.

13 August, 187-. To-night a strange thing has happened to me. I know not what to think; but about the reality of what took place there can be no question, and I am as certain as I am that I am now writing this, that to-night I heard my darling's voice calling to me, and was thereby saved from an accident that might, who knows, have proved a fatal one! Can it be that my own lost Alice still watches over me, and that she who is ever present in my thoughts was for once permitted to speak to me through the darkness which separates us, and once more, though death divides us, prove her loving care for my welfare?

Let me set down, as well as my beating heart and bewildered brain will allow me, the record of to-night—though, indeed, no memorial is needed to remind me of what will ever be treasured in my heart.

This evening I rode over to W. on my new "Salvo," and called on Tom D. While there, three other men came in, and after supper we all sat down to "Nap." I left them about a quarter to one A. M., having lost about 15s.

It was a glorious night for my homeward ride of 12 miles,—fine and still, and the roads in splendid condition, while the darkness only seemed to make my lamp give a better light than usual. I therefore spun along the familiar route at a merry pace, calculated to almost beat the hour for the distance.

For the first few miles my mind was full of the occurrences of the night. What luck that beggar Tom always has! And what beastly cards I generally hold, etc.; but soon my thoughts went back to their accustomed channel when I am alone, and I was once more strolling in spirit with my lost darling through the leafy lanes, and listening to a voice I never thought to hear on earth again.

I had just entered the avenue of elms which leads into the village of L., when, apparently close at my side, I heard my name called twice. Clear and distinct, it rang out through the still night air,— "Bertie!" "Bertie!" It was my darling's voice—how should I fail to recognize it? Yes! it was hers; but the tone was one of such anxiety and distress, as, thank God, I never yet heard from her lips.

Terribly agitated, I slackened up, my heart beating as if it would suffocate me. I tried to answer, but no audible sound passed my lips, and once again from the darkness behind me, the voice cried "Bertie!" "Bertie!"

I jumped down, trembling in every limb, and leaning my machine against a tree, I ran up and down, peering through the gloom, and calling on my darling by name, though my common sense told me it was no corporeal voice that had spoken.

Nothing but the road I was on, and the bank with its high trees on either side, was to be seen, and though I cried frantically, "Alice! Speak to me! speak to me!" there was no reply; all was silent as the grave.

I must have waited nearly half an hour on the spot, so loth was I to leave the place where I had heard my loved one's voice; but the cry was not repeated; there was not even

the sound of the night breeze stirring amongst the leaves.

Reluctantly I turned away, my mind full of wonder and amazement, for the sound had been far too real for me to cheat myself into the belief that my imagination had played me a trick. Besides, I am not an imaginative man, and "nerves" are, I am thankful to say, things hitherto unknown to me.

I took my machine and walked slowly on, occasionally looking back, intending to mount when I had passed the bend in the road, just ahead of me. I turned the corner, and there, to my horror, I saw dimly by the light of my lamp, a huge black mass lying completely across the road. An enormous limb of one of the elms had fallen directly at right angles to the path, entirely blocking up the way.

In a moment the meaning of what had happened to me flashed across my mind like a revelation! The tree was just round the bend of the road (clear on my outward journey), where I could not possibly have seen it in time to dismount, and had I not been stopped in time, in another twenty yards I should have ridden into the obstacle at full speed, with results which it made me shudder to think of. I could no longer doubt, even had I been inclined, that it was my lost one's voice which had called to me, and that it was her agency which had been permitted to save me from what might have been instant death!

Full of awe at my wonderful escape, and the means by which it had been accomplished, I lifted my machine over the obstacle, and resumed my route.

Of course such a dangerous obstruction could not be left where it was to cause peril to life and limb. I therefore rode on about half a mile, to a cottage where I knew Jackson, M.'s farm manager, lived. With some difficulty I aroused him, and explained matters to him, when he promised to get at once a man and a couple of horses from the farm, and remove the danger.

In half an hour more I was safe at home, and now I am writing down, as well as my bewildered emotions will permit, the marvellous experience of this night. Oh! my lost, but unforgotten, darling! do you indeed still love me fondly and faithfully as when I held you for the last, last time, in my arms? I know now that we shall meet again in the distant, unknown land! And perhaps—who knows?—it will not be long till then.

Here ends my friend's account of what took place on this, to him, memorable 13th of August.

Two months later I helped to carry him off the course, where he met with the accident which caused his death. It was the last lap of the final heat of a mile hcp. A long-start man was leading, with my friend, who was at scratch, close on his hind wheel. Rounding the last corner but one, the leader fell, bringing down my friend, who was thrown with sickening violence against some railings. He was unconscious when we picked him up, but he soon rallied, and we hoped he had escaped with nothing more than a severe shaking and a few cuts, but in a little while after he was got home, internal injury declared itself, and in less than a week he passed away, with his lost Alice's name on his lips, exactly on the anniversary of her sudden death, three years previously.

At his request, his diary, with a few other mementos, was given to me, "his oldest friend." And thus it was that I learnt how, on that August night, he had been so mercifully and strangely Saved by a Voice.

Wheeling.

JOHN'S HOLIDAY TOUR.

CHAP. II.

Having arranged the route and distances to his satisfaction, he, with his mother's help, proceeded to draft out a list of the articles he would take, which list was finally completed, and Mrs. Williamson said she thought he had got down everything he was likely to want. Making out the list was all very well, but when they came to pack the various articles enumerated, they found there were about twice as many as could be carried on the machine. So they had to revise the list, and do all the packing over again, and even then it was a great wonder the large bag did n't burst, it was crammed so full. John's pockets also, on the morning of the start, were a sight to be seen, so full were they stuffed with various things which his mother was sure he would find useful. As the day was a very hot one, these numerous parcels did not add much to our tourist's comfort, and he was not sorry to reach his intended sleeping-place in the evening. When he retired to his bedroom, mindful of his mother's words, he stripped the sheets off the bed and reposed peacefully between the blankets, albeit they felt rather rough. Next morning he was up betimes, breakfasted, and was soon on the road again. The day previous had been hot, but this was hotter, and our friend, who was not tied to time, rested all the middle part of the day, and did not start off again until after tea. After that meal, he went off in earnest, and riding steadily all the evening, got to his intended stopping-place about ten o'clock, when, after a good supper, he tumbled into bed,—between the blankets, of course. Next day it was, if anything, hotter still, and John carried out the same programme as on the previous day, resting all the afternoon and starting after tea. He had about twenty miles to do, and as he felt somewhat disinclined for hard work, he took matters easily, and about half-past eight found it was beginning to get dark, and he had still five or six miles to go. So he quickened up a bit, and was bowling along at a good round pace, when, on turning a corner of the road, something ahead arrested his attention. On getting nearer, he perceived that it was a light trap, and that there had been a spill. In the middle of the road lay the trap, with one wheel off, attached to which was a brown pony, who, with down-hung head, was patiently awaiting his fate. Two young ladies were standing in the roadway dejectedly surveying the wretched vehicle. On hearing the tricycle bell, and seeing John approaching, these young ladies conferred together, evidently as to the advisability of seeking the new comer's aid. Upon coming up with them, John dismounted, and raising his cap, asked if he could be of any assistance to them. The elder of the two was about to reply, when John seized her hand and cried, "How do you do, Miss Lord?" for it was no other

than that young lady. "Mr. Williamson!" said she, coloring slightly, "what a surprise to see. This wretched wheel has come off, and we don't know what to do. This young lady," she continued, turning to her companion, "is Miss Usher, at whose father's house I am staying." After an inspection of the wreck, and a detailed account of the accident from the ladies, who were happily neither of them hurt, though rather shaken, "the trap having gone down so sudden, you know," they proceeded to discuss the best course to pursue. Mr. Usher's house was about two miles away, and at first John thought of riding on there for assistance; but as it was now almost dark, and it would not do to leave the young ladies out alone, he proposed that they should go on with the tricycle, which they might take it in turns to ride, while he remained behind in charge of the pony and the smashed vehicle. As there seemed to be no alternative, the ladies agreed to do so, both expressing their deep regret at having to interrupt John's tour, but at the same time looking very pleased at having found a way out of their awkward fix. John lit the lamps of the machine, and took one of them off to keep with him to avoid being run into in the dark. He also undid all the luggage with which the machine was loaded, so as to make it lighter for them to work. "It does seem a shame to leave you here all alone," said Miss Lord. "Then perhaps you'll stay with me?" said John. She laughed, and said she could not let Miss Usher go on alone, but she would send some one to him as soon as ever she got to the house. "Well, at any rate," said John, "don't say again that I was unkind in not going in for the cradle."

John watched them until they were out of sight, and then, after tying the pony so that it could graze at the side of the road but not stray away, he filled and lit his pipe, and having placed his lamp so that any one coming along the road could not fail to see it, he reclined full length on the soft cushions of the trap, with his feet higher than his head, as, owing to the loss of the wheel, the vehicle was very much on the slant. This is a rum go, thought he. Who would have thought when I started this morning I should have fallen in with Florence Lord? She seemed quite pleased to see me, too, but perhaps it was only because of the wheel coming off. Wonder if the young lady's father will ask me to supper? Should think so, and hope so, anyway. So he went on, thinking and smoking, for about an hour, until he became quite drowsy, and was thinking he must get up and walk about to avoid going to sleep, when he heard a sound of wheels coming along the road, and got up to see if it was the people come to meet him, and if not, to make sure by shouting and waving the lamp that the approaching vehicle did not run him down.

"Hullo there!" cried a voice.

"Hullo!" shouted John, in reply.

"Is that the broken trap?"

"Yes, this is it," replied John.

They now came up alongside, and a stoutish gentleman got down from a very high dog-cart, introduced himself as Mr. Usher, and began to shake John's hand most cordially.

"My dear sir," said he, "how can I thank you for your kindness? Get up in the dog-cart, and come home with me. I've brought

two men to set the trap to rights and bring it back."

The two men who had come with him dismounted; and after Mr. Usher, by the light of the lamp, had made an inspection of the broken wheel and trap, and examined the pony's knees to see they were not cut, John and he got up in the dog-cart, and they started off. The drive took some little time, but the whole of the way Mr. Usher was thanking John for his kindness. Arrived at the house, which, although it was dark, John could see was of large size, Mr. Usher introduced him to his wife, and then conducted him up-stairs, where he had that greatest of luxuries after a ride, a good bath, which over, he came down-stairs to supper. Mr. Usher treated him quite like an old friend, and having heard that Miss Lord and he were previously acquainted, seated him beside her "to make him a bid at home," as he said. This treatment neither John nor the young lady objected to. In the ride to the house John's tricycle had behaved beautifully, so the ladies said; indeed, had it not been for the necessity of taking turns at walking, they would have quite enjoyed the spin.

"We'll get up early in the morning, and ride it on the lawn," said Miss Usher.

"Ah! I forgot, Mr. Williamson," said Mr. Usher, "of course you'll stay with us to-night. We have had a bedroom got ready. A friend of Miss Lord's is always welcome here; but after your great kindness to-night, you are doubly welcome." John, overcome by their praises, gratefully accepted, and by twelve o'clock, after a glass of whisky and water and a cigar, was safely in bed in Mr. Usher's house, and only one room removed from Florence Lord. That night he slept between the sheets.

Next morning he arose early, and was out in the grounds, hoping to see the young ladies to give them a ride, but, like many young ladies, their good intentions of the night before were not fulfilled, and they did not appear until breakfast time. The morning was spent, after John had written to his mother, in tricycling and viewing the ground, and the afternoon in tennis, and that night also John slept there.

Next morning he, much against his host's wishes, insisted on going on to the end of his tour, a distance of only about three miles. That day and the week following he stopped in the town, and on the next morning went back to Mr. Usher's as invited by that gentleman, and there he spent the remainder of his holidays. When his fortnight was up he bade good-by to his kind host and hostess, promising to look them up on the first opportunity, and also to stay a day or so at Christmas, and then went home with his tricycle by train. This time it was not one heart changed places—it was two—John left his heart with Florence Lord, and brought hers away with him. He has been down to Mr. Usher's several times since, but the place will shortly lose its chief attraction for him, as Florence Lord is about to be married. John's holidays are coming on shortly again, but he cannot go down to visit his friends, as he is going to spend his honeymoon elsewhere.—*Ben Hayward in Wheel World.*

SINGER & CO, have a mystery in the shape of a new machine which is to come out next season.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

FROM a feminine point of view, the aspect of the cycling world is constantly changing. I cannot think it is a narrow view, for its meets and bounds are very broad, and extend beyond even that of the sterner sex. I do not desire to disparage the masculine element of the sport, nor to say that our ideas are better than theirs; but while they concentrate their minds upon racing and legislation, the feminine mind looks over and beyond to brighter things.

I WANT to give you a leaf from my journal this week, which has only a very slender thread to connect it with cycling, and yet it would not be there had it not been for the wheel.

I MET little Mrs. Wheelman on the road one day, and the freemasonry of the wheel led to a speedy acquaintance. She told me that she rode a great deal, though she never went far from home, and she hoped to meet me again. She added that she could be found, almost any day, in the vicinity of where I first met her.

AFTER that we met frequently, and the rubbers of our wheels pressed the surface of many miles of road together. She was a charming little body, although she always carried an anxious look, and often, when we parted, I noticed that her face betrayed the pressure of a heavy heart.

I SOON knew her story. Hers was not a happy home, and her enjoyment lay without its walls. She had ridden the wheel before marriage, and now she found it a medium for taking her away from scenes that did not delight her, to those which gave her peace of mind.

HER husband was not cruel, and he denied her nothing; but the Wheelmans, father and son, were absorbed in money-getting, and had no time to think of anything else. They lived under one roof and were as one family. They knew not of nor cared for those affections which bring joy to the household. The old people and the young were courteous and entertaining to each other when they met at table, just as they would be to any guest; but if love was an inhabitant of the domicile, he never betrayed his presence. It was an atmosphere wholly unsuited to a person of the temperament of Mrs. Wheelman. She craved for affection, and her cravings were unanswered. The husband gave her not of his leisure hours, but spent them in the company of boon companions. In such an environment, little Mrs. Wheelman could not flourish; it was withering. She sought consolation upon the wheel, and in the riding season she was daily upon the road.

ONE day she did not come to the rendezvous, nor the next, nor the next. I got a little note from her shortly after, in which she told me she had given up riding, and must remain at home. She gave me no reason, and I called for none, but later in the sea-

son there came to me a tiny card, which read:

"MABEL WHEELMAN.
8th August."

THE mystery no longer existed. The little mother now had some one to live for, and she could feel that her affections would be fully returned.

To the world the birth of little Mabel was a trivial and a meaningless occurrence. No reporter, however hungry for news, would jot it down as having any present bearing on the history of the time. It was but the birth of a girl baby.

LITTLE Mabel came to a chilly nest, save for the presence of its mother. The elder Wheelman and the young husband looked upon its advent as a mistake. It was one more mouth to fill, one more agent to deprive them of their gold. She had a cold reception. She was an intruder.

THESE people were wont to hear eloquent divines preach of humanity and love, and they drank in what was said, and received it as good advice to the world, without an idea that it fitted their own cases. They were not persuaded that they lacked those refining qualities, and the sermons never came home to them.

AND now came one to preach them a sermon more practical and effective than they had ever heard before. The sermon that this little helpless bit of flesh in its roll of flannel preached was given out in some speechless fashion peculiar to its nature.

THE baby in the Wheelman house was to outsiders like any other baby. But within, it soon became a miracle, a wonder. The little mother and the grandmother held hourly councils over the dainty cradle, and talked seriously of colic and croup, instead of dress and the dinner. The old lady suddenly discovered John's wife to be a most sensible, lovable person, and John's wife began to call her "Mother," and so brought tears to the sharp eyes behind the spectacles.

JOHN deserted his companions and could be seen almost any day pushing a perambulator along the walk, and closely attentive to the pranks of the little lady who was out for an airing. The elder Wheelman became an abject slave, from the day she held out her chubby arms to come to him. After that she tugged at his white mustache or spectacles as she pleased; old Wheelman and young Wheelman, who never betrayed any sympathy with each other, and never sought each other's society outside the counting-house, sat by the nursery fire, good fellows together, many a night, forgetful of money and forgetful of trade.

WHEN the child was ill, they waited night after night till morning, silent and anxious, while the doctor and the women were busy overhead.

LAST week the baby died, and all that is left to tell that it was once in the world, is a

little heap of earth in the cemetery, with a freshly planted rose upon it, and a silence that has fallen upon one household. No,— something more; a strange loyalty and kindness which have sprung up in certain hackneyed, worldly hearts, toward each other and toward that Power which gave the baby to them and took it away after so brief a time; a store of tiny garments and toys of which they do not speak to each other, but which bring back to each thoughts beyond all others tender.

WHEN men and women die, they always leave behind them a certain amount of evil influence, as well as good, at work in the world. But little Mabel left in the forsaken home only a sacred memory, forever softening and holy. Her life was but a span, and yet her record was such an one that one of longer life can hardly boast. Hers was a mission of love and sweetness. She came where love was not, and she sowed the seeds of perfect love so broadly that fruit in abundance was brought forth. She found a family disunited; she left a loving household. Even her helplessness preached a sermon that went to the hearts of all. It was only a baby, but it was a gift beyond all others to that family; and the brightest memory they possess turns their thoughts to that little hillock in God's acre. DAISIE.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTH.

IN the last issue of the *Bicycle South*, Mr. A. M. Hill authorizes the statement that he will allow any local rider from two to six miles' start in a fifty-mile race for the medal which he donated some months ago for a fifty-mile road race between the members of the N. O. B. C., and which fell through. Mr. C. B. Guillotte now comes out with a challenge to Hill for a race on even terms. Hill, however, desires that the medal be won three times before absolute possession is given; Guillotte wants one trial to settle the question, and here the matter rests.

THE Crescent Wheelmen are exceedingly anxious to find out who their speediest riders are, and the advisability of giving a couple of races to decide the question is being discussed. It is extremely probable that a one and five mile race will be arranged to occur some time next month.

ONE of our "star" riders tells a good story. While on a run which led him past a number of sugar plantations, he stopped at one of them for water, and, as is usual in such cases, was immediately surrounded by all the darkies around the place. One old fellow inquired, "Say, boss, is yer goin' to s'vey dis here plantashun?" He took the bike for a surveyor's instrument. The cyclist wilted.

THE new editor of the *Bicycle South* is a good 'un, and a great favorite among the boys. Although an honorary member of the N. O. B. C., he is not a rider. *Some day*, however, we hope to see him "break the magic spell."

ONE of our leading newspapers is agitating the matter of more and improved drives

around the city. It is needless to say what the cycling community think of the move.

BI.

NEW ORLEANS, 24 September, 1886.

CYCLET'S.

LAYS OF THE TRACK.

YE LAST-LAP BELL.

WHEN the trumpet sounds on the warrior's ear,
He grasps his brand, for the foe is near,
And the ardor of battle fills his breast,
As he rushes forth to its stern behest:
So flies to the front the peaceful steel,
And swiftly flashes the glittering wheel,
As the rider hears 'mid the voices' swell
The thrilling sound of the last-lap bell:

For he knows the battle is nearly done,
As the flyers close surely, one by one;
And the struggle is fierce, but hopes are high,
While gallantly moving they swiftly fly
With a desp'rate speed, for the goal is near,
All heedless of danger in front or rear—
No need of the shouts of the crowd to tell
Of that "One more lap!" for they hear the bell!

As the jaded steed at the spur will spring
With vigorous bound—so the warning ring,
That floats on the breeze with its music shrill,
Gives a fire and strength to resolve and will.
It speaks not to all with a voice that cheers—
The faltering waver, the faint heart fears;
Fair dreams are unreal—ah! then 't is a knell
For a hope that is dead—a passing bell!

To the stout of heart it would seem to say,
"Courage! press on! for the laurel to-day
Is yours if you battle in knightly sort,
Though rivals are strong and the distance short!"
And all craven thoughts to the winds are thrown—
Merrily, steadily holding his own,
The victor discovers a potent spell
In the echoing ring of the last-lap bell!

F. F. S., in News.

OCTOBER.

MONTH of the red leaf.

MONTH of all months for riding.

MONTH when the scorcher does not perspire and the leisurely rider drinks in joy.

MONTH when the record-breaker is at work, and the unlucky scribe tries to keep his tables in shape.

AND now for Roseville; then let us rest.

SECRETARY AARON has been doing Boston, and has been trying to convince the Bostonese that Philadelphia is not a country village.

SCATTERGOOD and Burch of Albany, Guernsey of Macon, Hal Greenwood of St. Louis, and many others have been with us.

STALL has got the sole right to photograph Rowe, and has taken some good negatives.

THE dissipation of the tournaments is at present felt by the editor to a considerable extent.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

Confession is good for the soul.

ONE dollar and twenty-five cents will now pay the initiation fee of the L. A. W. and the dues to 1 January.

THE secession of the New Haven Club from the League was not on account of dissatisfaction with the enforcement of the amateur law, though many have tried to create that impression.

WE think Massachusetts could send out a team that would beat the world, — Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Rhodes, Gaskell, Hunter, Adams. Match them.

ALSO match the five men who entered the final heat in the one-mile amateur race at Lynn on the first day, — Foster, Rich, Gaskell, Hunter, Brown.

IF the amateur law is an absurd one, as the *World* says it is, there are many men who cling to it.

THE King's County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, gave a lantern parade on 16 September. There were one hundred and forty riders in line, and the affair was a great success, crowned with a supper and song.

THE New Jersey road-racing association with a long name is about to give another team race, and the scorchers are getting ready. Brooklyn has the cup and wants to keep it. The King's County Wheelmen have no rich man to buy a cup for them, but they put forward a Rich man to capture it on such occasions. (Bell, please.)

THE many friends of John G. Hitchcock, of Omaha, will regret to hear that he is in an insane asylum. He was recently picked up in the streets of Minneapolis in a dazed condition. Jack showed us some fine spurting when he was with us a few years ago, and he made many friends in this vicinity.

A HARTFORD bicyclist met with a rather comical accident the other day. He and a grocery team tried to pass each other on the same track, and as the wheel and horse collided, the cyclist clasped his arms around the animal's neck, and left the machine to take care of itself. The bicycle accordingly sustained all the resulting damage.

A GREAT many persons are asking about the life membership in the League. The constitution says that such tickets *shall* be issued upon payment of \$10, but we have not heard of any one going in for life.

NEVER was a man more disappointed than was Lewis Frye, the old-time champion, when he lowered his colors to George Hendee. The whirligig of time has now shown Hendee behind Rowe, and Lewis was there to see the thing done.

AT the Boston Theatre, last week, Editor Dean was observed showing Editor Aaron "Around the World in Eighty Days." We wonder if it will take the secretary eighty days to get around the *World*.

AT Springfield we went with Editor Priall of the *Wheel* to see "Chestnuts." It was a revelation. Neither editor had ever used this kind of fruit, and they took a solemn oath then and there to avoid it.

IT will not do for any foolish virgins to ride a tricycle in Orange. Unfilled lamps will not burn. And, by the way, will not the ladies of that locality be looking for a match very often?

NEW YORK wheelmen are getting up a petition, asking that the entire Central Park be open to wheelmen, but it has been intimated to them that the presentation of such a petition will imperil the privileges already granted.

THE Lynn boys made merry the first night of the tournament, and shook the light fantastic toe at the Coliseum. Visiting wheelmen were made welcome by Lynn's fair daughters.

HERE is a very bad conundrum. We beg the indulgence of our readers, but we have worked very hard to get it, and it must go in. Why were the crowds that took the train at the Eastern depot last week, like the cycling records at that time? They were for Lynn. Those who can't see this, will please pass to the next paragraph without comment.

THE proprietors of the *Bicycle South*, of New Orleans, are not a little annoyed that a report has gone abroad, that the *American Wheelman* has bought that paper. It was the *Southern Cycler* that went to St. Louis. In fact, it was a Surprise party that the *Wheelman* took in.

JACK ROGERS, of St. Louis, has gone into the newspaper business and discovered a silver mine in the same season. If every newspaper man could find a silver mine, there would be more happiness in the fraternity. Silver mines are not found very often under the covers of a cycling journal.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has appointed a long list of consuls for Massachusetts. They are all workers.

WE have received a copy of "Papa" Weston's log book, "My Cycling Log Book" he calls it. It is gotten up in good taste, and the best of material has been employed. It is not intended for use on the road. An old piece of paper, an envelope, or a leaf from a memorandum book, will do for the road, but when one gets home he can sit down, with plenty of time at his disposal, and jog down a history of a day's ride in a book that will look well on the centre table. The book is published by Charles H. Whiting, 168 Devonshire street, Boston, and sells at a moderate price.

LATE cycling patents: M. M. and W. B. Depuy, Rowland, Pa., tricycle; F. W. Lippincott, Rockford, Ill., oil can; J. T. Slocumb, Hyde Park, Mass., bicycle.

KENNEDY CHILD and Secretary Aaron went on a run with the Boston Club. When the party came home Child's hat-band had been cut into pieces, which were worn as trophies by club members, and each of the guests wore a Boston Club badge. They had a very lively time. It was a struggle for trophies, and therefore the amateur law was not broken.

WHITTEN and Porter of Lynn, and Senter of Rockland, have been reinstated as amateurs by the Racing Board.

CANADIAN wheelmen have reason to be proud of their representative on the path this year. He should be fostered.

FOREPAUGH, the circus man, is going to build an eight-lap track in his winter circus at Madison Square Garden, New York. He thinks he can persuade amateurs to run in races as an attraction among others. We think his venture will prove a *faux pas*.

IF the genius who informs you now that the days are growing shorter is not careful, he will stumble over the equally valuable fact that the nights are growing longer. — *Graphic*.

Wheeling is out with a call for the abolishment of the amateur definition.

THE last number of *Harper's Weekly* contained an excellent full-page cut, drawn by Henry Sandham from sketches on the ground, of the Springfield races, showing

a cluster of men coming down at full speed at the end of a lap.

OUR old friend Frank W. Weston, *alias* "Papa" Weston, has gone back to his old profession, and once more puts out his shingle as an architect. He has not paid us for an advertisement, but we want to advise all wheelmen who are going to build to look him up and give him a chance at their plans. He is at 150 Devonshire street, Equitable Building.

ROWE did not race with Hendee on Monday, because there was a very large sum of money staked on the result, and he felt that if Hendee should beat him his friends would think that he had sold the race.

THAT fog at Lynn would not have been mist had it staid away.

LYNN people did not support the club as they were expected to and as they should have.

THE members of the Victor team work well together, and do the best they can to win for their machine, but they have been in too fast company.

J. C. GARROOD was seen on the Lynn track last Saturday, riding a nondescript machine with three wheels. We didn't get near enough to examine it, but at a distance it looked as though the rider was astride a large rear wheel, while two small wheels went ahead. Garrood knows what a good machine is, and has the ability to make one, and therefore we can believe he is going to give us something of value. We hope to get nearer to the machine later.

KNAPP, formerly of the Columbia team, is now a partner of the Denver Wheel Company.

KARL KRON is resting at West Springfield.

C. R. ZACHARIAS, of Brick Church, N. J., has made a lantern holder, which attaches to the fork and carries the lantern at the side of the wheel.

THE Capital Club, of Washington, D. C., has taken possession of its new clubhouse. We gave a cut of the house a few weeks since.

THE Massachusetts Division has been talking about a cyclers' camp, and now comes the Cottage City committee with an invitation for the division to meet there next summer. They promise to give three days of sport, and to make extraordinary inducements for wheelmen to go and spend a few days on the island. Chief Consul Hayes and his advisers are now considering the matter.

WE hear that Springfield lost \$1,200 at the tournament. This is to be regretted. It is not a little disheartening to work hard and pay for the privilege of so doing. This is what Springfield boys have done.

THE proper thing for a cyclist to wear at the races is a black silk knock-down cap. They all do it.

THE Western men don't like to order their League suits through the secretary. They say it takes too long. The secretary answers them that he must do this in order to keep non-league men from getting the cloth. But will the secretary take away the uniform from those men who don't renew? The promateurs nearly all have League suits, and

several of the professionals wear them also. It is too late to hedge this thing about with red tape.

FRED WOOD is a good fellow, and very few cared to take offence at his wearing a Chief Consul's League badge at Springfield and Lynn. It was funny, though.

THE wheelmen have been having cuts at the records, and the dailies have been having cuts of the wheelmen.

DOGS are not allowed in the park at Glenmere. The managers say they will curtail the history of any canine found on the track.

JACK PRINCE appeared at Lynn in a suit of robin's-egg blue. It was an outward semblance of his inward feelings over his losses.

LONG lap races on a track of many laps are a mistake.

THE C. T. C. mountain has been in labor, and has produced the most ridiculous mouse, in the shape of a badge, that it has ever been my lot to see. After all the talk, froth, and gas that appeared in the *Gazette*, I expected something very special. Judge, then, of my surprise when I saw only a bicycle wheel with three arms spreading from the hub. The most amusing thing, however, is that the design is not in the faintest degree original, but is an exact fac-simile of a design at the head of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*. How does this affect the paternity of Mr. Phillips? — *Octopus in Wheeling*.

VERY many men have charged the Racing Board with the failure of the fall tournaments consequent upon the absence of the English cyclists. But now comes the

Cyclist with this statement: "The N. C. U. refusal to grant permits to our riders to meet the promateurs scarcely affected the matter one iota, as, long before the request, our minutest inquiries failed to unearth one amateur who intended going."

AN English exchange says it improves a record to have it broken.

THE look of astonishment on Jack Prince's face at Lynn, when he was told that he had taken only third place in the lap race after winning a very large number of laps, was a study for a painter. He did not keep up his average, for in the first three laps he won but one point each, while Fred Wood was winning eight each, and after that Jack was gaining only one point extra in each lap. It doesn't do to be in the back row at the start when the number of starters is large.

FRAZIER is improving daily. At Hartford he took back seats; at Springfield he went ahead a little, and at Lynn he was seen in the front row.

THE Boston road race will be run 2 October. A good course has been laid out, and excellent time is expected.

THE Massachusetts Club will hold a series of road races 16 October. The starts will be from the clubhouse.

HARRY COREY goes to England the present month.

THE Renton cases against the League officials has been dismissed. The complainant was beaten horse, foot, and dragoons, so to speak, and now the officials will make Mr. Renton think he is in the torrid zone, so they say.

THE Lynn wheelmen have a high appreciation of Rowe, but when he takes a handicap from them for a three-mile race and catches his men on the first lap, it looks as though they underrated his powers.

IT is extraordinary the amount of slavish adulation that is poured upon some of our racing men. One famous wheelman was lamenting on Saturday that all sorts and conditions of men come and shower unwished-for compliments upon him, addressing him by a nickname, and all without his knowing them in the slightest degree. We remember the same thing happening with that Alphabet Webber whom we had to slate into his senses again in consequence of his head turning, and now a nicer boy for a ladies school tea-party we do not know. — *Wheeling*.

SPEAKING of Greenwood, his hill-climbing feats are astonishing. No rider that has appeared can "hold a candle to him." Where other riders glory in a feat, Greenwood performs it with ease, time and again. He stands as far above the crowd as the Hon. John L. Sullivan does in his line. Let not the comparison seem odious. He is the only one who fills the bill. Since Gaudaur pushed Beach so closely in the boat race, the present champions in various lines of athletic sports do not hold their honors by a very large margin, barring Sullivan. — *Spectator*.

As I pedalled my tricycle down the Epsom road the other night, I met a sweet and lovely youth in braided coat arrayed, riding a large nickel-plated bicycle. On his jockey cap there shone a golden badge of supernal

SINGER'S CYCLES.

APOLLO

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

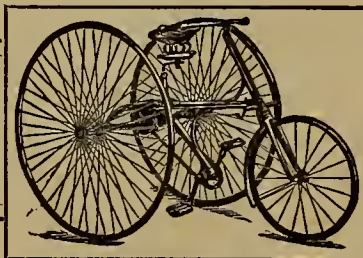
20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

brightness, gauntlets of extravagant size adorned his arms, and slung across his slender shoulder was a big brass bugle.

A COCKNEY bicyclist was coming at great speed down Pitt street, one of the steepest streets in Edinburgh, when his machine capsized and landed him in the middle of the road.

THE Victor team has separated. Rhodes will remain in Boston and enter the Boston road race, Ives will go to Roseville, and Stone has returned to St. Louis.

GIDEON HAYNES, JR., secured some good views of the starts at Springfield, and also, a number of views of racing men.

THE LYNN TOURNAMENT. FIRST DAY.

FRIDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER. -- A good day for racing, though the track was heavy. Clear weather. Light wind.

One-mile Novice, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. J. H. Sherman (1/2), George J. Collins (1), E. A. Packard (2), J. H. Sherman (3), E. Pyne (4), L. C. Travers (5), Frank Martin (6), James Barnett (7).

Two mile Amateur, 5.45 Class, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. W. E. Crist (1/2), W. E. Crist (1), Fred Foster (2), W. E. Crist (2), D. E. Hunter (3), P. S. Brown (4), E. A. DeBlois (5), H. S. Kavanaugh (6), E. Tracy (7).

One-mile Promateur, 2.50 Limit, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Wm. A. Rowe (1/2), Wm. A. Rowe (1), G. M. Hendee (2), F. F. Ives (3), P. W. Stone (4), C. P. Adams (5).

Three-mile Professional Handicap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Fred Wood, scratch (1), J. S. Prince, 100 yds. (2), W. M. Woodside, scratch (3), H. G. Crocker, 75 yds. (4), F. T. Merrill, 375 yds.

(5); W. J. Morgan, 200 yds. (6); C. F. Frazier (7).

Time of scratch men:

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. W. M. Woodside (1), W. M. Woodside (2), Fred Wood (3), Best professional record for England and America.

Two-mile Amateur Tricycle, lap race, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. A. B. Rich (1), A. B. Rich, 17 points (2), H. W. Gaskell (3), J. T. Williams (3), 7 points.

Ten-mile Promateur Lap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Percy W. Stone (1), F. F. Ives (2), W. A. Rhodes (3), W. A. Rhodes (4), W. A. Rhodes (5), W. A. Rhodes (6), W. A. Rhodes (7), W. A. Rhodes (8), W. A. Rhodes (9), W. A. Rhodes (10), Percy W. Stone (2), F. F. Ives (3).

Points: Rhodes, 128; Stone, 109; Ives, 87; Burnham, 72; Adams, 17. These figures are not like those officially announced, but we are convinced that they are correct, for no less than five or six men kept the tally on the press stand, and all agreed.

One-mile Amateur, —

Table with 4 columns: First Heat, Second Heat, Final Heat. Includes names like Wm. E. Crist, D. E. Hunter, P. S. Brown, C. E. Tracy, A. B. Rich, Fred Foster, H. W. Gaskell, G. M. Worden, H. S. Kavanaugh.

Five-mile Professional Lap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Fred Wood (1), Fred Wood (2), J. S. Prince (3), J. S. Prince (4), J. S. Prince (1), Fred Wood (2), H. G. Crocker (3), W. J. Morgan (4), Points: Wood, 102; H. G. Crocker, 98; J. S. Prince, 92; W. J. Morgan, 79.

Three-mile Promateur Handicap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. W. A. Rowe, scratch (1), C. P. Adams, 125 yds. (2), W. M. Haradon, 225 yds. (3), Ives (4); Rhodes (5).

SECOND DAY.

SATURDAY, 25 SEPTEMBER. -- Cloudy weather and a cold wind. A large attendance and good racing.

One-mile Professional, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Robert James (1/2), C. F. Frazier (1), Fred Wood (2), John S. Prince (3), R. A. Neilson (4), W. J. Morgan (5), R. James (6).

One-mile Promateur Tricycle, A. C. U. Championship, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. E. P. Burnham (1/2), E. P. Burnham (1), F. F. Ives (2).

Ten-mile Amateur Lap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. H. W. Gaskell, H. S. Kavanaugh (1), A. B. Rich (2), H. W. Gaskell (3), A. B. Rich (4), A. B. Rich (5), A. B. Rich (6), H. W. Gaskell (7), H. W. Gaskell (8), A. B. Rich (9), H. W. Gaskell (10).

Points: A. B. Rich, 181; H. W. Gaskell, 179; Fred Foster, 144; H. S. Kavanaugh, 143.

Five-mile Promateur Handicap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. G. M. Hendee (1), G. M. Hendee (2), W. A. Rowe (3), W. A. Rowe (4), W. A. Rowe (5), G. M. Hendee (2), F. F. Ives (3), P. W. Stone (4), W. M. Haradon (5), C. P. Adams (6), A. A. McCurdy (0).

One-mile Amateur, 3.05 Class, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. J. H. Sherman (1/2), W. H. Boudreau (1), C. W. Ware (2), W. W. Windle (3), C. E. Tracy (4), J. H. Sherman (5), G. M. Worden (6).

Five-mile Professional Lap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Horace Crocker (1), Horace Crocker (2), W. M. Woodside (3), W. M. Woodside (4), W. M. Woodside (5), H. Crocker (2), C. F. Frazier (3).

Points: Woodside, 81; Crocker, 79; Frazier, 68.

One-mile Amateur, 2.50 Limit, A. C. U.

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. Fred Foster (1/2), A. B. Rich (1), Fred Foster (2), E. A. DeBlois (3), W. E. Crist (4), E. Hunter (5), P. S. Brown (6).

Three-mile Promateur Lap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. F. F. Ives (1), W. A. Rhodes (2), F. F. Ives (3), Points: Rowe, 43 points; Ives, 37 points; Burnham, 34 points; Rhodes, 33 points; Stone, 27 points.

Three-mile Amateur Handicap, —

Table with 4 columns: Leader, Miles, M., S. C. E. Tracy, 350 yds. (1), E. A. DeBlois, 225 yds. (2), E. A. DeBlois (3), W. H. Boudreau, 300 yds (2), P. S. Brown, 150 yards (3); C. W. Ware, 175 yds. (4); C. E. Tracy, 350 yds. (5); J. H. Sherman, 250 yds. (6); Fred Foster, scratch (withdrew).

THIRD DAY.

MONDAY, 27 September. -- Pleasant at first with light wind, then changing to a dense fog so thick that the riders could hardly be seen across the track.

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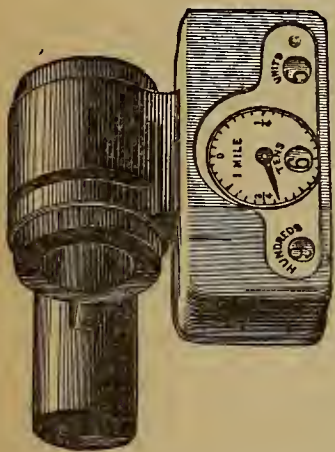
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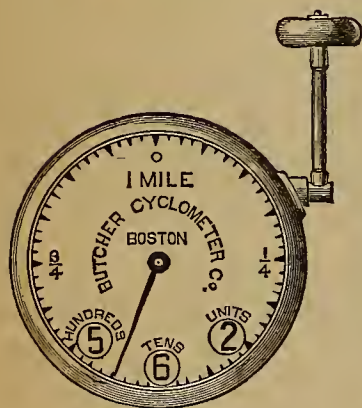
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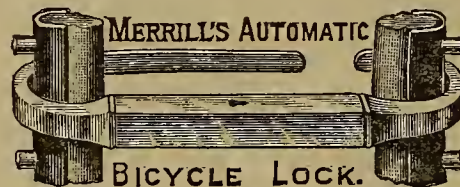
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Can be applied Instantly and locks automatically.
Is neat, compact and cheap. Weighs only 2 1-2
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of your locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the
only lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle
anywhere and have never had it tampered with, and yet, two bicy-
cles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

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front-steering, and suited to two ladies, easily won the Tandem Race at Roseville, Sep-
tember 6, beating Valentine and Rich. Send for Circulars.

GIDEON & BROWN - - - Philadelphia, Pa.

One-mile Promateur, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
C. P. Adams.....	1/2	1	28 2/5
G. M. Hendee.....	1	2	41 1/5
F. F. Ives (2), 2.41 2/5; Percy Stone (3); W. A. Rhodes (4); C. P. Adams (5).			

Three-mile Amateur, 9.10 Class, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. E. Crist.....	1/2		
W. E. Crist.....	1	3	31 1/5
W. E. Crist.....	2	6	37 1/5
W. E. Crist.....	3	9	34 2/5
Fred Foster (2), 9.34 3/5; E. A. DeBlois (3); P. S. Brown (4); C. W. Ware (5); W. H. Boudrean (6); H. S. Kavanaugh (7).			

Two-mile Professional Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
Fred Wood.....	1	2	41 2/5
W. M. Woodside.....	2	5	30 1/5
H. Crocker (2), 5.34 1/5; C. F. Frazier (3); Fred Wood (4); J. S. Prince (5); R. James (6); R. A. Neilson (7).			
Points: Wood, 43; Crocker and Frazier, 34 points each; Prince, 28 points; Woodside, 25 points; Neilson, 27 points; James, 12 points; Morgan, 14 points.			

Three-mile Tricycle Handicap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
H. W. Gaskell, 50 yds. (1)...	3	9	10 4/5
A. B. Rich, scratch (2).....	3	9	11 1/5
D. E. Hunter (3); G. M. Worden (4); J. T. Williams (5). Rich's time: 1 mile, 3.21 2/5; 2 mile, 6.01 2/5; 3 mile, 9.11 1/5. American amateur record: 1 mile, 2.53 2/5; 2 mile, 6.03 4/5; 3 mile, 9.08 3/5.			

Five-mile Promateur, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. A. Rhodes.....	1	2	43 4/5
F. F. Ives.....	2	5	37 3/5
G. M. Hendee.....	3	8	39
G. M. Hendee.....	4	11	40 2/5
G. M. Hendee.....	5	14	30 3/5
Percy Stone (2).....		14	31
F. F. Ives (3); W. A. Rhodes (4).			

One-mile Amateur Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
E. A. DeBlois (1).....	2	43	
Fred Foster (2).....	2	43 1/5	
W. E. Crist (3); A. B. Rich (4); D. E. Hunter (5); H. W. Gaskell (6); H. S. Kavanaugh (7). Points: E. A. DeBlois (2); Crist (2); Fred Foster, Rich, and D. E. Hunter, 15 each. Our scoring gave Hunter 16; Foster, 15; Rich, 14.			

Ten-mile Professional Lap, —

Leader.	Miles.	M.	S.
W. M. Woodside.....	1	2	43 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	2	5	35 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	3	8	39 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	4	11	41 1/5
C. F. Frazier.....	5	14	40 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	6	17	39 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	7	20	39 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	8	23	40 1/5
W. M. Woodside.....	9	26	41 1/5
C. F. Frazier.....	10	29	36 1/5
W. M. Woodside (2).			
Points: W. M. Woodside, 170; C. F. Frazier, 146; H. G. Crocker, 96; W. J. Morgan, 35; Fred Wood, 28; J. S. Prince, 3.			

Three-mile Promateur Handicap, —

W. A. Rowe, scratch (1), 8.21 1/5; P. W. Stone, 75 yards (2); E. P. Burnham, 90 yards (3); C. P. Adams, 125 yards (4); W. A. Rhodes, 50 yards (5). Rowe's time: 1 mile, 2.43 1/5; 2 miles, 5.38 4/5; 3 miles, 8.21 1/5.			
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One-mile Consolation, — H. S. Kavanaugh (1), 2.52 2/5; G. M. Worden (1).

The officials were: W. W. Stall, referee. Judges, J. H. Lewis, Newton; F. S. Winship, Lynn; Will Pevear, Lynn; H. E. Ducker, Springfield. Timers, O. S. Roberts, Lynn; George N. Nichols, Lynn; Eugene Merrill, Boston. Scorers, W. S. Atwell, Boston; J. Elmer Wood, Beverly; W. A. Pevear, Lynn. Starters, H. W. Hayes, Cambridge; W. G. Kendall, Boston. Clerk of course, W. G. Foster, Lynn. Assistant clerk of course, F. S. Hitchcock, Lynn. Umpires, J. J. Gilligan, Boston; R. H. Robson, Salem; Howard Crowell, Lynn; J. F. Tully, Lynn.

COTTAGE CITY, 24 Sept. — Races under the auspices of the citizens.

One-mile Amateur, — E. S. Hutchins (1), 3.13; A. Y. Greene (2).
One-mile Tricycle, — E. S. Hutchins (1), 3.47; A. C. Foss (2).
Ten-mile Amateur, — F. E. Fennessy (1), 41.32; A. Y. Greene (2).
One-mile Professional, — Wilson (1); Alden (2).
One-mile Professional Tricycle, — Wilson (1); Alden (2).

CHICAGO, 18 Sept. — Races under auspices of the Owl Club.

One-mile Novice, — F. T. Harmon (1), 3.03 4/5; H. R. Winship (2).
One-mile Handicap for Club Members, — F. T. Harmon (1), 3.03 4/5; C. H. Munger (2).
Two-mile Open, — W. S. Webster (1), 6.16 1/5; J. W. Bowbeer (2).
One Hundred Yards slow, — O. B. Pierce (1); 4.35 1/5; C. H. Munger (2).
One-mile Illinois Cycling Club Members, — J. W. Bowbeer (1), 3.10 1/2; W. B. Buckley (2).
One-mile Handicap, — J. M. Crennon (1), 3.05 4/5; N. H. Van Sicken (2).
Half-mile Dash, — W. S. Webster (1), 1.27 2/5; O. B. Pierce (2).
Two-mile Lap, — W. S. Webster (1); J. R. McNor (2).
One-mile O. C. C. Championship, — F. T. Harmon (1), 3.04 2/5; H. Munger (2).
One-mile Consolation, — O. B. Pierce (1), 3.09 2/5; Wm. Cook (2).

WHITTAKER'S RECORDS. — Press dispatches from Crawfordsville, Ind., credit S. G. Whittaker with certain road records, as follows: 24 September, started at 5 A. M., reached the 25-mile post at 6.31, and the 50-mile point at 7.55.46 1/2; time, 2.55.46 1/2. Whittaker completed a run of 100 miles at 11.43.59; time, 6.43.59. Whittaker wanted to cover 300 miles in the 24 hours; but after completing 150 miles, he ran into a cow and was so badly bruised that he had to abandon the attempt. The records as compared with others are: 25 miles, 1.31. American record, 1.24.46 2/5. 50 miles, 2.55.46 1/2. American record, 3.2.34. English record, 3.9.56 2/5. 100 miles, 6.43.59. American record, 7.51.30. English record, 6.39.5.

THE fall meeting of the Dorchester Bicycle Club will be held Saturday, 9 October, at 3 P. M. Races of fifteen, six, three, and one miles made, and suitable club prizes will be offered. The start will be from

the corner of River and Washington streets, Dorchester Lower Mills.

THE Association for the Advancement of Cycling have made arrangements for a number of bicycle races, to be given on the grounds of the West Philadelphia Athletic Association, at Belmont and Elm avenues, on Saturday, 9 October. A number of fast riders have entered, and some rapid time is anticipated.

THE Syracuse Cycling Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., will hold its first race meeting at Tallman Park, Wednesday, 6 October.

THE second in the series of road races for the championship of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, was run on the Coney Island Boulevard 25 September. Distance, 5 miles. The start and finish were made just below the half-mile post, the course being a 2 1/2 miles with return. The road was very heavy and crowded with carriages, hence the poor time. G. E. D. Todd was the winner in 22 m. 5 2/3 s., beating F. B. Hawkins about an eighth of a mile. William Vail was third.

The gear about which there has been so much talk this fall, is being made by Gormully & Jeffery, and is being put on an ordinary 54 American Champion, gearing it up to a 126 wheel. This gear is undoubtedly the simplest yet produced, and in a 38-inch Ideal wheel with improvised forks and with bearings that consisted only of a hole bored through iron, and with a rider who required the reach of a 58-inch wheel, made a mile in 2.56. What it will do on the large wheel is of course experimental, but its inventors are very sanguine. If it is successful, Gormully & Jeffery will at once put it on the market.

Pedalling a four-minute gait will put the mile under two minutes.

Philosophy tells us that additional speed requires a corresponding additional power, but we shall see what we shall see.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES. — Send for Clearance List to THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO., LD., 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

A NEARLY NEW "CLUB" TANDEM to be sold cheap for cash. THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO., LD., 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

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25 First Prizes out of a possible 39 won on COLUMBIAS.*

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*World's One-Mile Championship, won by Wm. A. Rowe on a
COLUMBIA.*

*World's One-Mile Record, made by Geo. M. Hendee in 2.31
on a COLUMBIA.*

*24 First Prizes out of a possible 38 won on COLUMBIAS.
The Majority of all Prizes won on COLUMBIAS.*

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*21 First Prizes out of a possible 27 won on COLUMBIAS.
The Majority of all Prizes won on COLUMBIAS.*

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*First, Second, and Third Prizes in all Events except Consola-
tion Race won on COLUMBIAS.*

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First Prize in Every Event except one won on COLUMBIAS.

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*Every Open Event and Three-Mile Championship won on
COLUMBIAS.*

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Every Event except Consolation Race won on COLUMBIAS.

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The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 2.

BOSTON, MASS., 8 OCTOBER, 1886.

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THE MARLBORO' TANDEM.

The Latest! The Fastest! The Best!

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Runs on Three Wheels only. Patent Automatic Steering.

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Record Breaking Extraordinary!

Without a pacemaker, and on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, Stillman G. Whittaker started at 5 A. M., September 24, for the 50 and 100 mile records, under A. C. U. rules. He did the

50 Miles in 2 Hours, 55 Minutes and 46 1-2 Seconds,

Beating George Weber's American record by over 11 minutes, and Golder's English record by over 9 minutes. He did the

100 Miles in 6 Hours, 43 Minutes and 59 Seconds,

Knocking McCurdy's record over an hour. His mount was a

57-INCH AMERICAN CHAMPION,

Which is not a Light Roadster, but a machine constructed solely for Road Riding. Whittaker says it's the Bearings.



There are but two really important points to consider in the purchase of a Bicycle:—

FIRST. The comparative superiority of the machine in vital points.

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The result of this consideration in a majority of cases will influence the purchaser to decide on one of the

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 8 OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 2.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

SHALL we go back to wooden wheels for tricycles? Time alone will answer this. For a bicycle they are out of the question, but for the three-wheeler they may yet come in.

THE promateur class is a failure. All are agreed upon this. No one that we have talked with has been more convinced of this than have some of the principal officers of the A. C. U. The A. C. U. has been allowed to try the experiment, and they will admit its failure. Now the success of the A. C. U. itself will be watched keenly. Can the new society find a work to do? Let us wait and see! Those of the League who are anxious to fight the Union, will find it a much better plan to let it alone.

Wheeling is still pegging away at the amateur law, and claims that it must soon go. The *World* does not follow up its crusade in a very lively manner, and has little to say about the "absurd law." The rule is still there.

COREY Hill still laughs at the secretary-editor. He sent a notice to the effect that he should conquer it. He returned to Philadelphia with only two scalps,—a ribbon from Kennedy Child's hat, and a victory over the chairman of the Racing Board in a walking match.

THE future will see no big money in cycle tournaments. Each race-promoting club must look to its immediate locality for support. Wheelmen need no longer travel hundreds of miles to see good racing. The multiplication of tracks has killed the big booms.

IN former years, Springfield was thronged with wheelmen from Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and distant points, and the hotels were crowded. This year, the attendance from a distance was very small. The Citizens' did not come on from New York,—they went to Roseville; the Boston Clubs did not go to the races,—they went to Lynn. Springfield must support the boys in future.

THE League has acted in good faith toward the promateurs, but they have not done the same by the League. The prominent men of that class have refused to run at race meetings held under League rules, and managers have changed from League rules to A. C. U. rules in order to get the promateurs. All this may end in a counter movement on the part of the League, and if it does, the promateurs have only themselves to blame. The League is not disposed to start another war, but they may be forced to.

THE best riding in Massachusetts is along the sea coast north of Boston, but the shore hotels close with the summer season, and now that we have the best riding, we are not able to get the best accommodations.

THE ELLIOTT TRICYCLE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE STERLING CYCLE COMPANY, 194 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

WHEN James Starley gave us the modern bicycle, it was said that he had corrected the faults of the boneshaker by reducing the size of the small wheel as well as by putting the rider over his work. Until within a year or two it was thought to be impossible to make a good bicycle without giving it a trailing wheel of small size. But the last year has seen a change in the ideas which men have held, for they have seen machines of the Rover type doing good work by the side of the ordinary, and correcting one fault,—the vibration necessarily coming from a very small wheel. The objection to the Rover type of bicycle has been its weight; but that is being done away with, and we believe it will prove a dangerous rival to the ordinary form of machine in the near future. We do not think it will sup-

plant it, but it will find a field of usefulness for itself. It has shown us, however, that we have not been altogether correct in our preconceived notions regarding the requisites for a good bicycle. Is it not possible, then, that our ideas regarding the things necessary for a good tricycle are not so broad as they might be? The Sterling Cycle Company enters the field with a tricycle that has not one of the features heretofore deemed absolutely essential to the perfect wheel, and yet wheelmen who have seen it pronounce it a marvel of excellence, and tell us that it will be a great success. It comes without the spider wheel, without a rubber tire, without ball bearings, without a differential gear. Wheelmen who have been told this have laughed incredulously. They have been shown the tricycle, and have pronounced it the coming wheel.

Wooden Wheels.—The wheels are made of second growth hickory, tough as whip stock, yielding to roughness of the road, flexible but unbreakable. In appearance they are as graceful as any spider wheel that we have seen, and in weight they are much less. A test of the weight of a spider wheel and this wooden one was made the other day. A wheel was taken from a tricycle that is called one of the lightest made, and it scaled eleven and a half pounds. Both large wheels of the Elliott were put into the scale, and the two together weighed exactly eleven and a half pounds. So far as durability goes, few will question which wheel will last the longer after seeing the two together. We think a vote taken even among wheelmen would declare strongly in favor of the wooden wheel. Anxious to investigate this thing as closely as possible, we visited a well-known carriage maker of this city, and asked him what he thought of the relative merits of the wooden and the spider wheel for light vehicles. He told us that he had made many experiments with the spider wheel, and others in the trade had worked in this direction. They had seen the results coming from the bicycle, and they thought that the same would come by the employment of the wheel in trotting sulkies and in light buggies. All their experiments had failed. The wire wheel, if made light, would not stand the side strain put upon it in turning corners; and if made heavy, they lost just what they were aiming at. He told us that they could make a tough wheel of wood that would stand ten times the strain that a wire wheel of equal weight would, and we were shown a wheel that had been in use eighteen years, and though it was very light, it seemed to be good for another eighteen years. The driving wheels on the Elliott tricycle are thirty-six inches, and the small wheel is twenty inches.

Steel and Leather Tires.—The tire is made of steel and leather. The inventor tells us that he employs the steel for strength, and puts the leather on to deaden

the noise and to prevent the pounding upon the roads from stretching the metal tire. He believes that the power of rubber to save vibration has been overrated, so far as the tricycle goes, and he urges some of the objections which have always been raised against the rubber tire, namely, the fact that one is always pushing against the uphill caused by the depression of the rubber on the ground, the weight of such a tire, and also the expense. The tire used in the Elliott is of thin steel turned up at the edges, and into the groove thus formed a piece of leather is crowded and firmly fastened. As the tire is made, there is no danger to be apprehended from stretching or from cutting, and if by any possibility one should have his tire destroyed, a new one could be put on for about one fifth the price asked for a rubber tire.

Aside from the wheels, the machine is made of the very best English seamless drawn tubing, and the best of steel where that metal is necessary. It is a handle-bar, automatic steerer, with a wheel base forty-one inches long, and a steering arrangement of great simplicity and effectiveness.

It employs lever action and a clutch in its driving mechanism. The clutch is noiseless and perfect in its action. By turning a crank at the top of the steering post, one can gear the machine down very low or up very high, stopping at any intermediate point. A dial with a moving finger shows one at a glance just where the machine is geared to. Wheelmen have urged a number of objections to appliances for gearing up and gearing down. These objections are briefly these: They are expensive, heavy, and complicated, and, moreover, one must be geared very high or very low. None of these objections can be urged against the Elliott. By moving the fulcrum of the lever, a change is easily made from one power to another, and this is done with a device which is very simple, of little weight, and of trifling expense. The device does not add a quarter of a pound to the weight of the machine nor a dollar to its expense, and one can gear high, low, or to any intermediate point.

The machine for heaviest riders will weigh fifty pounds, and for ladies it will be made to weigh forty pounds. The Elliott is no experiment. It has been in use upon the road for a year, and it has been tested under all possible conditions. Sterling Elliott, the inventor, has shown the people of Newton what could be done on his little wheel, and in that city there is a very active demand for a duplicate of the wheel that they have seen him ride over the snow and ice of winter and under the summer's sun. He is a man of small physique, and yet he has driven the wheel up Corey Hill, and has also climbed Locke's Hill at Watertown on it. No other machine has climbed Locke's Hill at Watertown. Many have tried it, and many have claimed that they have climbed it, but it has been discovered that those who went up, did so on the asphalt sidewalk. Mr. Elliott is the only man that has climbed the hill on the roadway, and we would wager large odds that on the ordinary tricycle he could not get up Corey Hill, which is much less of a climb than Locke's Hill. The Elliott wheel allows one to gear down so that such a feat as this is

possible for the ordinary rider, and then by a turn of a crank one is ready for a spurt along the level with a machine geared to sixty-four.

For ladies, the machine is particularly a good one. Many would-be riders have urged the objection that there is too much knee movement on the ordinary machine with its long cranks. On the Elliott, one can take a long or a short stroke, as he pleases, and the weaker sex will appreciate the power to gear down when they come to a hard hill. The machine has been ridden by many ladies who are loud in its praises. The tricycle will be put upon the market by a company that has ample capital at its control, and it is in the hands of men who know what a good machine is, and who pin their faith upon the success of this. Contracts have been awarded for building a large number of machines, and the early spring will see the company ready to meet all demands. They do not stop with a single tricycle, but have plans for a tandem, which will weigh not over seventy-five pounds, and sell for about half the price of those now on the market. The single machine will be put upon the market for about \$100, and agencies will be established in the several cities. The names of those interested in the wheel are not unknown to the wheel world. These are the officers of the Sterling Cycle Company: President, Elliot C. Lee; secretary, Abbot Bassett; treasurer, Chas. A. Holmes; Mechanical Engineer, Sterling Elliott; directors, the above-named gentlemen, together with Geo. D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, and Chas. H. Potter, of Cleveland.

TAPPING THE WIRES.

BY FAED.

THE science of telegraphy has always had a charm for me, and therefore it was with alacrity that I accepted an invitation to visit some relations in Westershire with the object of advising my uncle, who was the proprietor of the *Westershire News*, upon a point of difficulty which had arisen in his arrangements for obtaining telegraphic intelligence from the metropolis. Losing no time, I packed my bank holiday bag the same evening, and started from London for Boxton, the little county town in which my relations lived. Darkness put an end to my riding when some thirty miles on the road, and having retired to rest early, I arose at daybreak and sallied forth in fine weather to complete the journey. No event of any consequence occurring during the day, I arrived at nightfall at my friends' house in the old-fashioned main street of Boxton, and having surrendered my favorite, although somewhat rickety, semi-racer to the care of the servants, I was soon ensconced in the little dining-room in animated conversation with cousins and aunts, who pestered me with those innumerable questions as to how was So-and-so, and how was *So-and-so*, and how was — every one, in fact, with whom we were mutually acquainted; questions to which I returned a general answer that everybody was quite well as far as I knew, and everybody sent their love to the women and their kind regards to the men, and that I was deucedly hungry, so just hand me that tongue, Alf, and cut the bread-and-butter a wee bit thicker, please, Bessie, and — you,

Jim, leave off surreptitiously dropping the sugar into my tea unless you want to be choked with it yourself; and — yes, Joey, I will take some more marmalade, thanks. In the course of an hour or so the edge began to be taken off my enormous appetite, and I was more at liberty to answer the young ladies' solicitous inquiries as to how many girls I had fallen in love with lately, and how many new photographs adorned my prize album, and whether I had seen Mr. Nyceyungman, of the Cockney B. C., since the ball, and so forth — passing the evening thus, lazily blowing a cloud from my pet briar, until my uncle came home and the family retired for the night.

The following morning my uncle invited me to accompany him to his office, where a confabulation took place on the subject of the newspaper and its telegraphic derangement. I learnt that, in consequence of the building in which the paper had been printed for fifty years past having shown signs of unsafety, it had been necessary to rebuild the premises, and in order to carry on the publication during the time the reconstructing operations were in progress, it had been requisite to remove the plant and machinery to other buildings. No suitable place being obtainable in the town, the opportunity had been seized to rent a vacant cotton-mill in a village eight miles away, and the whole apparatus, type, machines, and all, had been removed to this mill, in which the *Westershire News* had been printed for three weeks and despatched by vans to the town and railway station for distribution amongst the other towns in the county. The only difficulty which had arisen consisted in the necessity for the late telegrams which were wired from London to Boxton post-office, being expeditiously conveyed thence to the printing office, and at first this was overcome by my cousins Jim and Joe, who attended at the post-office with their bicycles and rode off every half-hour with the telegrams as they arrived, just before press time; thus the paper was delayed only by the half-hour lost in riding the eight miles, and for the first week all had gone on swimmingly, and my uncle was congratulating himself on the facility with which his temporary arrangements were working. But the course of journalism never did run smooth, and suddenly matters assumed a mysterious appearance, which threatened to seriously injure the old county paper. It happened that there was another printer in Boxton who had hitherto confined his talents to such humble objects as printing circulars, billheads, cards, and paper bags for the tradespeople, but who, seeing in the temporary derangement of the *News*' printing an opportunity to advance his own interests, had suddenly launched forth upon the astonished natives a publication denominated the *Boxton Journal and County Telegraph*, which was artfully arranged to be published just an hour before the time at which the vans from the *News*' factory brought the copies of the senior paper into town. And not only was this so; but the *Boxton Journal* actually came out with the full text of every one of the special telegrams wired from London by the *News*' correspondents, so that the sale and reputation of the old paper threatened to be seriously impaired. The post-office had been communicated with at once, and strict

watch had been kept over the clerks at the instruments, with a view to the discovery of the delinquent who, it was supposed, made fraudulent use of his position to supply copies of the *News*' telegrams to the *Journal* printer; but the integrity of the telegraphists was found to be unassailable, and the mystery of how the information reached the opposition printer was not cleared up at the time of my visit, and my uncle appealed to me in the dilemma to endeavor to elucidate it.

He had purposely sent for me before appealing to the authorities in London, knowing my infatuation with the mysteries of electrical science, and my delight was unbounded at being thus placed in the position of a skilled detective. I saw at once, as the Telegraph Maintenance people in London would have immediately guessed, that it was a case of "tapping the wires," and promptly begged my uncle to leave the affair in my hands, instead of sending for official assistance in tracing the fraud. This he willingly agreed to do, and I commenced to lay my plans the same morning.

With the assistance of Jim and Joe, a map was sketched out embracing the country from the Boxtan post-office for ten miles up the main road toward London, by the side of which the telegraph wires ran. Inquiries were judiciously made of the people in a house opposite the *Journal* office as to the movements of young Clayton, the printer's son, who was a member of the local bicycle club, and who, I shrewdly suspected, was not altogether ignorant of the means whereby the wire-tapping was performed. These inquiries resulted in the discovery that the young man in question had been observed to ride out of town on the evening before every publishing day, returning hurriedly to the office very late at night. Satisfied with this clew, I mounted my machine, and started with my cousins for a ride up the road, keeping an eye on the telegraph wires all the way, and making notes of every spot where the uniformity of the posts was disturbed by villages or hills, and especially noting the places where the roofs and corners of the houses were utilized to carry the wires upon. This inspection convinced me that the irregular main wires were carried was very favorable to the designs of any person who wished to tamper with them, and by the time we had retraced our wheel-tracks and reached home again, I was able to promise my uncle that the mystery would speedily be cleared. That day was not a publishing day, the *News* and the *Journal* being issued only three times a week, so that nothing could be done but make preparations for the following evening. What these preparations were I need not detail, but their object will be understood when I state that at seven o'clock the next evening I rode down the Boxtan High street, clad in hybrid costume, which, with a pair of mutton-chop whiskers which had done duty behind the footlights in Box and Cox, effectually prevented any of the natives recognizing me. Dismounting at the Touring Club headquarters, I took up a position at the coffee-room window, from which a view of the *Journal* office could be obtained, and had not waited long ere I was gratified to see the printer's son wheel out his bicycle and mount, riding leisurely down the street as though on pleas-

ure bent. With a precisely similar air of nonchalance I left the hotel and mounted my machine, following the man in front at a distance at which I kept him in sight without his hearing my bell. When clear of the town his pace quickened, and he spun along the smooth gravel road at a rate which necessitated my leaning over in my favorite "grasshopper" racing position to keep him in view. Mile after mile he went, at a pace which convinced me that even if he was a villain, he was at least a powerful rider, and I had just concluded that I should want a score yards start of him in every mile, when he suddenly eased up and dismounted at the entrance to a little group of cottages called by courtesy a village. Hastily drawing under the shadow of the hedge, I watched him enter the inn, and instinctively turned my gaze upward to the telegraph wires, seeing—yes, the wire was hung to an insulator attached to the corner of the inn, for convenience in crossing the road, which curved somewhat sharply just there. After a few minutes, during which my heart gradually resumed the normal rate of its pulsations, and the perspiration on my face diminished by degrees, I resumed the saddle and rode carelessly up to the house, entering by the same door Clayton had gone in at, and calling for a glass of claret and a cigar, lounged about awaiting further developments. No sign of my man was apparent, excepting his bicycle, which stood in the yard, and it was upwards of an hour before he came hurriedly downstairs, and lighting his lamp, started off without more than a commonplace remark to me that it was getting late and he must start for home. Watching the red light swinging about in his wheel till he was out of sight, I exchanged a few parting remarks with the garrulous old lady who presided over the establishment, and lighting up both my lamps, swung into the saddle and treadled along the road to Boxtan, satisfied that the next morning's issue of the *Journal* would be the last to contain the special late news telegraphed by the *News*' London correspondents.

The next morning out came the *Journal* with every item of intelligence as certainly, but ingeniously paraphrased so as to appear as though dispatched from the metropolis by a different person from the *News*' representative. The usual inquiry at the post-office resulted, as we knew it would, in the statement that no telegrams whatever had been received at the office for the *Journal*, and in compliance with my request the postmaster gave orders for a Maintenance man to place himself in readiness to follow my instructions that evening, and having told the man to provide a quarter-mile of covered wire, a Morse transmitting instrument, battery, and tools, I departed to my uncle's office, where a deep and wily plot was hatched for the utter annihilation of the *Journal*, not only by the stoppage of its wire-tapping practices, but also by—but that will come out anon.

So, to occupy the hours during which we were waiting for darkness to bring the opportunity for arranging our fell designs, I will explain for the benefit of unlearned readers that "wire-tapping" is very easily performed on a telegraph wire, and the result of my observations at the rural inn had convinced me as surely as possible of the

means whereby the *Journal* surreptitiously obtained cognizance of the telegrams sent to Boxtan post-office for the *News*. I knew at once, as well as if I had been up-stairs in the little corner bedroom which young Clayton engaged permanently,—that there was a telegraphic instrument—probably locked up in a box or cupboard of which he kept the key—which was connected by a wire to the telegraph line coming from London, and by another wire to the line running on to Boxtan. The connection round the insulators being cut caused the electric current to flow through and actuate this instrument, so that the current was not actually interrupted in its progress, but anybody wishing to know what messages were passing along the wires could ascertain by setting the clockwork in motion, and thus obtaining a duplicate of the message which was running through the instrument and being received simultaneously at the Boxtan post-office. Clayton, knowing the hour at which the correspondent of the *News* despatched his intelligence, came to this inn and obtained a copy of the telegram as it passed through his instrument; and thus, riding straight back to the *Journal* office as soon as he was placed in possession of the coveted news, was able to print the matter actually sooner than the rightful owners of it, who had to carry the telegrams from the Boxtan post-office to the factory eight miles off, and by the defrauding *Journal* being printed on the spot another hour was gained ere the vans could bring the copies of the *News* into town.

Having explained this to my readers, as I explained it to my uncle, I will suppose the intervening hours of daylight to have passed, and carry the narrative to ten o'clock on the same night, when two muffled figures might have been observed to leave the Boxtan post-office in a dog-cart, and to drive away along the London road, followed by two bicyclists—Jim and Joe—riding without lamp or bell. The inn before mentioned was passed in silence, and a couple of hundred yards around the corner a stoppage was made, dark lanterns produced, and the horse tethered to a telegraph post, up which one of the muffled figures—none other than the present writer—shinned, bearing in his teeth a pair of wire-cutting pliers, and round his arm the end of a fine silken-covered wire. The London-to-Boxtan wire being selected from the three on the post, was carefully plaited round with the loose silk-covered wire, which was then run down the back of the post, with a brad every yard to secure it, and *terra firma* being regained, the coil of the wire was insulated behind the hedge and carried round the field so as to rejoin the road again on the Boxtan side of the inn; another post was climbed, the Boxtan wire joined, and the end of the loose wire joined to it. This accomplished, and the junction being tested and proven by the galvanometer, the wire between this post and the inn was cut, and its end run into the ground, so that the current was now diverted through the length of wire which passed through the fraudulent instrument at the inn, round the field through our insulated wire here, for to me. But our plot did not cease here, for the current cut the current off Clayton's instrument, and a return wire was made to the post first

manipulated, and the end of a short length of silk-covered wire was attached to the end of the wire running to the inn, the other extremity of this short wire being hidden at the back of the post in readiness for the morrow. Then, in high glee, we returned to the town, and impatiently awaited the time for the upshot of the adventure. Nine o'clock was the time at which the *News* representative was in the habit of despatching his "copy," so by eight I was at my post and had connected the concealed end of my loose wire to a transmitting instrument with battery complete, and sat, concealed by a thick clump of bushes, awaiting the signal of my cousin which should tell of the coming of the wire-tapper, who was to have *his* wire tapped so nicely by me.

Soon it came, and directly Clayton was inside the inn I commenced sending supposititious telegrams along the wire which ran from my battery, through his secret instrument, to the ground on the other side, where it was run to earth, but which, as he thought, came direct from London and went right on to Boxton. Commencing by despatching imaginary messages to various people in Boxton, such as from Piers & Spond, London, to Mr. Karkuss, butcher, Boxton, requesting him to send thirty extra sheep by the next market train; or from Mr. Quiverful, of London, to Mr. Quiverful, Sen., of Boxton, announcing that Mrs. Q. had just presented him with twins,—mother and children doing well,—I at last started on the telegram which was supposed to come for the *News*, and kept tapping away at my Morse key for nearly an hour ere I had sent Mr. Clayton all the "special news from our London correspondent"; then with the usual concluding signals, I resumed the despatch of dummy tradesmen's messages. In a few minutes I heard the tinkle of Clayton's bell as he sped down the road to Boxton, bearing the messages which I had wired to him from my clump of bushes, but which he fondly imagined were the genuine particulars of the latest news from London. Quitting my post, then, and telling the Maintenance man to pack up the instrument, I adjourned to the inn, and in the course of casual conversation ascertained that Mr. Clayton rented the little corner bedroom permanently,—and, "Yes, sir, there was a heavy box fixed on a shelf in the corner, which he always kept locked; would I like to see it?" "Ye—s, I might as well," said I; and up I went with the talkative landlady, the mysterious box on the shelf in the corner being, on a close inspection, found to be firmly nailed to the wall, through which, upon opening the window and craning my neck round, I found a small hole drilled for the passage of a wire, whose end was attached to the telegraph line at the insulator.

Driving back into Boxton with my companion the Maintenance man, I explained progress to the postmaster, and told him to look out for the startling news which would appear in the morrow's *Journal*.

That evening a merry and hilarious party assembled round my uncle's supper-table, peals of laughter constantly now I had through the house as I narrated news, but not only stopped the robbish telegrams sent the most ridiculous infallibly lead for the *Journal*, which proprietor's villany to the exposure of

and the downfall of his paper, whilst as to that young Clayton,—"Well," said my pretty cousin Bess, "he will just get nicely paid out for his impudence and rudeness, winking at us girls whenever we happen to be walking where he is out riding."

At an unusually early hour the following morning the household was astir, and arm and arm with Joe and Jim I strolled down the High Street, to the office of the *Boxton Journal and County Telegraph*, where a great commotion was visible, and newsboys were rushing out of the office in a state of wild agitation, shouting wildly the items of news, whose nature was displayed in unusually imposing characters on the bills. It would be too tedious to dilate upon the excitement which thrilled through Boxton that morning, when the *Journal* published "Special Telegram from our own London Correspondent," announcing amongst other things that the Queen had abdicated the throne on account of France and Ireland having declared war with England; that Mr. Gladstone had been cast into the Tower of London as a traitor; that a fire of unprecedented magnitude was raging in the wealthiest part of the city; that the Bank of England had been attacked by an armed mob and was in imminent danger, and a few other choice morsels of similar purport. A double consignment of the *Journal* had been sent to all the towns in the county, by an early train, and still copies were being sold as fast as the machines could impress them, whilst, as yet, no *Westershire News* had made its appearance, my uncle having purposely delayed it so as to give time for the enemy to intensify his own ruin.

By and bye, rumbling down the High Street, came the *News* vans, and the eager townspeople rushed for copies of the old paper, to see if any further intelligence of the appalling news was contained in it. An unusually calm and placid countenance was turned to the excited populace by the stolid driver of the first van, and as the quires of the *News* were coolly distributed amongst the surrounding agents, blank astonishment was depicted on the features of the readers when they found that not a word of the *Journal's* alarming intelligence was contained in the contemporary.

Reader, it is needless for me to detail how the secret soon got wind, and how the swindling proprietor of the *Boxton Journal* and his son took the earliest opportunity of slinking out of the town, into which they never returned, the *Westershire News* being left in the situation. A long article appeared in its next issue, detailing the affair which its news had been confirmed by Clayton, and how the "tapping of the wires" had been detected and stopped by the nephew of the proprietor, to whose love of fun was due the alarming announcements contained in the last issue of the *Boxton Journal and County Telegraph*. This story soon spread throughout the county, and Messrs. Clayton & Son were never seen in it again. What became of them I know not, but the popular impression in the neighborhood is that they betook them to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," where newspaper enterprise flourishes under the guidance of men who are up to similar tricks to that performed by "tapping the wires."

LIST of cycling patents granted 28 September, 1886, furnished by N. L. Collamer, patent attorney, Washington, D. C.

H. A. King, Springfield, Mass. (3) velocipedes.

Walter Phillips, Coventry, Eng., velocipede.

George Trubel, Macomb, Ill., oil can.

CYCLETs.

THE yachtsmen have been trying to get a breeze, and for want of it the race was given up. Meantime the wind blowed too hard to satisfy wheelmen, and no very fast time was made at the tournaments. These things are not well adjusted.

Do you want a good picture of the secretary-editor? Then send us fifty cents and get a large full-length view.

GASKELL showed us at Lynn what could be done on a Marlboro' Club tricycle. His victory was a great surprise, but he earned it.

A CHELSEA wheelman saw a fluttering piece of paper on his tire and tried to brush it off. It adhered firmly and he dismounted to take it off, when to his surprise he found it to be a dollar bill. If we could get a wheel that would pick up dollar bills from the road, money would be no object. We have found that they take the bills out of a man's pocket. It seems no easy task for a wheel to take money out of a man's pocket, but it only needs a few weeks' experience with the wheel to prove it possible.

Recreation publishes pictures and a description of the track at Roseville, N. J.

LAST Friday night the Somerville Cycle Club members gave a complimentary dinner at the Quincy House, to their popular president, William R. Maxwell.

THE *World* copied its report of the Lynn races, else how did it fall into the error of crediting Rich with a mile on the tricycle in 2.51 $\frac{2}{5}$ in the three-mile tricycle handicap the last day? It claims a best on record for Rich. This is a mistake the dailies fell into. The official sheets sent to the press gave the time for the mile as 3.21 $\frac{2}{5}$ as we had it. The dailies gave the time taken for the limit man and it does not belong to Rich, nor is it a record. Mr. Merrill, the timer, assures us that our figures are right. And yet the *World* says it never copies.

THE Chelsea Club will hold a road race 23 Oct.

ARE we going back to wooden wheels? See what is said elsewhere about the Elliott tricycle.

FURNIVALL says that Sanders Sellers is the fastest amateur on the path. The world would say something quite different.

A. J. WILSON and G. P. Mills have covered a hundred miles on the road in 6 h. 47 m. on a tandem, 13 Sept., and 50 miles in 3.5.

JOHN ILLSTON, of Hartford, is going back to England. He hopes to ride as an amateur over there, though he has raced with promateurs here.

In these days of makers' amateurism, why have not the fair sex asserted that supremacy which we poor men are so ready to ad-

mit they possess? We have makers' amateurs and bookmakers' amateurs, why should we not have dressmakers' amateurs? Look to it, ye fair ones! — *Wheeling*.

HILLIER suggests that, as Americans like to do big things, they get up an extended run from Cape Horn to Alaska. We'll do that yet, Mr. Hillier.

THE instance of a father and son winning races in two different kinds of sports in an afternoon must be of very rare occurrence, but such was the case, if we are correctly informed, last Saturday. Dr. F. J. Furnivall was one of the winning crew in a sculling fours race on the Thames; while his son, P. Furnivall, the record-breaker, put two magnificent challenge trophies to his credit at the Surrey B. C. races on the same day. — *News*.

THE case of C. D. Renton against Dr. Beckwith has been dismissed.

ALLARD, the English tricyclist, who was with us last year, preferred to go to Holland this year. He returned laden down with prizes.

H. D. COREY sailed for England on Tuesday.

THE influence of Boston is very great. Secretary-Editor Aaron was with us but a few days, and yet he goes home and talks about Stall's coloptenoid bicycle.

ONLY one amateur record broken in the tricycle list at the fall tournaments, and no bicycle records.

W. H. HUNTLEY will make another trial for a twenty-four hour bicycle record on Monday.

IT appears after all that Will Robertson, of Washington, was not so idiotic as the newspaper accounts would lead one to believe. He did ride over the coping of the Cabin John's bridge at a dizzy altitude, and the latter part of the journey on the big wheel alone, but there was a rope tied around the body of the cyclist, the other end of which was held by friends, and another line was attached to the machine and was secured to the ground.

ENGLAND is promised the sight of a Chinese fancy rider that can do astounding feats on a bicycle. Among other things, he rides upon an inclined wire.

Singer's new safety bicycle is thus described: The two wheels are of the same size, — the front, of course, being the steerer, the back the driver, — the handles and saddle are adjustable, a powerful brake acts on the front wheel, and a pair of foot-rests are fitted to make the rider thoroughly appreciate downhill work. Those who have ridden it pronounce it a fine machine, and three hundred orders have been booked before a machine has been got ready for the market.

THE members of the Chelsea Club have been not a little pained that one of their strong riders has practically given up riding. A friend accounted for this by saying that it was a case of *lazitude*, but he did n't give her name.

SPRINGFIELD has not yet lost faith in Hendee, and his victories over Rowe at Roseville sends joy to many hearts. Lynn still swears by Rowe.

PHILADELPHIA, Boston, and Springfield set out for a little walk at Lynn last Saturday. The distance was from the Lynn cycle track grounds to the depot at Central square. The Racing Board was walked right off its feet at the very beginning, and soon sought refuge in a horse-car, where it contentedly surveyed the exhibition of pedestrianism by Philadelphia and Springfield. The pedestrians came in with flying colors (they certainly were glowing colors) much exhilarated by their exercise, and the way they gloated over the Racing Board made that body grateful that it had n't got to accompany them all the way to Boston. — *Springfielda Union*.

THE Racing Board representative makes no claim to pedestrianism. He was very anxious to show the superiority of the wheel, and he did so.

THERE has recently been put on exhibition at Eckhardt's the largest regular bicycle ever made. It is a 64-inch Columbia, and was specially made at the Weed Company's factory, for a Texas man who is six feet, seven inches tall. — *Hartford Courant*.

FRED G. WARNER, of Hartford, started last Friday morning, at Charter Oak Park, to make a 100-mile bicycle ride on the track. He had covered 25 miles when the wind became too violent to admit of good time, and he stopped. His time for 25 miles was 1.47.

THE promateur movement has been a dire, dismal, and decided failure. — *Herald*.

COL. AND MRS. ALBERT A. POPE left Boston Friday for a pleasure trip to Old Point Comfort, and subsequently through the Shenandoah valley, visiting Natural Bridge and the Sulphur Springs. The colonel will also inspect old Fort Hell, one of the most important and the nearest fortification to the enemy, and which he commanded during the war.

THE London papers are telling about a new tricycle cab or "three-wheeler" which has just passed the usual police inspection, and is now duly licensed for hire in the streets. I am told ~~save the color wheel~~ and roomy, that ladies' dresses cannot get spoiled by coming in contact with the muddy wheel, and that the driver can be communicated with without dislocation of the neck. All that is needed for its success is, it is said, that passengers should be satisfied that, with its odd-looking single wheel in front, it is by no means dangerous. In all probability this is what cyclers know as the Coventry Chair.

MALTBY, the fancy rider, is astonishing the Australians.

THE latest thing in Newcastle is a rider of a Premier Safety, who mounts his machine and fixes himself between the shafts of a phaeton which he gayly drags after him. Not too gayly they tell us, when he comes to some of those hills we remember. — *Wheeling*.

Oh, vat ish all dis earthly pliss?

Oh, vat ish man's souccess?

And vat ish heaps of oder dings?

And vat is happiness?

Dot Overman got Rhodesy

Eggspecially to vin,

But ven dot Billy Rowe coom rount,

Oh, vere vas dot Rhodes bin?

GET a picture of the Columbia team and trainers. They are all there, Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Adams, Wendell, Cornish, Atkins, and a few more.

A DUBLIN rider was very much annoyed at the noise made by some filings in the backbone of a new bicycle he had just purchased, and bringing the machine back to the agent, he instructed him to unbrazed the forks, and get out the filings, no matter what the expense might be. The agent, however, knew a trick worth two of that, and, without saying anything, he poured a quantity of thick varnish down the backbone, which effectually quieted the filings. The owner, when he received back the bicycle, was delighted, and asserted that it was the best performed job he had ever seen; and when the agent stated that the charge was nothing, he departed, lost in astonishment at the generosity of any one refusing payment for a job of such magnitude as unbrazing hind-wheel forks. — *Irish Cyclist*.

THE annual fall run of the ladies to the North Shore will occur on the 14th, and continue three days. On Thursday, leave Copley square at 9 A. M., and run to Magnolia; Friday, run around the Cape; Saturday, through Essex and to Newburyport; from Newburyport, return by train, or over the road on Sunday. Some dozen ladies are already booked for the run, and all lady riders are cordially invited. For further particulars, address Mr. Charles Richards Dodge, Willow Cottage, Magnolia; or the Editor.

THOMAS STEVENS AND OUTING.

EDITORIAL ROOMS OUTING,
140 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of *The Cycle*: Dear Sir — At the last meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, held in Boston, a statement was made by one of the prominent speakers, calling attention to the character of Thomas

It was hinted that this gentleman belonged to a class of riders who are hired to make particular makes of bicycles.

As Mr. Stevens is now crossing India and close to the Chinese frontier, this slanderous statement will not reach him for many weeks. Will you kindly allow me, therefore, to state: —

First. That Thomas Stevens is making the tour of the world solely as special correspondent of *Outing*.

Second. That he is at perfect liberty to ride any style of bicycle he chooses.

Third. That his expenses are paid exclusively and entirely by *Outing*.

Fourth. That no special manufacturing interests have anything to say in regard to *Outing*, the entire and sole control being vested in the Editor. I am,

Yours very truly,

POULTNEY BIGELOW, per C. E. C.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

OCTOBER is upon us, and now we must ride. Household cares must be thrown to the wind, and we must be out and about. Now is the time of the yellow leaf and the exhilarating atmosphere. We feel that the

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PERCY STONE.....1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
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season is rapidly passing away, and the time is too precious to be lost. November will soon come, when the opportunity for riding is among the unknown possibilities.

Do you believe in destiny? I confess that I am inclined to that way of thinking, after certain experiences that I have had; for fate seems to will that our little riding coterie shall not get to a certain weird spot in the Middlesex Fells about which much has been said and written.

A FRIEND of ours visited this place in the early summer, and her description of it afterward filled us with a keen desire to go there and drink in the natural beauties. It involves a ride of some thirty miles over good roads, but this is a task of easy accomplishment, and did not stand in the way of our reaching the place. And yet the summer has gone and we are not there.

OUR first attempt was made early in the summer, when, in response to a call for a run, some five or six ladies met at a rendezvous, and started out for a day's run, with lunches packed in baskets carried behind the machines. The first part of our trip was uneventful, and everything pointed to a pleasant excursion; but, alas! when we had covered half the distance, black clouds arose in the west, and we heard the warning notes of a tempest given in the voice of thunder. We turned our wheels homeward, but did not escape the shower. We rode the last three miles in a pelting rain, and arrived home in a drenched and bedraggled condition. We might have saved a wetting; but there was a spirit of bravado abroad, and the girls wanted to show the world that they were afraid of neither the rain nor the lightning.

THE next attempt saw only three wheels at the rendezvous. The riders were well used to the wheel, and there were no weaklings. We expected to make the run in very quick time, but we were again brought face to face with the lines of the Scotch poet, who tells us that —

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."

GOING down a steep hill which leads into Malden, there was a collision between two wheels, an upset, two wrecked machines, and general discomfort though no injury. Two machines went home by express, two young ladies went home by train, and the third wheeled home lonely and silently.

AGAIN we set a day, but it proved unpleasant, and riding was out of the question. Our fourth attempt saw only one rider at the appointed place. Attempt number five gave us a rainy day, and number six found a number of us ready to go; but we were diverted from our purpose by the persuasions of a gentleman friend who had joined us, and who wished us to go seaward. It was destiny.

THEN we gave up laying plans, and we agreed to start off for the Fells some day when we were out riding with no objective int in view. Thrice did we try to circumvent destiny in this way. The first time we le a call *en route*, and the time slipped

quickly away while we were gossiping over lemonade and cakes; and we found on resuming our tricycles that we could not hope to make the run and get back before a moonless night shut down upon us. The second time we met a party of wheelmen and wheelwomen *en route* for Castle Rock, and we were easily persuaded to join them. The third time we were driven back by rain.

AND we have not yet conquered destiny. Will we be able to? I cannot say. We shall do our utmost, and when destiny lies beneath our heel, I will write you about it.

NOW is the time of the autumn leaf, and the ladies of this section are making frequent runs to the forest from which they return with loads of bright foliage which will soon soon brighten up the rooms of many a home while all without is cold and drear.

DAISIE.

ROWE AND HENDEE.

THE managers of the Lynn tournament are worrying away over the fact that Rowe and Hendee did not meet in the one-mile race on Monday, the last day of their tournament, as everybody expected them to, and the *Lynn Bee* goes to great lengths and, it seems, much unwarranted speculation to explain the "whyness" of it. After stating that the position which, it is alleged, Rowe took, — refusing to start after it had been stated that he agreed to throw the race, — was inexcusable, the *Bee* goes on to say: "The trouble, from what can be learned, originated in a deal between manager Atkins, of the Pope Company, and Henry E. Ducker, of Springfield, whereby the Columbia team is to attempt to lower the records on Hampden Park, instead of in Lynn. That appears to be just the size of the muddle, and no exhibition of virtuous indignation was called for to the injury of the Lynn tournament." Such a statement is ridiculous on the face, and hardly needs Mr. Ducker's emphatic denial, which he gives. There are but five American outdoor records which the Springfield track does not hold, and those are beyond the distance of the "fast mile in 2.27 or thereabout," as the race under discussion was advertised. Here is the true reason, says an "inside" cycling man, and the story behind the scenes is worth the telling. George M. Hendee can beat Billy Rowe; he believes it and so do his friends. He did not think he could in the race here in the tournament. He went into it a beaten man and came out beaten; his heart was not in it and his spirit gone. At Lynn it was different. As he rode out to the races, he said to Mr. Ducker, who was with him: "Henry, I can beat Billy Rowe, and I am going to do it Monday. I want that mile race, and I will try to satisfy you in the five-mile race that I can beat him." When the race came, the five-mile one in which they met, George came out with a smile, and rode with spirit and vim and form quite different from that which was noticeable here. Round and round they went, Hendee keeping the pace hot, and as they came down the home stretch he turned his head to Ducker and smiled and nodded, but he clung to Rowe's wheel, and the latter with all his spurting powers exhausted himself to finish a bare foot ahead. The ride

had been a hard one, and the five miles were done in 14.08 $\frac{1}{5}$, only ten seconds above Rowe's record for the five miles made against time 5 July on that track, and done, too, in a cold day and facing a bitter wind. Rowe finished exhausted; Hendee comparatively fresh. Rowe was a different man after that race, and his spirits sank all day Sunday, while George's were buoyant. Monday, George's friends, including Cornish, his trainer, were backing him heavily. Rowe seemed whipped out. He wanted to retire with a clean record of victories, and he had n't the courage to meet George Hendee again and take the risks. He drew out. Not even his home paper and ardent supporter will take stock in the reason alleged. The fact is, Rowe, for his own reputation, ought now to meet Hendee again, and this year, too, as he proposes to retire from the track. If he can beat him, well and good. Certainly his past victories should warrant no fear to him. Then if he thinks it doubtful, he can find people who will put up valuable prizes well worth running for to bring about the race. Money stakes up to \$1,000 are assured if he wishes to ride as a professional. Hendee is ready. Whether they will meet again is now uncertain. The bicycling public wish, above all things, to see good races by them cap the year's sport. Henry E. Ducker, in the name of the Springfield Bicycle Club, has just offered to furnish valuable prizes, as may be decided later, to the winner of the best two in three races between the two, one mile, three miles, and five miles, to be run on Hampden Park some day this month. He proposes to put fast men in with them to make the pace, and will have nothing but fast time and a race "for blood." The plan commends itself, and means a day of rare sport with the cyclers who will be riding on the track in the mean time, thirsty for records. The plan needs but the consent of Hendee and Rowe. Hendee is ready and willing, it is said. How about Rowe?

Hendee's words, though, to his old friend may seem like boasting, and they are unusual words to hear from George. But that he was speaking what he had reason to be confident about, his racing at Roseville Friday proves. His victory then over Rowe in the three-mile promateur was a well-earned one, and makes the final question of the superiority unquestionably an open one. The fall tournaments are over. How are the two to meet again, and how are the lovers of cycling to get satisfied about the relative positions of the two fast fliers, unless by special meeting? The interest that such races as Mr. Ducker is trying to arrange is widespread and great. The suggestion has called up eager inquiry. Mr. Ducker's correspondence with Mr. Atkins, the manager of the team, now warrants the statement that it is extremely likely that a meeting between Rowe and Hendee can be arranged as suggested. The Columbia team will come to this city to-morrow for a dash at the records, together with their fellows of the Victor team and Woodside, Wood, and Frazier, for we have but just passed the threshold of the fall cycle work on Hampden Park. To-morrow or Tuesday will see the matter brought to a head and settled one way or another; in favor of the meeting, every cyclist hopes. Mr. Ducker is so confident of

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- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. One-Half Mile Bicycle - - - - Open Amateur. | 6. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - Open Amateur. |
| 2. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - Novice. | 7. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - Boys under 16 Years. |
| 3. Two-Mile Bicycle - - - - Lap Amateur. | 8. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - 3.20 Class. |
| 4. One-Half Mile Bicycle - - - - Hands-Off Amateur. | 9. Two-Mile Bicycle - - - - Open Amateur. |
| 5. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - 3.10 Class. | 10. One-Mile Bicycle - - - - Club Team, 3 Men Each Team. |

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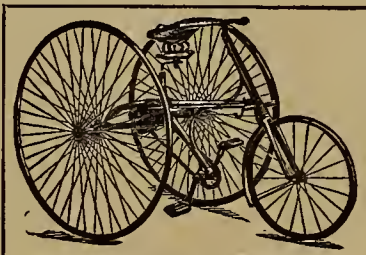
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the success of the plans, that yesterday workmen were set to work on the track. — *Sunday Republican*.

THE PATH.

ROSEVILLE TOURNAMENT.

THURSDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER.

One-mile Novice, — F. B. Jones, Brooklyn (1), 3.07 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. H. K. Davey, Weston, N. J. (2); E. B. Moore, Elizabeth, N. J. (3); W. F. Germond (o).

Moore and Germond fell on the back stretch of the last lap. Moore remounted and rode in. Neither was much hurt.

One-mile Promateur, — G. M. Hendee (1), 2.55; F. F. Ives (2); E. P. Burnham (3); C. P. Adams (4).

Hendee had it pretty much his own way throughout, though Ives forced him to make some pretty spurts on the home stretch.

Two-mile Amateur, Six-minute Class, — E. A. DeBlois, Hartford, 5.45 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. J. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa. (2); S. H. Rich, New Brighton, N. Y. (3).

This was an interesting, well contested race.

Three-mile Professional Lap Race, — F. Wood (1), 66 points, 8.43; W. M. Woodside (2), 51 points; H. C. Crocker (3), 48 points.

Morgan, James, Neilson, and Prince also started, but dropped out at the end of two miles.

Two-mile Amateur Tricycle, — S. M. Gideon (1), 7.00 $\frac{1}{2}$; H. W. Gaskell (2); A. B. Rich (3).

Until the fifth lap Gaskell led, with Rich second. Then Gideon ran easily to the front, and won without difficulty. He had been taking it easy.

Three-mile Promateur Lap, — G. M. Hendee (1), 9.06 $\frac{1}{2}$, 27 points; F. F. Ives (2), 18 points.

C. P. Adams started and rode third for all but two laps, when he stopped. It was the usual procession. In spurting down the home stretch, Ives has a funny fashion of raising his head a couple of times to look ahead. Hendee, on the contrary, rides well down.

One-mile Amateur Handicap, — A. B. Rich, scratch (1) 2.40 $\frac{1}{2}$; E. A. DeBlois, 20 yards (2).

There were 17 starters, with handicaps ranging from 10 to 150 yards, and Rich, Foster, and Benton at scratch. Rich won very handily by a fine spurt at the finish.

Ten-mile Professional, — C. H. Frazier (1), 30.22 $\frac{1}{2}$; F. Wood (2); W. M. Woodside (3), by a few inches.

Frazier, Woodside, Morgan, and Prince took turns in leading. When two thirds around the last lap, Frazier made a terrible spurt, which gave him too great a lead to be overcome. Wood barely secured second place.

Three-mile Amateur Handicap, — F. Foster, scratch (1), 8.37 $\frac{1}{2}$; E. A. DeBlois, 50 yards (2); W. E. Crist, scratch (3).

There were about 15 starters, with handicaps ranging from 25 to 400 yards, and Crist, Rich, and Foster at scratch. After a few laps the men were well bunched. Foster won by a spurt at the finish. DeBlois lapped him, and Crist was well up. Rich finished about fifth.

The day was very fine and the track in good shape. The surface had been completed so recently that it was not quite what it will be. The shape, however, is very good, and the curves easy. The last lap (one third of a mile) in the three-mile amateur was done in less than forty-eight seconds, a 2.22 gait. Some records are hoped for to-morrow or Saturday. The attendance was about 1,200. Had a more complete system of advertising in the local towns been adopted, there would have been more persons present. Too many efforts were made to get out-of-town patronage, and not enough to secure the local.

SECOND DAY, 1 OCTOBER.

One-mile Amateur Lap, — W. E. Crist (1), twenty-four points, 2.53 $\frac{1}{2}$; A. B. Rich (2); E. A. DeBlois (3).

Crist started at a rattling pace, and at once took a lead which he never lost, and won easily.

Three-mile Promateur Handicap, — G. M. Hendee, scratch (1), 8.54 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. A. Rowe (2); F. F. Ives, one hundred yards (3). Adams started at two hundred and twenty-five yards, and Burnham at one hundred and fifty.

Hendee caught the handicap men quickly, and took the lead, while Rowe kept behind them. On the last lap, Rowe rushed forward and made a grand spurt, but he was too late to catch Hendee.

One-mile Professional Handicap, — H. C. Crocker, 30 yards (1), 2.44 $\frac{1}{2}$; C. H. Frazier, 25 yards (2); R. James, 90 yards (3).

Wood started at scratch, Prince at 35 yards, and Neilson at 25, but they soon dropped out. Crocker won handily. \$50 extra was offered for record, but there was too much wind. Morgan was allowed 90 yards, but refused to start at it. He addressed the audience, saying that he had been beaten at 125 yards, and 90 yards was "rank injustice."

Two-mile Amateur Handicap, — H. W. Gaskell, 50 yards, 5.53; E. A. DeBlois, 30 yards (2); A. B. Rich, scratch (3).

There were thirteen starters. After two or three laps, the men were well bunched, and the three leaders only worked out toward the finish.

Ten-mile Promateur, — G. M. Hendee (1), 31.04 $\frac{1}{2}$; F. F. Ives (2); C. P. Adams, (3).

On the nineteenth lap, Hendee and Ives lapped Adams, who then clung close to them till they finished, and then made his other lap, time 32.08 $\frac{1}{2}$. He was awarded third prize, as he finished under thirty-four minutes.

Three-mile Amateur, — W. E. Crist (1), 9.10 $\frac{1}{2}$; H. W. Gaskell (2); A. B. Rich (3).

Crist led for several laps, and finished first, with Gaskell well up. Gaskell had been riding back, and rushed up to second place on the home stretch.

Five-mile Professional Lap, — W. M. Woodside (1), 79 points, 15.29 $\frac{1}{2}$; F. Wood (2), 72 points.

Frazier, Prince, Morgan, and Crocker started also. The first three soon dropped out, and Crocker also at three miles.

One-mile Amateur, Three-Minute Class, — C. A. Stenken (1), 3.01; E. M. Smith (2).

J. W. Powers, Jr., started, and finished

first in 2.56 $\frac{1}{2}$. He was protested as having a record under three minutes, and the protest was sustained.

Two-mile Amateur Tandem, — A. B. Rich and H. W. Gaskell (1), 5.59 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. E. Crist and F. Foster (2).

Crist and Foster led until the fifth lap, when Rich and Gaskell took the lead, and held it to the finish, in spite of a desperate spurt on the home stretch.

It was hoped and believed that some records would go on the second day, but a strong, cold wind destroyed all chance of that. The track was better than on the first day. About 1,000 persons were present. Unless a far larger attendance is had on Saturday, the tournament surely cannot prove a financial success.

THIRD DAY, 2 OCTOBER.

One-mile Professional, — C. H. Frazier (1), 2.53 $\frac{1}{2}$; H. C. Crocker (2); F. Wood (3).

Frazier began his winning spurt just before reaching the upper curve, and came into the homestretch with a good lead. Crocker came down the homestretch in fine style, and almost caught him. Frazier begins his spurt so soon that he always is obliged to slacken speed before reaching the tape. If the others were ready to follow him, they would generally be able to beat him at the tape.

Two-mile Tricycle, — S. M. Gideon (1), 6.42 $\frac{1}{2}$; A. B. Rich (2).

This race was down as a handicap, with Rich at scratch, Gaskell at fifty yards, Gideon at one hundred yards, and five other starters at different distances. This arrangement was perfectly absurd, as on Thursday both Gaskell and Gideon beat Rich from the scratch. Finally, only the three above named started, all from scratch. Rich's and Gideon's pushers off held them back till Gaskell was off, and Gideon took last place. On the last lap, Rich ran up beside Gaskell, and kept there until they turned into the homestretch, making it look as if they had arranged to keep Gideon from flying by them, as he did on Thursday. As they entered the homestretch, Rich ran ahead of Gaskell, and the instant that there thus became room, Gideon rushed forward, and came in an easy winner. Gaskell spurted vigorously, but turned badly, and ran into the outer fence. He was bruised, but not seriously hurt.

One-mile Promateur Handicap, — G. M. Hendee, scratch (1), 2.48 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. A. Rowe, scratch (2); F. F. Ives, 35 yards (3); C. P. Adams, 75 yards (4).

Hendee took the lead on the third lap, and won easily. In this race, as on Friday's, when Hendee beat Rowe, it certainly did not look as if Rowe was riding to win. Rowe sometimes seemed to sit up to prevent himself from going too fast, while Hendee kept right down to his work. Rowe took second place, in both cases, with ease, and spurted some on the homestretch, but never seemed to let himself out.

Five-mile Amateur, — W. E. Crist (1), 16.27 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. I. Wilhelm (2); A. B. Rich (3).

Near the finish of the ninth lap, Foster fell. He remounted, and the field slowed up till he caught them, with the marked approval of the audience. This accounts for the slow time. Crist won by a fine spurt, completely outpacing Rich.

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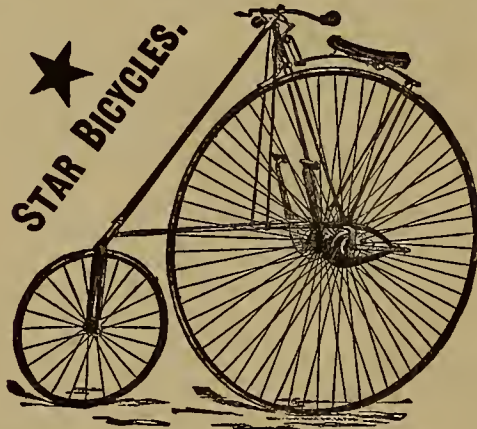
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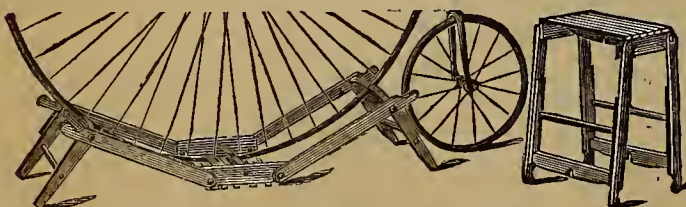
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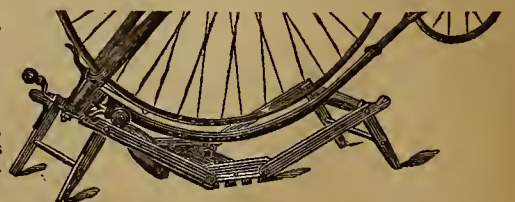


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Five-mile Professional Handicap, — F. Wood, scratch (1), 14.42 $\frac{2}{5}$; H. C. Crocker, 45 yards (3); W. M. Woodside, scratch (3). Crocker again did some fine work, pushing Wood hard at the tape.

Five-mile Promateur, Lap, — G. M. Hendee (1), 45 points, 14.41 $\frac{1}{5}$; F. F. Ives (2), 30 points. Adams dropped out.

Hendee ran away from Ives and gained over half a lap on him.

Three-mile Bicycle, 9.30 Class, — E. A. DeBlois (1), 9.19 $\frac{3}{5}$; P. S. Brown (2); S. H. Rich (3).

E. M. Smith fell directly before the grand stand, bringing down Wilhelm and Parker. The men were not much hurt, but their machines were.

One-mile Team Race, — Powell, Wilhelm, and Stenken defeated Rich, Hall, and Bridgman, Wilhelm coming in first in 2 55 $\frac{3}{5}$, and Powell also passing Rich.

One-mile Consolation, — J. Powell (1), 2.57; C. R. Hoag (2); E. C. Parker (3); H. J. Hall, Jr. (4).

FIELD OFFICERS. — *Referee*, Dr. N. M. Beckwith.

Judges, E. M. Aaron, A. E. Fauquier, F. J. Drake.

Timers, G. A. Avery, J. Warren Smith, L. H. Johnson, Dr. Elliott W. Johnson.

Umpires, Charles H. Luscomb, Wm. Dutcher, E. K. Austin, A. G. Winter, J. B. Lunger.

Clerk of the Course, Geo. F. Knubel.
Assistant Clerk of the Course, H. Sagen-dorf.

Starter, E. E. Sargeant.
Scorers, Wm. L. Fish, H. Booth.

Official Reporter, Frank A. Egan.

The day was fine except that there was too much wind for record-breaking. About eighteen hundred persons were present. It is possible, but not probable, that this will make the receipts equal the expenditures.

Summary of places won by the principal riders, the figures denoting positions: —

PROFESSIONALS.

- F. Wood (\$200), 1, 2, 2, 3, 1.
- H. C. Crocker (\$155), 3, 1, 2, 2.
- C. H. Frazier (\$135), 1, 2, 1.
- W. M. Woodside (\$110), 2, 1, 3.

PROMATEURS.

- G. M. Hendee, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1.
- W. A. Rowe, 2, 2.
- F. F. Ives, 2, 2, 3, 2, 3, 2.
- E. P. Burnham, 3.
- C. P. Adams, 4, 3, 4.

AMATEURS.

- A. B. Rich, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 3, 2, 3.
- E. A. DeBlois, 1, 2, 2, 3, 2, 1.
- W. E. Crist, 3, 1, 2, 1, 1.
- H. W. Gaskell, 2, 1, 1, 2.
- S. M. Gideon, 1, 1.
- F. Foster, 1, 2.
- W. I. Wilhelm, 2, 2.
- S. H. Rich, 3, 3.

THE one-hundred mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club took place last Saturday, from the Faneuil House, Brighton. The amateurs started at 9.36 and the promateurs at 9.41. All the riders, with the exception of Doane, returned one by one to the hotel, being unable to find the way. There were over eighty turns in the course. The starters in the amateur class were S. P.

Hollingsworth, Indianapolis; David Drummond, Boston; P. J. Burlow, South Boston; H. H. Porter, Boston; W. S. Doane, Dorchester; and G. S. Locke, South Boston. In the promateur class there were three starters: W. H. Huntley, Newton; W. A. Rhodes, Dorchester; and A. A. McCurdy, Lynn. All the promateurs got off the track before the first circuit of fifty miles was covered. W. S. Doane was the only man who finished. He made his fifty miles in 3h. 28m., and the hundred miles in 7h. 24m. The course had so many turns that the riders could not follow it, and all but Doane got lost on the way and had to give up.

THE Ixion Club, of New York, is to hold a grand race meeting at the Roseville (N. J.) track, 16 October, at which all of the amateur fliers will be present.

THE nineteenth meet and fourth annual race meeting of the League of Essex County Wheelmen will be held on the Lynn cycle track, Saturday afternoon, 9 October.

THERE is every prospect that Rowe and Hendee will be brought together in a race on Hampden Park some time the latter part of next week. In case the match is made, a series of races between the two riders will probably be arranged for one, three, and five miles, the best two in three to decide who is the better man. The programme will also include other events.

THE Camden (N. J.) wheelmen will hold a race meeting at Stockton Park, 16 October. The track is a new one, quarter mile, full measure, twenty-five feet wide on the back stretch and thirty-five feet wide down the homestretch. Thirteen races will be on the programme, which can be obtained of W. S. Risley, 111 Market street, Camden, N. J. If rain causes a postponement, the races will be held 23 October.

COMING EVENTS.

OCTOBER.

- 9 Saturday. — Races of the L. E. C. W. at Lynn. Races of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling at Philadelphia.
- 16 Saturday. — Fifth annual meet of Columbia Bi. Club, at No. Attleboro', Mass. Races of the Ixion Club at Roseville, N. J.
- 23 Saturday. — Road race of the Chelsea Cycle Club.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

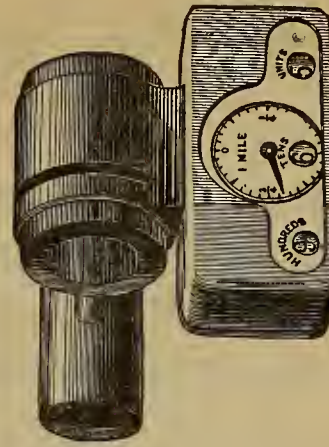
BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES. — Send for Clear Race List to THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO., LD., 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

A NEARLY NEW "CLUB" TANDEM to be sold cheap for cash. THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO., LD., 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

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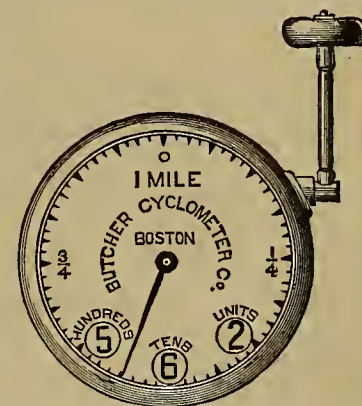
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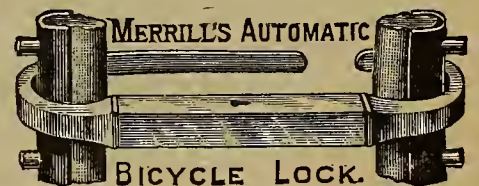
Every one who wears the Z. & S. Supporter are pleased with it, hence its popularity.

Price per Pair, 65 cents.

HOWARD A. SMITH & CO.

Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.

BRANCH STORE, ORANGE, N. J.



For locking Bicycles. New, Novel and Elegant. Can be applied instantly and locks automatically. Is neat, compact and cheap. Weighs only 2 1-2 ounces, and length only 4 inches.

Dr. W. D. Ball, of Boston, writes: "I bought one of your locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the only lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle anywhere and have never had it tampered with, and yet, two bicycles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

Can be had of any dealer in bicycles, or sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00.
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HARTFORD.

*12 First Prizes out of a possible 19 won on COLUMBIAS.
25 First Prizes out of a possible 39 won on COLUMBIAS.*

SPRINGFIELD.

*World's One-Mile Championship, won by Wm. A. Rowe on a
COLUMBIA.*

*One-Mile Record, made by Geo. M. Hendee in 2.31 on a
COLUMBIA.*

24 First Prizes out of a possible 38 won on COLUMBIAS.

The Majority of all Prizes won on COLUMBIAS.

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*First, Second, and Third Prizes in all Events except Consola-
tion Race won on COLUMBIAS.*

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First Prize in Every Event except one won on COLUMBIAS.

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*Every Open Event and Three-Mile Championship won on
COLUMBIAS.*

HARLEM.

Every Event except Consolation Race won on COLUMBIAS.

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The Cycle.

Vol. II., No. 3.

BOSTON, MASS., 15 OCTOBER, 1886.

FIVE CENTS.

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MOST SUCCESSFUL TRICYCLE OF THE SEASON.

239 COLUMBUS AVENUE - - - BOSTON, MASS.

Record Breaking Extraordinary!

Without a pacemaker, and on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, Stillman G. Whittaker started at 5 A. M., September 24, for the 50 and 100 mile records, under A. C. U. rules. He did the

50 Miles in 2 Hours, 55 Minutes and 46 1-2 Seconds,

Beating George Weber's American record by over 11 minutes, and Golder's English record by over 9 minutes. He did the

100 Miles in 6 Hours, 43 Minutes and 59 Seconds,

Knocking McCurdy's record over an hour. His mount was a

57-INCH AMERICAN CHAMPION,

Which is not a Light Roadster, but a machine constructed solely for Road Riding. Whittaker says it's the Bearings.



There are but two really important points to consider in the purchase of a Bicycle:—

FIRST. The comparative superiority of the machine in vital points.

SECOND. The comparative cost of same, all things being equal.

The result of this consideration in a majority of cases will influence the purchaser to decide on one of the

AMERICAN CYCLES

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THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 15 OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 3.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, by mail, post-paid.....	\$1.50
Three Copies in one order.....	3.00
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Six Months.....	.90
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Specimen Copies free.	

Every bicycle dealer is agent for the CYCLE and authorized to receive subscriptions at regular rates. The paper can be found on sale at the following places:—

Boston, CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., Washington and School Streets. Tremont House news stand. At every cycle warehouse.

New York, ELLIOTT MASON, 12 Warren Street.
Philadelphia, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street. GEORGE D. GIBSON, 6 South Broad Street.

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Chicago, W. M. DURELL, 115 Wabash Avenue. JOHN WILKINSON & Co., 77 State Street.

Washington, H. S. OWEN, Capital Cycle Co.
St. Louis, ST. LOUIS WHEEL CO., 1121 Olive Street.

ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

THERE is very little encouragement to hold office in the League, if we can judge by the experience of those now in official positions. For doing what they considered to be for the League's best interest, we find our leading officers under indictment in a New York court, after having been obliged to meet charges in a civil action. Several of the officers have been obliged to dodge detectives, and others have kept out of New York State. They are being persecuted and annoyed because they have been willing to give their time and their energies to the League. It is not a little annoying when a man finds himself the subject of severe criticism in the press, but when he is threatened with heavy charges and a prison it becomes terribly so. We hope to see the officers backed up by all the forces and influences at the command of the League, and by the strong moral force of public opinion.

THE ladies are out. The annual tour to the North Shore was down for Thursday of this week, and, weather permitting, the riders are now wheeling about Cape Ann. This has become one of the most popular runs of the cycling season. It enlists a large company of ladies and gentlemen, and the route lays through one of the most attractive regions in America. It is to be conducted under League auspices this year, and will be ably managed.

WE publish next week a story written for our columns by J. Parke Street. This feature of the CYCLE is becoming very popular, and we shall do what we can to make it more so. We have accepted a number of original stories, which will appear in due time, and we shall select some from English writers. If we see a good thing, we intend that our readers shall have it.

THERE is much jealousy between Lynn and Springfield. The wheelmen of Lynn are not a little aggrieved that the Columbia team has been taken to Springfield to run for records, and call it a "deal" between Messrs. Atkins and Ducker. Mr. Atkins explains that he can get better officials and timers at Springfield than can be had at Lynn. As an item in the controversy, Rowe refuses to race Hendee save on the Lynn track.

THERE has been a great cry for class-racing, and those who favor this claim that we can have better racing when men of equal or nearly equal powers are brought together. The idea is a good one, and a thorough system of class-racing would bring about good results. Clubs have put class races on their programmes, but they have taken no pains to exclude those not entitled to enter. Such men as Foster, Crist, and DeBlois went into class races this fall that they had no right to enter. DeBlois made a mile in 2m. 50½s. at Hartford, and 2m. 43s. at Lynn, and yet he was allowed to enter a 6 m. class-race at Roseville, from which all should have been barred with a record better than 2.55. He also entered a 9.30 class, from which all should have been barred with a record of 3.05. Crist and Foster ran a dead heat at Springfield in 8.40½, and afterwards entered the 5.45 class at Lynn, where no one with a record better than 8.45 should have started. Other instances could be cited to prove that the entries are not carefully considered by the committees. The officials of a race meeting can do little in the way of excluding men, for they cannot look up records, and unless a protest is lodged with them, backed by strong proof, they cannot proceed against the entrants. It is as important that the official handicapper be consulted in classifying men as in handicapping them, and class-racing will not be successfully carried out till some such step is taken.

WE have to record this week another questionable run for a record. We say "questionable" because it was carried out in defiance of all rules and regulations made and provided for such events. We have an organization that prescribes certain conditions which are necessary to the establishment of a record such as Mr. Huntley tried to make, and the most important of these were disregarded. Mr. Huntley's employers wished to advertise the machine he rode, and they thought it would excite a lot of newspaper talk if he covered a great distance, no matter how it was done. They have sought to gain the results coming from legitimate work without complying with the proper conditions. Again, the event was carried out in a way to give rise to serious complications. Amateurs, promateurs, and professionals made pace for the rider, and under the rules of the A. C. U. all of the two former classes have lost their status. The rule which has been broken by these men was made by the A. C. U. to cover just such cases as this. It runs as follows:—

Sect. 8. An amateur or promateur forfeits his right to compete as such, and thereby becomes a professional, by:—

(C) Competing with, or pacemaking for, or having the pace made by, a professional in a public or a *private* event.

Mr. Huntley was paced by Crocker, a professional, by Doane, an amateur, and by Burnham, a promateur. The A. C. U. cannot afford to allow such violations of their rules to pass unnoticed. A similar case has just been dismissed by them when it was very clear that the rule was violated. One official of the A. C. U. served as timekeeper at this trial, and became a party to an open defiance of its rules. If the new organization desires the respect and confidence of wheelmen, it cannot afford to let these things go on. If Mr. Huntley ignores it, and gets an advertisement for his machine, others will follow, and the attempt of the A. C. U. to regulate road racing will be in vain.

FRED RUSS COOK was married to Miss Florence Dornett, 29 Sept.

IT is reported on good authority that Mr. Ducker will not press his suit against President Beckwith.

ROWE was at Lynn on Thursday and returned to Springfield on Friday. He is willing to race Hendee at Lynn for a purse of \$2,000 or \$3,000, but not in Springfield.—*Globe*.

CYCLETS.

A TANDEMIONIC RIDE.

COME all ye "Merrie Wheelers,"
And listen, while I tell
How *one* tandem rode down hill,
And the other ran a spell.

'T was on a sunny summer day,
They had ridden far and long;
The hour had come when all seemed vain
But the sound of the dinner gong.

And every piece of rising ground
Was turned the contrary way;
The incline of the hills was long,
The *decline* short — alway.

At last, with many a puff, they reached
The top of Shrewsbury Hill,
And stretched before him lay a coast,
With joy their hearts to fill.

My lady well her feet did brace,
The brake was screwed down tight,
And everything was well prepared
For a careful downward flight.

They travelled just about one fourth
The distance down the hill,
When fear in varied forms began
My lady's heart to fill.

The tandem gained a sudden speed,
'T was something more than fast;
My lady set her teeth — and thought,
"This ride will be our last."

With strong and steady grip she held
The nickel steering bar;
Along the road the sand and stones
Seemed flying near and far.

She thought how strange this silence is;
My lord speaks not one word.
He must be very badly scared,
Or his voice I'd surely heard.

They neared the bottom of the hill,
She gave one look around,
And what she saw full well explained
Why she had heard no sound.

For flying madly down the hill,
And straining every nerve
To catch that tandem, ere it might
From out the roadway swerve,

She saw her lord, she heard his voice,
She also heard his *feet*.

Another moment, and he reached
And clutched — the hindmost seat.
"Now tell me, pray," the lady said,
"The reason you dismounted,
And sent me tearing down the hill,
With quakes and fears uncounted."

"It happened thus," her lord replied;
"At top of yonder hill
A little gaping, white Spitz cur
Ran out to bark his fill."

He must have had a taste for veal,
For he tried to bite my calf.
I slipped me off the saddle rear,
And laughed a wicked laugh.

I stooped to pick me up a stone,
And turned my back a minute;
The tandem started down, as if
The evil one was in it.

But nothing saw I of all this:
The cur was game that I was after.
I looked, and saw a horrid sight, —
'T would have filled mine enemies with laughter.

I saw the pedals, as I ran,
Were going fast and faster;
The empty saddle seemed to grin
At the thought of sure disaster.

I ran at speed that ne'er before
I'd made in all my life;
Destruction seemed about to claim
My tandem *and* my wife.

But now, the race and danger o'er,
They travel at their ease,
Each wishing that *all* dogs might be
Devoured by their fleas.

"MERRIE WHEELER."

GOLDEN October.

Is now seen at its prettiest.

RIDE now or sell your machine.

It should be an indictable offence to put
away one's wheel now.

A FRIEND takes issue with us for saying
that wheelmen cannot race well when there
is wind. He says if the men don't have
good wind, they can't go fast. The wind
should be in their lungs, not in their teeth.

GROWZER says that the promateurs who
cannot pay their expenses and accept
money from makers, and yet refuse to be
professionals, can be justified in forming a
new class, said to be higher than the pro-
fessionals. They are making a virtue of
necessity.

ENGLAND is moving on. Allard, English,
Buckingham, and Lee are now among the
suspends. Engleheart and Oxborrow com-
peted in an amateur race, were refused prizes
won, and the former is now suing to recover.

FURNIVALL says he has ridden his last
race, and there are those who believe him.

HENDEE may yet claim a world's record
with his 2.31. The Records Committee of
the N. C. U. have not yet accepted the 2.30
of Furnivall, and it looks as though they
would not do so.

THE St. Louis lantern parade was a suc-
cess. There were two hundred and fifty
men in line. Arthur Young took first prize
for the best design. The St. John bicycle
brass band did not appear.

THE trainers of the promateurs have con-
cluded not to hold a race meeting. There
would be much fun but few dollars in such
a venture. The prospect was dolorous.

THE West Haven, Ct., borough board has
voted to allow wheelmen to run their ma-
chines on the sidewalks, provided they blow
their whistles when one hundred feet from a
pedestrian. If the pedestrian does not turn
aside for the wheelman, the latter is obliged
to dismount and walk until he has passed
the pedestrian. Wheelmen are also to have
lighted lamps on their machines after dark.
The penalty for violating the rules is a fine
of \$7 and costs. — *Union*.

THE *Vermont Bicycle* comes to us in a
new form. It has taken the shape which is
a favorite among wheel papers, and has an
attractive look. It is hardly fair to criticise
a new-comer, and yet it does look a little
queer to read under date of "October"
that Smith, of Springfield, is going into
training "next Monday" for the tourna-
ments at Springfield and Lynn, nor is it less
amusing to be told that the committee on
rules will submit amendments at the Buffalo
meeting. The paper will no doubt do good
work among the green hills. Its subscrip-
tion price is twenty-five cents a year.

IF some of our contemporaries fail to
secure advertising from dealers, they may

conclude that the dealers are powerless to
advertise with them. Propositions are being
made by a contemporary to dealers, in which
very low rates are offered, provided the deal-
ers will advertise in no other cycling paper.
This is a cut at the *CYCLE*, but it hurts
others as well. Only one house has so far
lent itself to this scheme.

THE *Union* speaks of "somebody who
hides himself under the signature of 'The
Owl.'" Not to know Eagan, argues oneself
unknown.

WOOD and James are disgruntled that the
Springfield Club did not pay their expenses.
This accounts for the dust which has been
shaken from their feet. If the club had
come down with the dust, the two men would
have gone home with soiled shoes.

LANGDOWN finally had to pay his own ex-
penses. He couldn't very well pose both
as an amateur and as a guest of the club,
and as he preferred to ride in the amateur
class, he was kindly allowed to foot his own
bills. — *Union*.

GEORGE M. HENDEE was twenty years
old 2 Oct.

MR. ATKINS thinks that there will be no
promateur class next year, but instead only
amateurs and professionals. The men who
are now promateurs will probably go into
the professional class. Some of them dislike
the idea, but if all will agree to go into the
professional ranks in a body, the others will
not hold out against the majority. In case
the promateurs do make this move, and Mr.
Atkins thinks that, on the whole, it would be
a wise one, there will be an even sharper
weeding out of the amateur ranks than was
made in the early part of this year. — *Union*.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES, F. Alcott Pratt,
and J. H. Grimes are at work on the Mas-
sachusetts Road Book.

PEDESTRIANS always race from start to
finish, and it is a wonder to them that cyclers
do not do the same. Every walker who
goes into wheeling always promises to repeat
on the wheel the tactics employed on foot, —
but they don't do it. And now comes Dan-
iels, the walker, to tell us that he is going
to show wheelmen how to run a race.

A WRITER from Germany says: "A
short distance from Worms we stop and ex-
amine a tricycle propelled by electricity,
a German invention not to be sneered at,
for a gentleman and his two sons mount a
spring seat and spin around the curve like a
railroad engine."

THIS, anent the double cycle which is be-
coming so popular: —

"Clarence, dear, I think those new tan-
dem tricycles are too lovely for anything,"
remarked a Back Bay girl lately to the joy of
her life as she rested her hand on the sleeve
of his bicycle jacket.

"Do you, darling?"

"Yes, — I read of a wedding tour upon
one not long ago, and — I was thinking how
charmingly they might be employed in
elopements. Are n't you afraid you will hurt
yourself, dear, on that great ugly bicycle?"
— *Record*.

MANAGER ATKINS, in reply to a question
as to whether there would be a Columbia
team next year, said that no plans had yet
been made as far ahead as that. "One

thing you may depend on," said Mr. Atkins, "and that is that if other manufacturers have a team, the Pope Company will also be represented, and that, too, by a team equally as good as that which we now have." No men will be carried through the winter as was done last year, but Mr. Atkins thinks there will be no trouble in securing plenty riders. — *Union*.

My first is in bi, but not in tri.

My second is in run, but not in fly.

My third is in you, but not in me.

My fourth is in him, but not in he.

My fifth is in scorch, but not in hot.

My sixth is in jet, but not in jot.

My whole is what you get when you
"cropper." ANSWER. — *Bruise*.

DR. N. P. TYLER has our congratulations on the advent of Margaret McIntosh Tyler. May the fates put her on scratch, and give her no handicap in the race of life.

Two bicycle riders went slowly up Main street about nine o'clock the other night, directing their machines carefully along the road. At the corner of Pratt street a large shepherd dog jumped into the street and attempted to grab one of the riders by the leg. He jumped into the air several times and vainly endeavored to fasten his teeth in the calf of the rider, and it was only by performing a series of tricks that the rider was enabled to steer clear of the animal. A crowd gathered, and after some excitement the owner called off his dog. Then the bicycle rider dismounted and proceeded to have an argument with the owner of the dog. He threatened to have the dog arrested, and the other man threatened to break the bicycle. Neither seemed disposed to carry out the threat, however, and after some more words they separated. It is a peculiar fact that dogs are "down" on bicycles. — *Hartford Telegram*.

LATE cycling patents: A. W. Gump, Dayton, Ohio, bicycle stand. John M. Riley, Newark, N. J., oil can.

GREAT interest centres in the road races of the Massachusetts Club, next Saturday. The starts will be made from the clubhouse, 152 Newbury street, at 2.30 P.M. There will be three races, thirty-mile open bicycle, thirteen and a half mile club bicycle, twelve and a half mile club tricycle. There will be three prizes in each event, the first prize in the thirty-mile open race being \$50 gold medal of elegant design. The clubhouse will be open to members and their lady friends during the races.

DELEGATIONS from the clubs in this vicinity will attend the ball of the Melrose Club on Friday evening.

SPEAKING of the abolition of the amateur rule, the *Cyclist* says: The abolition of it would be but legislation for a class which, however good, is in the minority. The sole *raison d'être* of abolition would be, for once and for all, to settle the makers' amateurs by making, not only those riders, but every one else, professionals; but why, we ask, should this be? It is pretty generally admitted that the makers' amateurs cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered amateurs in the true sense of the word; yet because a score of men of this class object to be classed under any other head, and because a few others would rather "go for the pieces," than ride for "pots," as now,

is it fair that the whole system of amateurism be swept away?

"GIVE a dog a bad name," etc. *Wheeling* will call its Xmas number by the worn-out term "Chestnuts."

THE forthcoming council meeting of the N. C. U. will, we understand, be the occasion of much fun. It is rumored that Mr. William McWilliam intends to impeach the whole of the executive as makers' amateurs, and if he possesses any evidence of the fact we wish him all success, deep as the scandal would be. — *News*.

WORD comes that the Springfield Club will not lose money on the tournament. Good.

THE annual run to the North Shore is now in progress. The ladies promised to turn out in large numbers, and we think there will be no end to the enjoyment. We understand that many who could not go with the party will ride out to meet them Sunday, and return in their company.

DR. N. P. TYLER, the official handicapper, publishes a list in the *Bulletin* of the racing men who have made a mile under three minutes.

A WRITER in an English exchange says that if one would avoid fatigue in riding, he should take a cold bath and a good rubbing with olive oil before starting out, and a cold bath on returning.

A. W. GUMP, of Dayton, Ohio, has just had made to order and shipped to R. B. Bolton, Whitesboro, Texas, the largest bicycle ever made for road use. It is a 64-inch full nickeled Expert Columbia, of the very latest pattern. Mr. Bolton is twenty-two years old, and measures six feet and seven inches in his stocking feet. He contemplates a trip from Texas to Dayton.

JOHN S. PRINCE has gone to Omaha to fill a number of engagements.

MR. — invested in a Kangaroo this summer, and forthwith proceeded to master it. He got on very fast, and in about two weeks' time felt that he was competent to ride to L —, about ten miles. Later on in the evening he was seen toiling slowly along, "all broken up." He dismounted at the door of a local bicycle agency, the proprietor of which, coming to meet him, said, "Hullo! where have you been and what's the matter?" "Oh, I thought I'd take a run to L — this afternoon, but you don't catch me going again in a hurry. I thought I'd never get home. It was all right going out, but the trip home was too much for me. I feel as though I could hardly stand." Casually examining the machine, the cause of the hard labor was immediately discovered. When purchasing the machine, he would have a bell, and so a Hill & Tolman automatic had been affixed to the brake. This, not having been properly screwed on, had become loose, and slipping down, had jammed on the brake, and the longer he rode the farther it slipped, and he had actually ridden that ten miles home with the brake on the whole way, as he said he noticed a "sizzling" soon after starting home, and did n't know what it was.

THE STORY OF A RACING "HUMBER."

"IT'S now the end of the season." The speaker was a dilapidated "Humber" tri.

"Yes," he again groaned, "it is."

"Well," snapped a pert yet ponderous "Meteor" sociable, "we don't need you to

tell us that — look at my wheels," and a shiver of indignation seemed to wring spokes, hubs, and felloes of the perky sosh. For in very truth, good reader, a crop of mustard and cress might have been reared on every spoke of the 152, No. 10 gauge.

"Well, you *are* in a nice mess, I must say," coolly remarked a battered "Imperial Club," which, however, like a true gentleman, in spite of its scratched paint and rusty nickel, was always scrupulously correct in its wording. "However, there is no going out to-night; just hark to the wind and rain; so I vote, to pass away the time, we tell each other our experience during the season. What do you fellows say?" The "Imperial" had caught his master's beginning, which always was, "I say, you fellows."

"I'll begin, then," said the "Meteor" sociable.

The battered "Humber" roused himself at this impudence of the perky sosh. "Well," quoth he, "I've heard some brass in my day, but that beats all."

"Beats all what?" squeaked the "Meteor."

"Sir, my manufacturers are Starley & Sutton, nephews of the grand old man — without whom you would have been in your native ore. Brass, indeed; why, you non-descript, a mixture of spiders' web and old gun metal, whose best friends don't know whether you are an F. S. or an R. S — you — you —"

"I say, you fellows" — this came from the "Imperial," of course — "let old 'Humber' begin. He has had hardest work this season. My manufacturers, the Coventry Machinists', were first, so I ought to begin. But I say let old 'Humber.'"

The "Imperial" was a great authority, so the perky sosh was squashed; and the "Humber" began.

"It was just the end of March when I was turned out. It was a busy time at Beeston, I can tell you. Furnaces blazing to full strength, miles of weldless steel tube, hammers ringing, sparks flying, and everything showed that the season was beginning very early. And so it was, for that March had been the finest ever known for years. Orders came flying in by every post. One day I was out in the yard being tried, and the postman seemed to have a regular sack of letters for the firm. Then I was put in a packing case, and sent off to London — and no rest have I had from that time till now. My first master was a bad rider, and as he could not manage me, he abused me. Finally, when his bungling was the cause of his tumbling over my handle-bars, he sold me to my present master. What he wanted a light racing machine for I can't tell, as he could not ride over six miles an hour and walked up every hill.

"My present master knew how to ride — (soft murmurs of "Don't he just?" from the others). He soon understood me, and I don't think I ever failed him. Just look at all the pots he has got, and if I am proud of anything, my boys, I am of that enamelled gold medal for the 24 hours' road ride. But did you ever hear, though, what I had to do with saving our mistress's life?"

"No, no," came from the other two, — "tell us."

"I was the cause of his marrying at all, I fancy," said the old racer, "for he knocked this young lady down on Clapham Common, and so began the acquaintance. But what I

have to tell you is how he saved her life by me.

"You know Exmouth?"—the "Meteor" rubbed its brake drum in the effort to try and remember, but never having been there, took refuge in an "Ah, um! no, not exactly."

"Well, you ought to," said the "Humber," severely.

"It was at Exmouth—it's a horribly hilly place and very bad roads, but the red rocks and the sea—oh! they are lovely. Our master can ride as hard as any man, but if he rides for pleasure he rides slowly and enjoys himself, like a rational creature. There is a road along the top of the cliffs, and as my master was riding leisurely one day along these cliffs, he met the young lady he knocked over that day in the early summer. She said she was looking for a rare flower said to grow there, so he, of course, volunteered to help her find it. We went along, he leading me and talking to her until we came in sight of a long point of cliff forming a cape, inside which lies Budleigh. Suddenly she gave a cry, and said she saw a whole nest of the flowers she fancied. The cliff was very precipitous, but our master managed to get a lot for her. Suddenly the piece of rock she was standing on slid down—not fell. It slid down, leaving the face of the rock a smooth plane with no foothold. Marvellously my mistress was not much hurt, but it was quite impossible for our master to get down or for her to get up to him. But the great danger was that the tide was coming in, and at full tide the water reached for several feet up the cliffs. My master also saw by a pocket-book he carried that that day was a *spring* tide, and he shook so his

hands could scarcely hold my handles as he bent over them, and rode harder than he had ever done in a race. Over that rough road we went, the hands of the cyclometer flying round as though possessed. On and on, up the steep hill that had never been ridden by cyclist before, along the rough road, with but one thing in view, the tall flagstaff which, with the white ensign flying, showed a coast-guard post. Six miles to go back, an hour and a half to high tide. When he reached the coast-guard station, he could only gasp out a few words, but they were enough. The strong sailors were ready in less than a minute, and started after us. To make a long story short, we got there in the nick of time, and she has only done one bad thing yet," said the old "Humber," with a laugh all over his battered frame, "we owe to her the importation of that saucy sociable there."

"Thank you very much for your story," began the "Imperial," when the door opened and a young man came in with another, saying, "Look here, you fellows, it's stopped raining; I vote we pile up the winter record."

Christmas Cyclist.

NOTES OF A CYCLIST.

Now that the great tournaments are over, perhaps we can learn a few lessons from them. Hartford, Springfield, Lynn, and Roseville gave twelve days of racing, and other eastern towns about as many more. This is a great increase of days over previous years. The result is worthy of consideration.

Few tournaments held have paid any-

thing over their expenses, and in many cases money has been lost. There are several reasons for this. The supply exceeded the demand. Cycling has not grown rapidly enough since last year to justify the extra day at Springfield, and three days each at Lynn and Roseville, besides the many one and two days' meets elsewhere. There has indeed been a great increase in the number of wheelmen, but the supply of tournaments has been still greater. Tournaments depend largely upon wheelmen and their friends. It takes time to educate the public.

THEN, too, the dates fixed for some of the tournaments have been very inconvenient for wheelmen who are employed in business houses. Fall trade usually begins with September, and early closing, at least around New York, ceases on September first. A meet fixed like that at Roseville, on the last day of one month and the first two days of another, doubtless lost the patronage of hundreds. Would not larger numbers be catered to if the meets began earlier in the season?

THE racing has generally been good, but to me, certainly, the "promateur" races have been the least attractive. It was so absolutely certain just how the processions would take place, that I could find no entertainment in it. I will not discuss the races between Rowe and Hendee. I am too thoroughly convinced of the superiority of one of them to believe that he need have lost a single race to the other.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

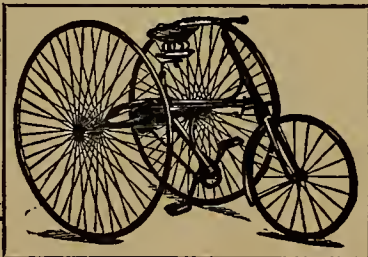
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



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I SHOULD think that wheelmen would no longer be deceived by the notion that winning races on a *racing wheel* demonstrates the superiority of a *roadster* built by the same company. It is sheer nonsense. When wheelmen do find it out, the promateur will become a professional. Why should he not? Crocker, the new professional, has put lots of life into their ranks. Put our promateurs in with them, and we will have a splendid set of professionals. Class races among them will be possible. Merrill, Morgan, James, Prince, and Neilson will have a chance with the slower promateurs, and Rowe and Hendee will hold their own with Howell, Wood, Crocker, Woodside, and Frazier. That is what I hope to see next year. The makers can still hire them to ride their wheels, and a large field of professionals will give a strength and permanency to the sport.

IN spite of losses, the outlook is good for next year, if the race meet projectors meet their losses without discouragement. They must, however, exercise more care as to their dates; they must not attempt too many days, and they must have many short races rather than longer ones. With such modifications, there is every reason to hope for tournaments which will pay the projectors for their work and increase the interest of the public in the sport. 5678.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

WHEN this meets the eyes of my readers, we shall be at Cape Ann. By "we," I mean the ladies of Boston and vicinity who are going to make the annual run to the North Shore, starting on Thursday, 14 October, from Copley square, Boston.

IT is the purpose of the party to repeat the trip of last year in nearly all of its details. The first day the run will be to Magnolia; the second day, a run will be made around the Cape (twenty-one miles); the third day a trip will be taken over the Essex district and to Newburyport, and the riders will ride home on Sunday or take the train as they choose.

THE party will be made up of very many of those who were with us last year, and there will be many additions. A number of ladies who are novices of 1886 will join us. We are assured a good time, and shall make record of it; but no account that we can give of it can convey to our readers an idea of the pleasure we shall take.

WE are all on the *qui vive* to see the new machine which promises to be so very desirable for ladies. I have never thought I should like the lever action which is straight up and down, instead of rotary, but I tried the wheel the other day, and must say that I found my preconceived objections removed. I cannot believe that the motion will be objected to, or that it will be more fatiguing than the rotary motion, and *per contra*, I can see many advantages in the ability to take a short or a long stroke without material loss of power.

THE gearing up and gearing down feature of the new machine will be a great boon

to ladies. I remember the first time I rode a machine with a variable speed attachment. The wheels were large, 50-inch, I think, and by the movement of a lever one could gear down to 34 inches, or thereabouts. I started to ride up Beacon Hill and put the lever at the lowest point. If I had had plenty of time and patience, I could have mounted the hill with no great exercise of strength, — but when I found the wheels going at a snail's pace, and my feet going very fast, I became impatient. I wanted to see the chips fly. I put the lever to the highest speed, exerted a great deal of power, and got to the top somewhat exhausted, it is true, but no more so, I verily believe, than I would have been had I continued to pedal fast for a very long time.

THE mistake of that gearing was that it was either very high or very low, and a very high gear is better than a very low one, if a rider knows how to use his weight as well as his strength. The advantage which the gearing under notice has is that it can be made to give one just that very little bit of assistance that one needs on hills. We want but little help on hills, but want that little much.

I HAVE had some correspondence with ladies in New Hampshire who have tried to enjoy wheeling, but the rough roads and the high hills have conquered, and they have given up the wheel in despair. I verily believe that the new machine will give them what they want, and enable them to ride even over the rough roads and high hills, with comparative ease, for the gearing-down arrangement gives them great power, and the lever motion gives continuous power. Did you ever notice that on a crank you get power on less than one half the circuit? The lever is always at work.

SPEAKING of hills, I had rather a novel experience the other day. Maud and I were out on a run, which we extended far beyond the point of our intention at the outset. Coming home the wind was against us, and we were pretty well exhausted as we came near to our journey's end. Just outside the city in which we live, there is a long, steep hill; so long that two tow-horses are needed and used to help the horse-cars ascend. We came to this hill, and Maud, who was ahead, stopped and breathed a deep sigh. The sigh was heard and responded to.

"HOLD on, missis, we'll help you!" came from the side of the road, and looking in that direction we saw the tow boys getting off the fence where they had been sitting waiting for a car to come along, and urging their horses in our direction. "Hitch 'em right on in front, Teddy," said the elder of the two. And then they proceeded to attach the great hook to the front bar of the machines, and standing on the foot-rests with back against the handle-bars, the boys towed us up the hill. It was a ludicrous sight, and many passers-by looked on and smiled, but the two tired riders appreciated the assistance, and showered many thanks on the kind-hearted boys. "No, thanks, missis; we had just as much fun out of it as you did," was our parting salute. DAISIE.

THE PATH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Races under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling.

One-mile Open, — Harry Schwartz (1), 2.59 $\frac{1}{5}$; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

One-mile Boys, — Fred Coningsby only starter (1), 3.18.

One-mile Novice, — J. S. Bretz (1); J. J. Bradley (2).

Century Wheelmen Championship, — F. H. Ganigries (1), 3.18 $\frac{1}{5}$; Bob Schaffer (2).

One-mile Norristown Club Championship, — H. E. Gammons (1), 3.19 $\frac{3}{5}$; L. L. Bicking (2).

One-mile Millville Club Championship, — J. B. Pearson (1), 3.13 $\frac{3}{5}$; C. S. Stevens (2);

Two-mile Open, — W. E. Crist (1), 5.56 $\frac{3}{5}$; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

One-mile Camden Wheelman Championship, — H. B. Weaver (1), 3.11 $\frac{1}{5}$; W. M. Justice (2).

One-mile Penn. Bi. Club, — F. Schaeffer (1), 3.10 $\frac{2}{5}$; L. A. Hill (2).

One-mile Philadelphia Club Championship, — H. R. Lewis (1), 3.15; E. W. Burt (2).

One-mile Championship of Philadelphia, — W. A. Richwine (1), 3.02 $\frac{3}{5}$; L. A. Hill (2).

Half-mile Open, — W. E. Crist (1), 1.23 $\frac{2}{5}$; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

One-mile Inter-Club Championship, — J. B. Pearson (1), 3.01.

One-mile Consolation, — J. Potter (1), 3.20 $\frac{3}{5}$.

LYNN, 7 Oct. — Races under auspices of League of Essex County Wheelmen.

Three-mile Handicap, — D. E. Hunter, scratch (1), 8.35; C. W. Ware, 100 yards (2).

One-mile Tricycle Against Time, — J. F. Williams, 2.55 $\frac{2}{5}$.

Two-mile Lap, — W. H. Boudreau (1), 6.04; P. J. Berlo (2).

One-mile Essex County Championship, — D. E. Hunter (1), 3.01 $\frac{2}{5}$; C. W. Ware (2).

Five-mile Amateur, — D. E. Hunter (1), 16.58; C. W. Ware (2).

One-mile Team, — Peabody Cycle Club (1); Lynn Cycle Club (2).

DORCHESTER, 9 Oct. — Road races under the auspices of the Dorchester Club.

Fifteen-mile Open, — W. S. Doane (1), 54.21 $\frac{2}{5}$; Wm. Emerson (2), 56.04 $\frac{4}{5}$; A. Benson (3).

One-mile Club, — F. E. Fowler (1), 3.29; F. W. Archer (2).

Six-mile Club, — G. R. Bates (1), 22.26; Swan (2).

Three-mile Club, — Arthur Benson (1), 10.37 $\frac{2}{5}$; Wm. Emerson (2).

BALTIMORE, 30 Sept. — Races under auspices of Baltimore Club.

One-mile Dash, — R. A. Whittingham (1), 3.03 $\frac{4}{5}$; J. W. Lord (2), 3.04 $\frac{2}{5}$.

One-mile Dash, — W. P. Hall (1), 3.18 $\frac{1}{5}$; H. B. Stinemetz, 3.20 $\frac{3}{5}$.

One-and-a-half-mile, — J. W. Lord (1), 4.44 $\frac{1}{5}$; R. A. Whittingham (2), 4.45.

Two-mile Handicap, — H. L. Kingsland (1), 6.11; R. A. Whittingham (2).

Three-mile Lap, — R. A. Whittingham (1), 10.36 $\frac{1}{5}$; W. B. Brown (2).

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C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
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Three-mile Handicap, — W. B. Brown (1), 10.39; J. H. Cunningham (2). Half-mile, — J. W. Lord (1), 1.29; R. A. Whittingham (2).

One-mile Consolation, — J. C. Turner (1), 3.25; W. L. Seabrook (2), 3.25 2/5.

Over a thousand persons were in attendance, and much interest was manifested throughout. A parade twice round the half-mile track with one hundred and forty-one men in line preceded the races.

RHODES AGAINST TIME.

SPRINGFIELD, 8 Oct. — W. A. Rhodes against time. Pacemakers, Ives, Illston, Adams, and Haradon; referee, Howard P. Merrill; judges, E. M. Wilkins, W. A. Rowe, and C. W. Fourdrinier; timers, G. E. Whipple, H. S. Cornish, and Arthur L. Atkins; scorer, E. M. Wilkins; starter, Fred F. Dewey. Records established for promateur class above ten miles. Records from eleven to twenty-one miles, best in the world for any class. Times made showing best previous record for any class and new records made by Rhodes.

Table with 4 columns: Distance, Held by, Time, Rhodes. Lists records from 1 mile to 21 miles.

One-hour ride: Rowe, 20 miles 1,144 yards; Rhodes, 21 miles 530 yards.

SPRINGFIELD, 9 Oct. — Run of F. F. Ives for a record. The officials were: Referee, Howard P. Merrill; judges, Asa Wendell, A. O. Sinclair, Mr. Peet; timers, Fred R. Brown, Charles P. Adams, William Bleloch; scorer, H. P. Merrill; starter, John Illston; pacemakers, Rhodes, Rowe, Haradon, and Illston. The appended table is taken from the Union, which says: "Ives got world's records up to and including the 68th mile, but when he started after his rest at 68 1/2 miles he was behind the world's record, and remained so. He succeeded in getting American records, however, breaking those made by Hendee and also by himself in a 100-mile ride last fall. In the appended table * indicates world's records, and the † American records. The time given for Ives in all cases is the intermediate time, but after 75 miles some of the watches caught the fever and began to make records for themselves, and some of them were decidedly curious ones. The timers, therefore, are not willing to vouch for anything above 75 miles, with the exception of the total time of the ride. In the following table it will be seen

that Ives began to get world's records at the 22d mile, and held them until the completion of the 68th mile. From that point to the finish he got only American records, the world's records being held by the Englishmen: —

Table with 4 columns: Held by, Time, Miles, F. F. Ives. Lists records from 1 mile to 71 miles.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Time, Miles, F. F. Ives. Lists records from 72 miles to 100 miles.

WM. H. HUNTLEY started out to make a record last Monday at 8.15 A. M., and concluded at 8.13.30 on Tuesday, with 265 miles to his credit.

SPRINGFIELD, 12 Oct. — Wm. A. Rowe against time. Referee, H. P. Merrill; judge, Henry Goodman; timers, C. E. Whipple, C. H. Parsons, and George Robinson; scorer, H. S. Merrill; starter, A. L. Atkins; pacemakers, Hendee, Adams, and Haradon. Records taken above five miles.

Table with 6 columns: Miles, M, S, Miles, M, S. Lists records from 1 mile to 11 miles.

One hour, 21 1/2 miles, 269 1/3 yards.

MONDAY, 18 Oct., Lynn will make an effort to take the records of the world. Woodside will attempt to make an hour record, and will try to see how near he can come to making twenty-two miles in sixty minutes. Frazier, the Star rider, will endeavor to make world's records on the Star machine. Peculiar interest will be awakened by the attempt of Crocker and Eck to lower existing tricycle records. Crocker is in superb form and capable of remarkable work. On the same day Louise Armaindo, with W. J. Morgan, will attempt to make a 24-hour record on the tandem, finishing on Tuesday, 19 Oct., at 3 P. M.

THE members of the Yonkers Bicycle Club had their first road race Saturday, over a four-mile course on Broadway from King's Bridge to the Mansion House, Yonkers. The road was in wretched condition, particularly on the long hill about two miles from

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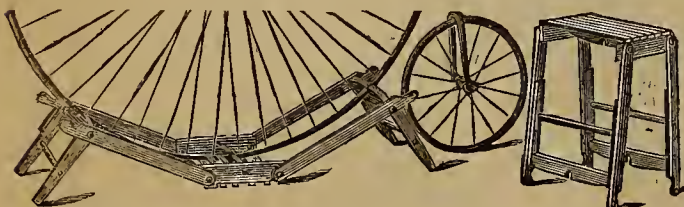
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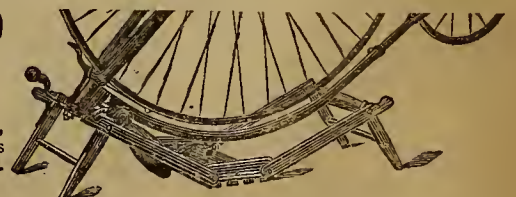


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It can be used as a stand, converted into a stool, used for cleaning, or folded into small space. It is adjustable to any size bicycle. Weight, 5½ pounds.

Price, \$2.00 each.



BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE, send stamp to A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio, for List of New and Second hand Machines.

the finish. Throngs of ladies and gentlemen on foot and in carriages witnessed the exciting finish. Holbrook came in winner, hard pushed by Ulrich. Following is the order of the finish: D. G. Holbrook, 17.20; W. H. Ulrich, 17.39; H. W. Pagan, 18.15; R. J. Dick, 19.06; A. C. Thorne, 18.10; E. R. Holden, 20.35. Elliot Mason was referee, W. L. Thorne, starter, G. A. Flagg and Mario Lorini, judges at the finish, and R. G. Jackson, timer.

THE N. J. Cycling and Athletic Association came out almost even on their race meet at Roseville, they say. Their loss, if any, will prove a light one.

THE Crescent Wheelmen, of New Orleans, have arranged a five-mile road race for Saturday, 23 October. The entries are mostly new riders, but the race promises to be all the more interesting on this account. The prizes are medals to first and second.

THE Memphis Cycle Club are building a five lap track, and contemplate giving a small race meet in the near future, which may possibly be followed by one of greater magnitude later on.

THE ever-smiling Fred Wood, and his travelling partner "Bob" James, paid a visit to Troy, N. Y., Saturday last, to see the conclusion of the six-day race. The Troy and Albany cyclists present, on the manager announcing the distinguished riders' visit to the building, called "Wood!" "Wood!" in strong voice, and the genial Fred appeared on the track, clad in Mlle. Armaindo's tights and somebody else's racing shirt, and gave the crowd an exhibition.

FRED WOOD and Robert James, the English professional, informed a CYCLE reporter at Troy, Saturday night, that he would commence suit against the Springfield Bicycle Club for breach of contract.

THE six-day, eight-hour-per-day bicycle contest between professionals, closed at Troy, N. Y., Saturday, 9 Oct., in presence of four thousand people, who evinced great interest in the race. The track was twelve laps with raised corners, the latter being rather imperfect. The score at the close stood as follows: W. J. Morgan, 527 miles; Mlle. Armaindo, 526; W. M. Woodside, 504; G. W. Eck, 472; J. Merrill, 400; W. Bovee, 200.

Mlle. Armaindo rode 90 miles the first eight hours without a single dismount.

W. M. WOODSIDE, W. J. Morgan, and Geo. Coleman, of Minneapolis, Minn., have leased the large exposition building, built at a cost of \$300,000 last spring, for the coming winter. It is their purpose to give bicycle contests and all legitimate athletics on a five-lap track, with raised turns. The lease was signed 6 Oct., and W. J. Morgan will start for the West immediately after the Lynn engagement to boom the new track. A six-day, twelve-hour-per-day contest will open the building.

W. WALLACE, the efficient trainer of the "Star" team of racing men, has been secured by Woodside and Morgan as their trainer. He looked after the winner of the Troy six-day race, and will accompany them West, and probably abroad, when they go.

THE CLUB.

THOMASTON (CONN.) CYCLE CLUB. — Organized 28 Sept. President, G. I. Tuttle; vice-president, T. F. Sheridan; secretary-treasurer, H. H. Teames; captain, A. B. Schneider; first lieutenant, W. B. Norton; second lieutenant, F. S. White.

THE Milford Wheel Club will hold a grand promenade concert and ball, 12 Nov., Brigham's Orchestra, six pieces. All wheelmen cordially invited. Yours, "WHEELINGLY."

ALLEGHENY. — The Allegheny Bicycle Club held its annual election 6 Oct., and the following officers were elected: Dr. Bean, president; W. C. Coffin, Jr., secretary-treasurer; W. O. McConnel, corresponding secretary; W. D. Banker, captain; Hugh Fleming, Jr., first lieutenant; J. F. Gray, second lieutenant; F. A. Minnemeyer, C. E. Minnemeyer, color bearers; F. T. Hoover, guide; Dr. Bean, surgeon; J. K. Ewing, bugler.

CLEVELAND. — The Cleveland Club a week ago elected new officers as follows: President, Fred T. Sholes; vice-president, B. F. Wade; corresponding secretary, F. W. Douglass; recording secretary, W. P. Sargent; treasurer, George W. Chandler; captain, F. P. Root; first lieutenant, C. A. Paine; second lieutenant, Taylor Boggis; first sergeant, T. S. Beckwith; second sergeant, W. B. Martin; quartermaster, J. H. Collister; bugler, George Ford.

THE New Orleans Bicycle Club held its annual election 4 Oct., which resulted in the following officers being chosen for the ensuing year: Geo. Baquie, president; Frank Fenner, vice-president; W. L. Hughes, secretary and treasurer; C. B. Guillotte, captain; B. C. Rea, first lieutenant; R. W. Abbott, second lieutenant; Harry Fairfax, guide; S. M. Patton, bugler. With the exception of Messrs. Hughes and Patton, this is an entirely new set of officers, and consisting as it does of its most active members, the club cannot but continue in its present prosperous condition. The club had about decided to erect a clubhouse, but afterwards altered its course, and on 1 Nov. will move into rented, but roomy quarters.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

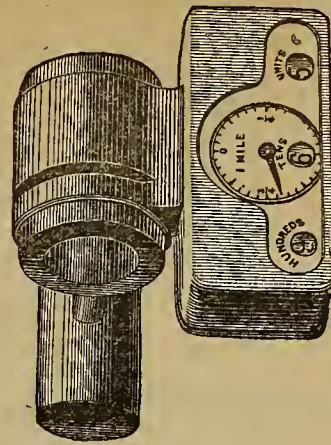
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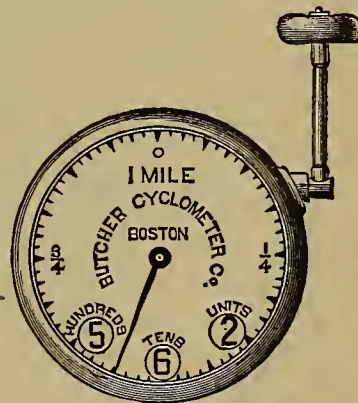
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Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer
We select because it is THE BEST,
not the Lowest Priced. Sent by
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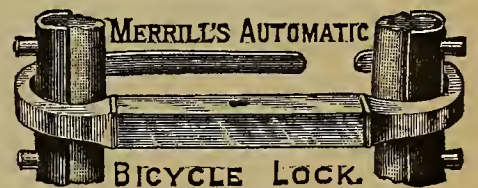
Every one who wears the Z. & S. Supporter are pleased with it, hence its popularity.

Price per Pair, 65 cents.

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MERRILL'S AUTOMATIC
BICYCLE LOCK.
For locking Bicycles. New, Novel and Elegant. Can be applied instantly and locks automatically. Is neat, compact and cheap. Weighs only 2 1-2 ounces, and length only 4 inches.

Dr. W. D. Ball, of Boston, writes: "I bought one of your locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the only lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle anywhere and have never had it tampered with, and yet, two bicycles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

Can be had of any dealer in bicycles, or sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00.
MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

RECORDS ON THE COLUMBIA.

FIRST DAY.

SPRINGFIELD, OCTOBER 12.

GREATEST DISTANCE EVER MADE WITHIN THE HOUR,

21 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles, 269 $\frac{1}{3}$ Yards.

ROWE BREAKS HIS RECORD.

He Makes Twenty-one and One-half Miles in an Hour at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, October 12.—More than the usual number of wheelmen gathered on Hampden Park this afternoon to see W. A. Rowe attempt to break the hour bicycle record. The first five miles were not remarkable, but after that Rowe warmed up to his work and broke each mile record from five to twenty-one. The hour was a remarkable one. At the stroke of the hour bell it was found that Rowe had made 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles 269 $\frac{1}{3}$ yards. Following is the record by miles:—

Miles.	M.	S.	Miles.	M.	S.
1.....	2	40 2-5	12.....	33	9
2.....	5	28 4-5	13.....	35	54 2-5
3.....	8	11	14.....	38	43 4-5
4.....	10	57 2-5	15.....	41	32 1-5
5.....	13	42 1-5	16.....	44	25
6.....	16	31 1-5	17.....	47	12 1-5
7.....	19	16	18.....	50	
8.....	22	4 1-5	19.....	52	47 2-5
9.....	24	48	20.....	55	36
10.....	27	37 1-5	21.....	58	19 2-5
11.....	30	22 4-5			

—Boston Globe.

WORLD'S RECORDS BROKEN FROM 6 to 21 MILES INCLUSIVE.

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The Cycle.

Vol. II., No. 4.

BOSTON, MASS., 22 OCTOBER, 1886.

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THE MARLBORO CLUB,

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MOST SUCCESSFUL TRICYCLE OF THE SEASON.

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Record Breaking Extraordinary!

Without a pacemaker, and on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, Stillman G. Whittaker started at 5 A. M., September 24, for the 50 and 100 mile records, under A. C. U. rules. He did the

50 Miles in 2 Hours, 55 Minutes and 46 1-2 Seconds,

Beating George Weber's American record by over 11 minutes, and Golder's English record by over 9 minutes. He did the

100 Miles in 6 Hours, 43 Minutes and 59 Seconds,

Knocking McCurdy's record over an hour. His mount was a

51-INCH AMERICAN CHAMPION,

Which is not a Light Roadster, but a machine constructed solely for Road Riding. **WHITTAKER SAYS IT'S THE BEARINGS.**

There are but two really important points to consider in the purchase of a Bicycle:—

FIRST. The comparative superiority of the machine in vital points.

SECOND. The comparative cost of same, all things being equal.

The result of this consideration in a majority of cases will influence the purchaser to decide on one of the

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THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 22 OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 4.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, by mail, post-paid.....	\$1.50
Three Copies in one order.....	3.00
Club Subscriptions.....	1.00
Six Months.....	.90
Single Copies.....	.05
Specimen Copies free.	

Every bicycle dealer is agent for the CYCLE and authorized to receive subscriptions at regular rates. The paper can be found on sale at the following places:—

Boston, CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., cor. Washington and School Streets. Tremont House news stand. At every cycle warehouse.

New York, ELLIOTT MASON, 12 Warren Street.

Philadelphia, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street. GEORGE D. GIDEON, 6 South Broad Street.

Baltimore, S. T. CLARK & Co., 4 Hanover Street.

Chicago, W. M. DURELL, 115 Wabash Avenue. JOHN WILKINSON & Co., 77 State Street.

Washington, H. S. OWEN, Capital Cycle Co.

St. Louis, ST. LOUIS WHEEL CO., 1121 Olive Street.

ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

THE A. C. U. seems to command little respect from the racing men. When it was organized, a charge was brought against the L. A. W. to the effect that its rules were tyrannous and altogether illogical, and that they were made by men who were not interested in racing. And yet the racing interests of America were fostered under these rules as they never were before nor have been since the attempt was made to take away jurisdiction over racing from the League. It was claimed for the A. C. U. that it was made up of men interested in racing, who knew just what the racing men wanted, and who would make good and efficient laws to regulate the sport. It was claimed that the racing men knew more about such things than "a lot of dudes and cranks."

THE A. C. U. has gone through its first season, and what has it done? It has taken the League rules almost entire, and where it has departed from them it has made a mistake. It undertook to regulate road racing, and the League, disclaiming all jurisdiction over this branch of sport, offered it an opportunity to show what it could do. The result has been that its rules have been ignored by those who have tried for records, and under the guise of "private trials" we have seen a condition of things that reflects little credit upon the authorities of road racing.

THEY have tried to regulate record-breaking on the path, and again they find their rules ignored. The record-breakers at Springfield are making their records and certifying them just as they did last year under the direction of the Chairman of the Racing Board, L. A. W.

THE Springfield *Union* says: As the L. A. W. does not recognize records made against time, and as the A. C. U. will not accept them without a seven days' notice, the records now being made on the park will probably receive no formal recognition by either of these organizations. Manager Atkins, however, says that the signatures of the officials and the publication of the records in the newspapers will be all the recognition that he desires. He takes especial care in the timing of these events, and the three watches used in timing Rowe's last two rides had a total value of \$1,075. One of the watches was that won by Rowe in the world's championship race at the recent tournament. Public announcement is always made previous to Rowe's attempts, and accordingly there are always plenty of witnesses. Then great care is taken in the selection of timers, and, as has before been stated, Messrs. Whipple and Robinson are the official timekeepers of the Springfield Club. Just before the race a certificate, with blanks for the signatures of the officials, is handed to the scorer, and as each mile is finished he records the official time as given to him by the timekeepers. When the event is finished the officials certify that, "to the best of their knowledge and belief," what is claimed in the certificate has been duly accomplished, and Manager Atkins then has a written testimonial, bearing the individual signature of each official that a specified record has been made. If necessary, the officials are willing to take oath to the authenticity of their signatures."

TWO things were expected of the A. C. U.: the regulation of road racing, and the regulation of record-breaking in trials against time. What have they done? Nothing. The claim made for the *Union*, that it knew what was wanted by the racing men, and would furnish it, has not been made good.

THE success of the ladies' run to the North Shore was even greater this year than the last. Twenty-four riders, half of whom were ladies, made the run to Magnolia the first day, and nearly all of these made the tour of the Cape the second day. The weather was perfect and pleasure had no bounds. Our correspondent "Daisie" will tell the story of the run, and we will leave to her the

task of presenting its many features in their true light.

SECRETARY AARON wants the reporters at race meetings placed in front of the judges' stand. He says:—

"It would add much to the comfort of the newspaper fraternity, and also to their ability to correctly report a race meeting, if the newspaper stand were placed at the finish a little below the level of the judges' stand, and directly in front thereof. With the newspaper men sitting at about the level of the heads of the contestants when they are mounted on their machines, and the judges' stand of its usual height, it would be possible for the judges to survey the whole track without the reporters being in their way, and at the same time for the person whose duty it was to see that the newspapers were provided with all details of timing and other matters of interest to them, to go directly from the judges' stand to the reporters' box without having to cross the track."

Our experience has been that the newspaper men have the very best opportunities for seeing a race, and if a change is made at all, we would like to see the judges' stand on the outer side of the track. As it is now, the officials in the stand have to turn about and about to follow the riders going around the track, and we have often suffered dizziness from this. It would be impossible for a reporter to see the back stretch if he were in front of the judges' stand; and if he were in the stand, he could not sit down and follow the men with his eyes. It is important that the officials should be easily reached by the reporters, and it would be a good move to send them over to the reporters. It would be a mistake to make the reporters cross the track. Secretary Aaron had a good view of the races at Hartford, but he stood up and waltzed around with the officials in the stand. If there had been twenty men waltzing, the results would have been unsatisfactory.

"Now that Bassett has gone into the manufacture of tricycles, we shall next hear of him subsidizing amateurs to boom his new wheel."—*World*.

The premises are all wrong. Bassett has not gone into the manufacture of tricycles, and if he did, he would not make a racing wheel. He is, however, watching with interest the development of a new tricycle, and he has taken many wheelmen to see it, not one of whom was a racing man. The result of his observation has been, that if

the company had machines on the market, they could sell hundreds of them to road riders, for the machine commends itself to this class on sight, and it does not have to be boomed with racing records.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

FROM a feminine point of view, there is but one verdict to be rendered in the case of the annual tour of the ladies to the North Shore in this the year of Our Lord 1886, and the year of the League of American Wheelmen, 6. Eminently successful and altogether pleasurable. The verdict is unanimous, and we all set our hands and seals to this finding.

It was a League tour. So the Marshal told us, and so it goes on record. It is the first formal League tour in which ladies have been engaged, and it adds a very brilliant page to the record which the wheelmen's association proudly boasts.

THIS North Shore run is an institution whose seeds were planted and nourished by a lady until now it has become deeply rooted and shows a flourishing growth. Last year Miss Minna Caroline Smith was the Marshal, and she was ably seconded by her Lieutenant, Charles Richards Dodge. This year the Lieutenant becomes Marshal, and manages the affair with an able hand.

THE start was from Copley Square at 9.30 A. M., on Thursday, 14 Oct., and the first stage of the journey brought the company to Malden Square, where the North-of-Boston contingent was met. There was some delay at this place, owing to a variety of circumstances of no great importance to the world at large, but seriously annoying to some of the party.

THE rendezvous at Malden was at the Converse Library, and many of the party took advantage of the delay and inspected this beautiful building with its treasures of art and literature. It is a beautiful structure, and its picture gallery is well worth a visit from any cyclist who may find himself in its vicinity.

IT was very near to noon when the signal to start was given and these ladies and gentlemen turned their wheels in the direction of Kettle Cove.

Charles Richards Dodge, Magnolia, and Miss Susie Hall, Somerville, tandem.

W. W. Stall and wife, Allston, tandem.

Chas. Hopkins and wife, Wellington, tandem.

J. Rush Green and wife, Somerville, tandem.

W. I. Emerson and Miss Lida Wilde, Somerville, tandem.

Messrs. Brown and Spear, Newton Centre, tandem.

Wm. H. Hollis and Miss Hollis, Chelsea, tandem.

Abbot Bassett and wife, Chelsea, Sociable.

Mr. Gage and Miss Penniman, Longwood, Sociable.

F. P. Myers and wife, West Roxbury, Star bicycle and single tricycle.

E. F. Endicott and wife, Chelsea, single tricycles.

Miss Kirkwood, Maplewood, tricycle.

Gideon Haynes, South Boston, tricycle.

A. S. Parsons and son, Lexington, tricycle.

Chas. E. Bassett, Chelsea, tricycle.

Wm. E. Gilman, Chelsea, and L. F. Stevens, Jr., Somerville, bicycles.

At Lynn we were joined by Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Durgin, Mr. Merrill, and Mr. Webber, and at Salem, our old friends Mr. and Mrs. George W. Smith and wife, of Merrimac, were taken up.

How shall I tell the story of our ride? My pen is powerless to tell the beauty of the autumnal foliage, or the effects upon the spirits of the party of the bracing October atmosphere. Our route lay through Salem street to the Newburyport turnpike, to Salem street again, through Saugus to Lynn and the Boscobel.

THERE were twenty-eight at dinner in the dining-hall of the Boscobel, and a very merry company it was. There was some complaint at the service, but it was based on the inability of the waiters to bring food to the table as fast as it could be made away with by the hungry party. Those who cater for cyclers should have many to serve and should stint not the viands. Would not that be a good thing to put on the certificates issued to landlords by the League?

AT the Boscobel the one-day riders turned back, but the number of tourists was not diminished, for the Lynn contingent gave us in numbers just what we lost. On we sped, past the common at Lynn, through Essex street to Upper Swampscott, to Salem and the Essex House. Once again we were obliged to say "Good-by" to friends, for several of the Lynn ladies went no farther than the Essex House.

AND now we are off in earnest. Those who were with us for the one day only had now left us, and the real business of the tour was before us. On through Salem, over Beverly bridge, where we caught a view of the Mayflower in her winter quarters, to Beverly, Beverly Farms, past Pride's Crossing, to Manchester-by-the-Sea, to Willow Cottage at Magnolia.

WE had a grand reception and we appreciated it, for we had ridden from Manchester in darkness that defied the most owl-like vision, and many had failed to bring lanterns. When one cannot see the road, nor what is about him, the joy of cycling can only be compared to the exhilarating influences of sawing wood.

WILLOW COTTAGE was trimmed with lanterns and illuminated in our honor. Outside, the cottage itself, the Annex, and the Postscript were brilliant under the fire of a hundred lanterns, while inside, the walls were hung with great festoons of autumn leaves, which shot forth the fire-glow of the autumnal forest in rivalry with the artificial illuminators. At the head of the parlor was a League badge woven in leaves and flowers.

OUR landlady, Mrs. Foster, received us with open arms, metaphorically speaking. She made us her honored guests, and served the outward and the inward man with every regard for his comfort and pleasure. Good home-cooking and plenty of it warmed the hearts of the wheelmen toward the landlady and the landlady's daughter. This is an itinerary:—

	Miles.	Total.
Copley Square to Malden Square.....	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	
To Cliftondale.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Lynn.....	3	18 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Salem.....	6	24 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Manchester.....	9	33 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Magnolia.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$

IN the evening we danced to the seductive music of a piano and violin. The ladies had ridden many miles, but they had lost neither strength nor courage. Even the fat gentlemen capered about and shook what had not ceased to be a very light fantastic toe. Those people danced who never danced before, and those who always dance e'en danced the more. Waltz, polka, quadrille, followed each other, and as a farewell number, and at the especial request of "Our Gideon," the Sicilian Circle was enthusiastically tripped out.

THE dance closed the record of the day. I doubt not this saltatorial pleasure fatigued many more than the ride. "Good-night" was said, and the party wooed the embraces of the drowsy god.

THIS is the story of the first day's run divested of all but the solid facts. To tell the whole story, to give the various incidents that occurred, would take more space than I have at command. These will come later, and I promise that they will be worth the reading if I can but bring my feeble pen to do them even scant justice.

I WANT to put on record the noble achievements of "Our Gideon." Without Gideon we should have had less pleasure to boast of. He was the one man called upon in every emergency, and he always proved equal to the occasion. When the party were ready to start from Copley Square, he was sent away on an errand and told to catch up with the party. He performed this task, started on after the tourists, and arrived in Malden fully half an hour before they did, having missed them on the way. One lady did not find her tricycle at Malden, where it was expected to be delivered by express. Her husband went in search of it, and by the courtesy of "Our Gideon" the lady was furnished a mount, while he mounted her husband's Star bicycle. Later, one lady had trouble with her machine, and Gideon, who had then surrendered his Star to its rightful owner, took her wheel and allowed her to ride one that gave her less trouble. Once more Gideon had to come to the rescue. A saddle-spring on one of the tandems gave way and the machine was considered unridable, but our hero proved superior to such a calamity as this, and rode the wheel to Magnolia, standing on the pedals. These are but a few of the many services rendered by "Our Gideon," and the ladies all voted that no tour of the kind would be complete without him.

ONE enthusiastic gentleman lost his tandem partner at Lynn, but was not to be deterred by such a little thing as this, and so rode the double alone to Magnolia, nineteen miles. He received some help through town centres, where he picked up an occasional stray boy and mounted him behind.

DID you ever see darkness that you could cut with a knife? I have very often heard of such a thing, and I believe the history of Egypt gives us a very striking example of the absence of light. We had it. I am sure of this, because one man tried to cut it, and he found that his knife would go through it with ease. One man was known to have gone down on his knees to feel of the road to see if any stones were protruding.

SEVERAL of the ladies left children at home in charge of nurses, and they entertained no little anxiety regarding them. Now I want to suggest that next year a large wagon shall be taken along, and into this shall be stowed all the babies with their nurses. This will make things very lively, and be quite novel.

OF the trip around Cape Ann and the run to Newburyport I shall tell in another paper.

DAISIE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY J. PARKE STREET.

Ziz-z-z-z-z! incessantly chanted the grasshoppers in the tall grass and raspberries that skirted the low wall. The morning sun had struck them from over the brow of the towering mountain, and sent sparkles along the ground glittering with myriads of dewdrops. And the light fell upon us two who sat there in a flood of yellow glory, as though to gild all the world in which we lived in recognition of our own joy and gladness. How came we there, did you ask? Shall I tell them, Helen? And Helen hides her face upon my shoulder and her blushes at the same time, answering only, "If you wish."

Well, a bicycle did it. Yonder machine of nickel-plate. It was before the days of enamel, which has changed a club run into a bearse race, and it shone in the sunlight radiant as a star, matching my uniform of snowy flannel.

I love a morning wheel, before the world of men's astir; and if there is one thing more delightful than another, it is to start off at about four o'clock upon a June morning, when the birds are at their matins and the dew is on the grass. Now I am not going to criminate myself. Our first meeting was accidental; and as to the others—well, I am not in the confessional as to that point, either. But assume that a straying bicyclist was out thus matutinally at the earliest dawn, when he should have considered that a recent illness was not entirely laid away in the bureau of the past, and after a spin of several hours, through avenues where the air was laden with the heavy perfume of seringas, finds that he is faint, and miles from home; that he has not been to breakfast, and ultimately plunges dizzily against a wall, which checks his wheel, but allows himself to go flying over it with a sense-extinguishing thud. Assume all that, and add the item that when he comes to his senses again, it is to find a pair of blue eyes look-

ing anxiously into his own, and a tremulous little voice asking pathetically, "Are you dead?"

The wheelman was not dead. He was very much alive, but he was also very near-sighted, and his glasses lay in fragments in the grass. He was also faint still, and top-heavy, with a tendency to wobble when he tried to sit up, so he didn't try, but calmly laid his head down in the lady's lap as though it was an every-day affair for it to be there, and as calmly was dropping off into a first-class swoon when a strong whiff of smelling-salts from a tiny vinaigrette brought him back to earth and earthy thoughts in a hurry. Then he did make an effort to get upon his feet. Somehow, somewhere, he seemed to have either been in a similar situation once before, or else had read of its occurring to some one else, a fact that restored his equanimity more rapidly than the facts would warrant.

"I believe that I had a fall, did I not?" he asked rather vaguely. "Pardon me; I was a little faint," and rising with a steady hand upon her shoulder, the wheelman aforesaid leaned against the wall in a limp fashion, his head nodding like a sunflower.

"And you are faint still," was the prompt reply, in a sympathetic tone that had a singularly vivifying effect upon the patient. "I'm so sorry. Don't you think that you could get down to the house, with a little assistance? Perhaps I had better go for help."

"No, no! Don't do that. I shall be all right soon; if—if you would lend me your shoulder I—might—walk it." Then with a futile attempt to lift his hat, which only resulted in knocking it off, he added as courteously as was possible under the circumstances, "I am a Harvard student; my name is George Merrill."

"And I am Helen Moses," she answered simply, with the unconsciousness of a true lady. "Give me your hand, please;" and she picked up the hat and settled it upon his head with a little pat. "There! now come."

Thus he was led unresistingly away, with a frightful temptation to tell his guide that he had heard of her before; that she had been quoted in various circles as one of the sweetest girls, etc., until the height of lip freedom had been reached in an absurd little crumb of verse about her, which would obtrude itself before his dancing vision,—

"'Twas not for naught that Moses' mother
Thought 't was better to be naughty,
And in Egypt raised a pother
For Pharaoh, proud and haughty;
Now, like him, the writer poses
What shall he do with this Moses?"

Only, as it was, 't was the Moses that had to do with him, and no easy task she found it.

It did seem to her that if there were a stone in the field, that young man was bound to strike his foot against it as he shuffled along; and he was so very unsteady, at last, in sheer despair at ever getting him to the farmhouse in any other way, she put her round arm firmly around his waist.

This was a novel sensation to that wheelman. Would he fall in your estimation if he confessed that he might have walked down without the slightest assistance, and have carried the lady to boot? If he should add that he found the situation so remarkably satisfactory that he would be willing to take a dozen similar dismounts for a like reward? Perhaps he had better make no such

confession; it would be safer. But you can just put yourself in his place, and see what you would do under the circumstances. They alter cases greatly.

In fact, that field never seemed so wide to Helen in her life, nor so inconveniently cramped and narrow to the Harvard man. But, wide or narrow, it was passed at last, and the sun, as he turned his fiery face around the corner of the house, saw another face glowing with rich color as the owner held a glass of wine to the lips of a brown-eyed man who sat back against a pillar of the vine-clad porch,—wine that was neither old nor costly, being made of elderberries, and never used save in cases like the present.

There was quite an audience superintending the process. The maker of the wine, an elderly lady, broad and pleasant-looking; a small boy of uncertain age, whose voice was changing; a fuzzy-haired girl of seventeen, with a pug dog; and the family cat, which last individual distinguished herself by deliberately walking up to the pug and administering a box on the ear that roused his mistress to instant wrath, and elicited a yelp from the object of her solicitude, proof, according to Mark Twain, that she was advertising for affections.

That particular instance of medical practice has been quoted by the dear old lady, in confirmation of the efficacy of elderberry wine in cases of accident from that day to this. She never knew so rapid a recovery, and was startled at the hearty laugh with which the patient joined the cachinnation over the discomfiture of the pug. But she laid it all to the wine, bless her heart! and never suspected that it was more due to the first whisperings of awakening love than to her philter. But when she heard the cause of my fainting spell, she was shocked.

"What, clear from Foxton without any breakfast? Why, that is twenty miles away! You must come right in, sir, and breakfast with us. Helen, where are the berries?"

"Dear me! I forgot all about them."

So that was how she was afield so early, was it? And Mrs. Brown had the dimmest of ideas in regard to the amount of territory which a bicycle can cover in an hour or two. And that, in turn, reminded me that I had left my wheel just where it had run against the wall, and must see instantly whether it was damaged, in spite of their protestations that they would send for it. I donned my extra pair of spectacles, and started off at a run,—another proof of the value of elderberry wine; and to my great relief found my treasure quite unharmed; mounted, and went careering down the grade and through the lane, legs over handles, to their great admiration, and then—ah! but that was a delightful breakfast. I seem to see them now, sitting around the table in the end of a long hall, with a glass door opening at my elbow out into a yard shadowed by noble trees, the bright flashes of wit across the table keeping the air tremulous with laughter." The conversation turned upon hobbies, and Miss Moses admitted that archery was hers, with a sigh that I could easily guess the cause of,—there was n't a bow within twenty miles. The other lady turned up her nose slightly, but was quenched by Mrs. Brown, who slyly remarked that "Miss Williamson's hobby is a bow, too: only she spelled it differently."

Now this was lucky indeed, for I happened to be an archer myself. Furthermore, I was the possessor of two very fair bows of Spanish yew which were not too heavy for a lady; and a hint or so met with rapturous satisfaction. So when I finally mounted my bicycle and rolled homeward, I found myself pledged to bring all my armory to Sunday Hollow, within two days at the farthest.

I call myself a wheelman; but of all feats of pedaling that I have heard of, commend me to this one of mine for perplexity and care-taking. Imagine, if you can, a lonely bicyclist with a pair of bows and quivers slung to his back, and under them, with the lower end resting on the backbone of the machine, a four-foot archery target slung to the rider's shoulders like a huge Zuni shield. Consider what an irresistible temptation the affair must have been to every small boy upon the route, and the necessity for careful driving in order to keep an easy balance regardless of the venomous hiss of a brickbat past your ear, or the dull thud that shakes you with emotion as another plumps into target from behind, and you will grant that to do twenty miles under such circumstances over hill and dale without a dismount is "something," as Hans Andersen would say. But it was a long three hours to me. Once under the trees upon the knoll, however, and I forgot it all. Miss Moses was a finished archer; she did not try to draw her arrow with the thumb and finger; she did not try to do it by the muscles of the wrist; she did not drop her elbow half a dozen inches out of line from a tight-dress inability to raise it higher. She took her stand squarely as a brick, with her left side toward the target. Her bow arm went up with the regularity of an engine, and the right arm followed its rise and drew the arrow back, the elbow crossing the line of the shoulders with the steadiness of a piston; and as the arrow-head rose to its place between her eyes and the centre of the target, that very instant the feather touched her chin and "Tsang!"

A twinkling streak of light flew with a slight upward curve down the glade, and like an echo came back the soft, musical "Thut!" that marked a hit.

It was beautiful. The light falling through the leaves in bars and masses; the attitude of the archer bringing out all her grace of form, the flush of triumph the gleam in her eye of conscious superiority in her favorite amusement, and the half-doubting look as she scanned my own rather slender form as though wondering whether I could equal her, remains photographed upon my memory to this day, and made me vow to sacrifice nightly to Apollo — in other words, frequent the gymnasium — when back in the precincts of Harvard.

I have stood upon the bank of a stream and transfixed a musk-rat swimming thirty yards away in the dusk of evening before he could dive under; I have struck a speckled woodpecker from an apple-tree at forty-five; but my first shot at that target under the greenwood tree resulted in an ignominious miss, while at her next shot Miss Moses pierced the golden disk that marked the centre. I threw up my hat with a cheer.

"First gold for Miss Moses. I had no idea that you were such a Diana."

"Oh I have practised — some, and I

like it. It gives me a pleasure that I can hardly define, to draw the string and feel to my very finger-tips that when I hit, it is all of my own doing. I do so regret that this is the age of powder; think what a different thing it must be to know that you have only to hold an ugly piece of iron straight, in order to kill some one, when once it was the one who could send the arrow by his own might best, who was known throughout his country. I could almost forgive all the wrong-doing of feudal times, if we but might have archery back."

"It is better as it is; and the arrow-head has more lives to answer for in the world's history than the bullet. I think one reason for the great mortality is the exceeding liveliness of the ancient targets, for most archers find game easier to hit than the measured rings. I always did."

She shivered a little. "You men are forever killing something; and now, it is one of my ideals."

But she did not say which one it might be, and I turned my attention to the target, plumping arrows cheek-by-jowl with hers. It was particularly pleasant on that plateau, and we had but to turn away from the target to look out across a valley, and up the rugged ravines of a towering mountain. As we looked, a shower swept out past the southern shoulder, and a gray sheet of driving rain went swaying across the undulations of the greater plain beyond, enveloped a little village there, and blotted it from sight. Then the rain dashed onward, and the storm went flashing over the crest of the distant range, as the sun came out and shot a dazzling gleam from wet roof and spire alike.

That afternoon was a beginning, and not a small one. I was struck with the many advantages of that particular knoll to a student of the picturesque, the beautiful, and the scientific. I dabbled a little with my sketch-book, now and then; not that I was an artist by any means, but a little technical knowledge of outline, and an acquaintance with the fact that a lot of figure-of-threes, when grouped, would look remotely like a maple or an alder clump, and a series of inverted "v's" as vaguely suggest a fir forest thatching a distant mountain, has enabled me at times to jot down memoranda that have assisted my memory very materially; and I had special reasons for desiring to fix the views from that knoll in my mind. Thus it happened that I made the journey thither rather often, considering.

At last, late one afternoon, I brought my telescope over, and stayed until after tea, that I might give Miss Moses a view of the half-grown moon; and the experiment was eminently successful. It had reached the stage when it looks like the half of a cannon ball dipped in plaster, bobbed in spots and scaled in others, and the whole family were out while I held the glass and descanted upon astronomy. So successful was it that I made the trip again when the moon was in the peeled-orange stage, and amused Helen, greatly as I pointed out the end of the core and the markings of the segments. We even walked up toward the knoll a little way, "that we might see it better"; and the moon shone still and steadily upon man and maiden. There was a hushed feeling in the air, an expectancy of the coming of some presence undefined. The sand rustled

crisply beneath our tread, and it seemed to me that our very heart-beats must be audible; a silence fell upon us both, and as we turned and slowly wandered homeward we did not speak. But there was a place ahead where we must pass through shadow.

As we drew near it, an indescribable quiver ran through me down to my very finger-tips, like an electric shock. I ground my teeth and struggled to keep cool, but still those nerves kept up their quivering.

The gloom of the shadow received us; and then — came that eternal boy of the uncertain voice, and the dream was over. It was late, and I must up and away like Leander of old, only he had not twenty miles to traverse. But did Leander ever thrill so at the mere pressure of a hand given in company at parting? Did he ever know the happiness of that answering thrill?

I looked back as I reached the turn, and saw my girl wave her white handkerchief from beneath the shadow of the porch in farewell, — herself a gleam of white against the darkness; and with an odd throbbing, and an exultation of spirit that made my wheel leap forward as by springs of steel, I rode away homeward through the night.

It was in the small hours when I reached my room, but I was too happy by far to mind fatigue, — what lover ever does? Still, nature demands her *quid pro quo* for every expenditure of strength, and it was late in the day when I next saw the light, and quite four in the afternoon ere I found myself once more in the saddle speeding away toward Sunday Hollow. The birds were singing in the lanes right merrily, but there was not one more blithe and joyous heart among them all than that of a certain solitary wheelman; and that in the face of a gray day, with a mist veiling the sunlight.

Why should there be? I had no need to keep an anxious eye aloft lest some gray-winged hawk come skimming down from the ash-colored crest of a blasted pine, and carry me off for dinner.

I had in mind but a single thought, — the picture of a girl in white, with a white handkerchief, against the dark shadow of a portico.

Then I went back and thought it all over, — what she had said, how she had looked at me, how she had seemingly been in no haste to reclaim her hand when she gave it to me at parting. If only that iniquitous small boy had been out of the way! and if only, too, we could preserve our happiest days in their own sweetness, and bring them forth from our storehouse in sadder hours, unspoiled by time.

I was passing the knoll, had already passed it, when a boyish voice hailed me in tones that unmistakably meant business.

"Hullo, I say — Mister!"

I turned around and rode back slowly.

"Be you goin' up to see Helen? She's gone."

"Ah, has she? Where?"

I imagined that she might have had an invitation to ride.

"Gone home!"

"Satan! what for? when? when does she return?" and I came down from my saddle like a mass of lead.

"Dunno; she had a telergram or somethin' and packed up her trunks right off. Dad took her over to Hillsbro' 'bout an hour

ago ; she ain't comin' back. I ruther thought you 'd like to know."

"Did — do you know whether she left any message for me?" I asked, catching at straws to check my fall from paradise.

"Not 's I knows of;" and then I did not stop to hear any more. Hillsboro' was five miles or more away, and a terminus station on the H. & B. Railroad. She meant to take the 8.30 express, and it was now 8 o'clock. Now was the time for that wheel of mine to prove its worth.

With a run I rose into the saddle, caught my pedals and started down the level stretch of road, stowing it under my little wheel at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and dusk at that, with the deadly sinking of heart strangled by the fiercer spirt of wrath against fate, and a determination to win in spite of it. Win! I would get to that station before the train left though a legion of devils barred the way.

The road was winding, a country road among the mountains, through dense woods that cast the blackest of shadow; and there was no moon that night. A stone might be fatal, but what cared I? Ravines crossed the road at intervals, sometimes spanned by bridges at the bottom, and the road ran down one side and up the other, so that when I plunged through them the strata of cold air at the bottom struck my face with clammy grasp, and sent a shudder through me; and here and there a wild bird high up on the mountain-side, where the sun's rays had last gilded the tree tops, shrilled a weird and ringing melody of tangled notes, that echoed through the forest; and then silence emphasized the loneliness. I nearly ran over a hare that was limping noiselessly along the brown road, itself a little brown thing that started up like a ghost and vanished on the instant; and once I overtook a countryman who was plodding along, and had it been otherwise with me I could have laughed at the side-jump that he made as he heard in his ear the sudden whirring rush of the night air booming through the gleaming wires, and followed my flight with staring eyes as I whistled like a woodcock round the bend. There came a sharp rise, but I was up it, seemingly lifted up in air, and speeding along the level ere I knew it. Another rise, and longer; I had struck the grade, and as I came to a halt, I leaped to the ground, snatching a moment's grace to light my hub-lamp; and then up and on, with my hand behind the saddle, pushing, pushing, every step a heart-beat, till my feet seemed shod with lead, and the hill grew longer upward in the darkness.

I reached the summit of the divide at last, and snatched out my watch: twenty minutes gone! But far away I could see the twinkle of the village lights among the trees, and the bright spark, like a star of the first magnitude, which showed that the engine was still at the round-house. Legs over handles now, and hang the risk!

Down the long incline I started with set teeth, and a grasp like iron on my handle-bar.

Up from the flying spokes beneath me a low, tremulous hum began to rise, the pitch increasing as the speed grew greater, sounding clearly above the steady rasp of the brake upon the tire. The dim outlines of the trees flew past so quickly that I did not

notice them; my eyes were fixed upon the road, and my heart throbbing with a mad desire to go faster. I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and it acted like a spur upon a mettled horse. The æolian melody from the whirling wires leaped upward three degrees in tone. I never laid finger on the brake again till I struck the station steps as the engine was backing up. I had done it! I had caught the train.

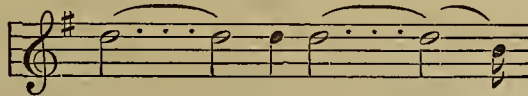
A glance showed a huge pile of trunks around the baggage car, and hastily lifting up my tricycle, I ran along the platform with it to the rear car, which seemed empty, and rolled my wheel into it unhesitatingly, trusting to luck to pacify the conductor when he came around for tickets, and sank into a seat breathless with emotion as much as fatigue, with head and heart throbbing in unison. I was alone in the car. The brakeman placed a red lantern on the platform of the car ahead, but I did not even see him. My hands were pressed to my eyes and temples as I struggled to regain my self-command.

There came a whistle, short and imperative, and a bell began to ring. How easily the train had started! I felt no jar, yet we must be already in motion, and I uncovered my eyes and peered through the front window. *There was no train there!*

I sprang to the door at a single bound; twenty rods away up the track the red light on the rear car winked derisively at me in the darkness! Then it vanished around the curve, and I stood upon the platform of the deserted car, alone.

Oh! the bitterness, the horror, of that wasted opportunity.

I heard the long melodious rumble as the cars swept up the curve along the river. I heard the echo from the mountain on the other bank. I heard as in a dream the song of the flying train as it left the valley and hurtled through the narrow mountain notch,



and then I sank down upon the step in utter despair. Folly! Perhaps. Youth is headstrong, eager, passionate. I was young then, remember. I can look back now, but even now I do not laugh at it. When you next see a man under the same cloud, remember that there have been those who have lost reason, aye, who have died under the crushing weight, and be respectful if nothing more. How long I stood there grasping the rail and staring with fixed eyes into distance I do not know. It was dark; no one noticed me; and it grew darker still. The crowd thinned out and went their several ways, and the station was deserted save by a few brakemen. One of them did come up and speak to me, but got no answer, and he turned away. I did not heed him — did not even know that he was there. Life was out there in the darkness, and the low rumble of the vanished train was its requiem. At last I mechanically rolled my wheel out of the car, and in a turn dashed away into the night, and those watching me saw the light of my lamp speeding away up the winding road, growing smaller and smaller until it was but a far-off spark. Then it vanished for them, and I rode onward through the lonely night all alone.

It was not that she was gone. Had there been but a word for me, it would not have been so hard. Then it flashed upon me that perhaps there was one, nay, there must be one, waiting for me at Sunday Hollow, which the boy had not known of, and a spring came into my feet that sent me whirling up the road in spite of grade. Such trifles, light as air, make up our impulses and drive us on. One moment night itself was not black enough to paint my loneliness, and then out of the darkness came the glimmer of a ray of hope. The same wild bird that had thrilled his sad notes earlier again sent them faintly far up the mountain side, where it was still light from the rays reflected from the clouds;



and all the mournfulness had gone out of it. It bade me take heart as if in so many words.

How I escaped a fall that night I do not know; but certainly no more reckless rider ever shot that coast than I, when at last I reached the downward grade, and for the second time that evening it was 'ware all, legs over handles, as I went whirling toward the valley with an unreasoning hope bubbling in my heart. I reached the knoll, where I had a view of the farmhouse. Early though it was the lights were out, and the house a black spot beneath the trees.

The lights were out! Then it would be of no use to go there, and I looked wistfully across the fields and toward the familiar knoll. Something white caught my eye under the great tree, and in an instant I was over the wall; but it was only a scrap of paper, part of an envelope, with Helen's name written upon it, as I discovered by the light of a match. Yet it was something that had belonged to her, and in some way it rather comforted me. There is, too, a presence in a forest in the night that keeps one company. The restless rustle of the leaves as the light wind sighs through them, the low rattle of small branches, the grating creak of larger limbs when the breeze freshens, the silence of the lulls, all are the voices of the dryads of old, returning to earth from their lurking-places in ancient myths.

I was weary and depressed. The long pull up that endless hill had worn me out, and stretching myself under the tree, I lay with my forehead upon my arm at rest, and with the voice of the forest in my ear I fell fast asleep. The belated moon long after looked down upon me through a rift of cloud, and I did not awaken.

Morning comes late upon that knoll as far as the sun is concerned; the great mountain across the road shuts it off; even the wood-sprites awaken later than in other places; thus when a gray squirrel came running at a canter over the grass in search of the seed-cakes which he had mysteriously found of late like manna in that particular spot, he was startled to find a new log, which yet was

not a log, although it had nearly all of the appearance of one, and loggy habits. He sat up on end straightway, scrutinized it, loped a little nearer, cocked his head to one side, travelled around the object and took an observation from that point of view, and stumbled on a cake. The cake had not been there a moment before, and as he scuttled away with it a dress rustled over the wall, and if the wooden individual had but known it, a very material dryad was looking down at him with round eyes of surprise and consternation. The moss was glittering with dew, and his garments looked heavy with dampness. His hair clung to his temples, and, seen in sleep, the face was pallid. The mask of expression was off for once, and it looked old, lined with a settled sadness. The hand across the breast held a bit of paper, and as the dryad watched it rise and fall with the slow breathing, she saw that it was the fragment of envelope that bore her name, and a great flush leaped into her face and spread like a sunset over cheek and neck.

"Mr. Merrill, — George!"

Something, some occult magnetism had been working for several moments, and with that first word I was broad awake and alert, although my eyes were closed; but the "George" brought me upon my feet in a flush.

"Helen, they told me you were gone." I was holding her hands now, and all my soul was flashing from my eyes.

She dropped her own, looked up shyly, and then down again, and laughed, — a little laugh full of joyousness, too rich for words. And then, ah!

"Love may come and love may go, but the heart can ne'er forget
The burning bliss of the stolen kiss when lovers' lips first met."

And Cupid, sly thief, went roaming away in search of other jewels, for we had found the hearts just lost each in the other's keeping.

But among my treasures are three telegrams, in a frame of antique, dark, and polished oak, and the first says:—

"Please come home by the next train; you need you."

And the second:—

"Give me three days; it is of the utmost importance."

While the third says:—

"Of course; no hurry; but what is it all about?"

PHILADELPHIA CLUBHOUSE.

At the corner of Twenty-sixth and Perot streets, conveniently near to the excellent roads to Fairmount Park, stands a handsome new clubhouse, erected the past summer by the Philadelphia Bicycle Club. The structure, which is of brick trimmed with brown sandstone, has a frontage of twenty-six feet on Twenty-sixth street and a depth of eighty feet. It has three stories and a basement, the latter being so connected with the pavement that wheelmen may enter it without dismounting. The basement is furnished with racks in which to store idle wheels.

There is a large front room on the first floor, which is well lighted by a large, arched front window, from which a beautiful view of the park may be obtained. This apart-

ment will be used for a billiard and club room. In its rear is a dressing-room for the use of lady guests. There is also a large dressing-room on the second floor, equipped with closets for the use of the members. The janitor's apartments and a lavatory are also on this floor. The entire third floor will be used as a gymnasium, which will be supplied with all modern apparatus for developing muscle, and maintaining it during the months when wheeling is impracticable. The only thing which seems to be lacking about the club's handsome quarters is a hospital.

The interior walls of the building have a hard sand-tinted finish and the woodwork is stained white pine. The building will be ready for occupancy about the middle of the present month. The entire cost of the building, lot, and furniture is about \$17,000. — *Times*.

THE Columbia bicycle prize cup has been won by N. H. Van Sicklen, he having won the cup three times, as follows: Minneapolis, 22 Oct., 1885, time, for the twenty miles, 1.8.25; Chicago, 17 Oct., 1885, 1.9.00; Indianapolis, 9 Oct., 1886, 1.4.00. The other races for the cup were won as follows: Cleveland, 19 Aug., 1884, A. C. Bates, 1.26.27½; Philadelphia, 13 Sept., 1884, E. Kohler, 1.23.19; Boston, 26 Sept., 1884, D. E. Hunter, 1.20.58; New Haven, 6 June, 1885, D. E. Hunter, 1.14.5; New Haven, 11 June, 1886, A. B. Rich, 1.10.50.

It is a good general principle not to trust the man who "never took a header in his life" with your machine.—*Prov. Journal*.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.

I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.

To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

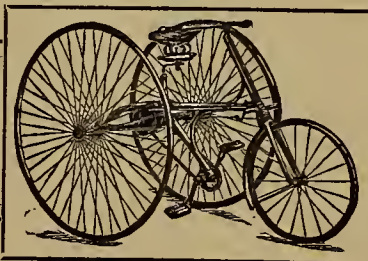
20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 61 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

CYCLETS.

LAYS OF THE TRACK.

YE HANDICAPPER.

MYSTERIOUS man! If all they say is true,
Of fearsome spells and frequent midnight flits,
Of bubbling pots of ultra-Irish stew,
You well might give us starts — and almost fits.
But 't is a wicked goblet-chaser's tale
Who could n't get "pitched in" a prize to snatch —
A big black cat, indeed! — (It would not fail
To urge its views of Universal Scratch.)

He is mysterious, beyond a doubt,
And often startles ordinary men,
Who wonder at the tricks he ferrets out —
The cunning lapses both of leg and pen
How does he know should Northern Jones improve —
Or Southern Smith put on a little pace?
Who tells him Eastern Robinson can move —
That Western Brown a shorter mark can face?

He has a brain of extra size and weight,
That deals with hazy problem in a crack,
With wit and principle commensurate,
To gently guide the erring beings back,
Who oft desire to overshoot the line,
And from a paltry greed, or vain conceit,
Essay a "quiet bilk," or cut it fine,
When truth should guide and sterling pluck complete.

Firm as a rock, and calm amid the storm,
He carries out whatever his design —
Wet towels bind his brow, for racing form
Is not by any means a "form divine,"
To study till you know it to a T —
It takes no end of tallow, gas, or oil,
And bulky bottles filled, as they must be,
With — soothing tonics for the midnight toil.

Should we not pity one whom cruel fate
Selects to shoulder such a pile of woe —
Who bears the brunt while others take the "gate" —
Who makes success while Johnnies "boss the show" ?
We should, and do, and treat with proper scorn
The little minds, enraged at fair defeat,
Who rave and threaten, supplicate and fawn,
For miles — not yards — because they're badly beat.

Virtue 's its own reward — in copybook —
And what a blessing that it should be so!
But try it when you bait a worldly hook,
To land a human Jack — alas! no go:
But handicappers are a virtuous race —
Not only they, but all their kith and kin;
Rich cycling gems, preserved in honor's case,
(Now, Mr. G—n, won't you "chuck me in"?)
— F. F. S., in *News*.

THE ladies' run was a great success.

FROM the shadow of Trinity to the open sea at Kettle Cove.

NO one suggested calling it "The Dodge Club," though that would have been a good name.

THE run around the Cape was made by a very large number. It was a ride of fifteen miles, and nearly all uphill. Some of the hills led downward, but the great majority pointed to the sky.

THE bold North Shore, backed by the golden forests, furnishes scenery worth going miles to see.

IT was the first League tour to which ladies have been invited, and we think we can say that no other tour has been more successful.

IMPORTANT testimony might be taken from the hotel proprietors. We think they would unite in saying that the men behave themselves when the ladies are around.

THE majority of the party were in good humor for dancing in the evening, after the ride of over thirty miles.

STALL was on hand with his camera, and took a number of views. He says he got a view of the party pushing their wheels up a hill. We would like to see it.

ILLINOIS is entitled to nine representatives, and they have been appointed.

THE Pope Cup has found a home. It will live in Chicago in future, and Van Sicklen will be its guardian angel. Its disappearance saves us from a good many twenty-mile races.

JACK PRINCE is going to sell bicycles for Gormully and Jeffery at Omaha. He wants to sell the champion bicycle, if he can't ride it.

ROWE and Hendee say that this is their last season on the track.

THERE is no truth in the report that Rowe will work for the Pope Manufacturing Company during the winter.

ROWE did not receive a money prize for beating Fred Wood. He got a medal as a souvenir, and a gold watch.

THE Springfield Club made \$400 on the minstrel show, and came out even on the tournament.

THE N. A. A. A. has refused to reinstate J. H. Sherman, of Lynn, and G. L. Lyon, of the same place. Several years ago they lost their status in athletic contests. They can no longer be regarded as amateur wheelmen.

GASKELL says if he is going to run into a fence he would like to pick it.

BURNHAM and Crocker seem to have cast their fortunes with the Victor team. They were formerly with the winning team, though it did not claim the title of Victor.

WOODSIDE'S challenge to any one in America not having been accepted, he can justly claim the championship of this country. Now let him go abroad and bring home a few world's championships.

ELDRED, of the Springfield Club, went from Springfield to Holyoke in 37 m. 10 s. last week. He will probably come to Boston shortly and attempt to take the twenty and twenty-five mile records.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has been getting points regarding road books in New York and Philadelphia. He has been pumping the Philadelphia authorities, and Barkman and Bidwell.

WE have received a photo of the American team which will visit England. It comprises Woodside, Frazier, and Morgan. They are to return the visits England has made to us. We hope they will return with many scalps in their belts.

THE N. C. U. lost money on its championship meetings this year, instead of netting a handsome profit, as they have in previous years.

G. P. MILLS, of England, rode an Ivel Safety, 2 Oct., 50 miles on the road in 2h. 47m. 35 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec., beating record.

THE Springfield *Union* is publishing a series of articles, giving good roads and rides about that city.

THE Surrey Machinists' Co. has put on the market a new direct steering Crippler type tricycle, with large front wheel, and bicycle handles. The frame is neat, and simplicity itself. The large front wheel, and thick rubbers, used by the company should render it eminently easy over rough roads. The driving wheels are 34 inches, with inch tires; the front wheel 28 inches, with 7-8 inch tires; and the price £25.

THE latest novelty is the melocipede. It is derived from two Greek words, *melo*, music, and *pes*, a foot. A melocipede is, therefore, a musical bicycle, so constructed that the rider, without any extra exertion beyond that necessary to propel his machine, can pedal out sonatas, waltzes, marches, and, in fact, any music which may suit his fancy as he wheels along.—*Evening Mail*.

THE Columbia team will probably remain at Springfield another month.

HARTFORD made money on its tournament, after all. It was a small balance, but it was there all the same. It will not build a clubhouse, but it will keep the boys' hands out of their pockets.

LATE cycling patents furnished by N. J. Collamer, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.: David Black, Toledo, O., velocipede; L. S. Copper, Cleveland, O., saddle spring for bicycles; Wm. E. Crandall, N. Y., velocipede; C. E. Duryea, Webster Groves, Mo., bicycle.

THE Philadelphia Bicycle Club called a run for the Oranges last Saturday, and six members responded. They were met at Elizabeth by four members of the Orange Wanderers, who escorted them to the League hotel in Orange. In the evening they visited the Wanderers' rooms, and refreshments were served. Sunday was occupied with pleasant runs over the famous Orange macadam, the Philadelphia men returning by train from Newark on Sunday evening.

ENGLISH papers explain Fred Wood's defeat by saying that he was out of form. Well, perhaps he was. They are making capital out of the fact that he offered to race any man in America for £50, and it was not accepted. This is a very little thing to crow over. The American rider that beat Fred Wood does not race for money.

THE Chelsea Cycle Club will hold its first road race on Saturday. The start will be made from a point on Everett avenue, near the Eastern crossing, and the course measures just twelve miles. It will be a handicap, and the scorchers will allow the slower men a start.

S. J. MILLS, of Bristol, Ct., and William Harding, of the Hartford Wheel Club, recently did a "century" run, over ordinary country roads, in eight hours, 55 minutes. The course was from Hartford to New Britain and return, thence to Holyoke and return, and then on to Wethersfield on a circuit that brought them back to the rooms of the Hartford Wheel Club, with 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles to their credit.—*Union*.

MANAGER ATKINS writes us anent the run made by Rowe when he put twenty-one miles into the hour: "Hendee's pacemaking was the prettiest I ever saw. It did n't vary all the eleven miles he ran. If I could get two more men like him, Rowe would do twenty-two miles in the hour."

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

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GEO. M. HENDEE..... 5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE..... 1 "	ROBT. JAMES 2 "
E. P. BURNHAM..... 4 "	J. S. PRINCE.....2 Views.	P. S. BROWN 2 "
C. P. ADAMS..... 4 "	T. W. ECK..... .2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES..... .3 "	W. E. CRIST......2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES......3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE..... 1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
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FRED FOSTER..... 3 "	FRED WOOD......2 "	

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MANAGER ATKINS believes in system, and accordingly Rowe is systematically trained, and system governs his riding. Take, for instance, yesterday's ride as an illustration. The work laid out for Rowe was the breaking of the three-mile record of $8.01\frac{1}{5}$ held by Rhodes. Now, did Rowe go at it in a haphazard, get-there-if-you-can way? Not at all. It had been arranged that he should ride by a schedule of 2.40 for each mile, which would take him just inside the record. By way of explanation, it may be stated that in making up these schedules enough leeway is always allowed to make it practically sure that the times mapped out will be accomplished, as usually the results are much under the schedules. Yesterday Rowe was three and four seconds under the schedule. When he ran for the hour record, the time was figured for each lap, and with the aid of the timers, Atkins was enabled to tell at a glance whether Rowe was running behind or ahead. In view of what he accomplished that day it is evident that he did not get very much behind. It will thus be seen that system has considerable to do with the breaking of records, and when it is combined with Rowe's wonderful powers, the records must of necessity go. It may also be added that the pace-making is equally systematized. — *Union*.

MANAGER ATKINS provides the best timekeepers also. He has been using the regular tournament timekeepers, and they have had the best of watches. The aggregate value of the watches used in timing Rowe was \$1,200. When Ives was timed for a hundred miles, the aggregate value of the watches was \$60, and they went all wrong very soon. We can't believe that the Ives record will be accepted.

WILSON and Alden, the fancy riders, sail for England, on the Grecian Monarch, 23 Oct. They will give exhibitions of double riding on the Star while abroad.

H. M. RAMSAY, of Montreal, has been showing a fast pace on a Premier Safety. He won two races at the sports of the Montreal Club at St. Hyacinth, 8 Oct.

A. T. LANE, of Montreal, writes: "I got pulled off my bicycle last Thursday by a big St. Bernard dog, and have been carrying my leg in a sling ever since. This is my sixth day, and the doctor says it will be some days before I can return to business."

Mr. J. DEVEY is making a new bicycle which he calls the "Sir William." It is an attempt to make a small bicycle without the chains and gearing of the Kangaroo. It is fitted with the patent adjustable and detachable handle-bars, which can be raised or lowered to suit rider, or taken out altogether. By this arrangement a machine four inches lower than the ordinary bicycle may be ridden.

THE Treasury Department has decided that a bicycle purchased and used in Canada by a resident of this country is entitled to free entry as "personal effects." — *Evening Star*.

THE new Exposition building, built last spring, at Minneapolis, Minn., has been engaged for bicycle races and legitimate athletic sports for the coming winter, by W. M. Woodside, W. J. Morgan, and George P. Coleman, a wealthy contractor of Minneapolis. So says an exchange. We thought they were going to England.

PARAFFINE.

IF you oil a piece of steel with paraffine and put it aside, the paraffine soon evaporates and the steel at once becomes coated with rust, whereas a similar piece placed near it, but not paraffined, will be free, or almost free, from rust.

Paraffine, however, is a splendid material for cleaning off thickened oil, such as occurs in bearings which have not been cleaned for some time. Also, it is much easier to clean a rusty piece of steel if it is rubbed over with paraffine two or three hours beforehand; but in both these cases *the paraffine must be thoroughly removed afterwards*, or it will evaporate, and the steel get in a worse state of rust than it was before. The best way to get rid of the paraffine is to rub over the steel plenty of ordinary lubricating oil, which mixes with it and renders it harmless.

Now as to bearings. It is an excellent plan to run paraffine through and so remove all clogging masses of old oil, *provided you wash the paraffine well out afterwards with sperm or other lubricating oil*. Thus, I should use the paraffine before starting for a run, putting the machine upside down, oiling well with paraffine, and revolving the wheels some 400 or 500 times, filling up as the oil runs out (the latter, of course, should be wiped off as it appears). Then do the same with lubricating oil, and then go for a good ride, oiling plentifully on the way.

However, unless the bearings worked very stiff, and I had not time to clean them, I should prefer to do without the paraffine.

As to cleaning bearings, the best thing is to take them to pieces and wipe each bit carefully with rag, finishing up with clean bits; then put together and lubricate. This is really very little trouble with most bearings when one understands how they act, and I don't think any one should have a machine without knowing how to "get inside" the bearings.

As to lubricating oil, I find the best thing (perhaps the cycle oils one buys are better, but they run expensive) is a mixture of fifteen parts sperm and one of paraffine. The latter is so diluted that it cannot cause rust by evaporating, and it helps to keep the bearings free from thick oil. — *Cor. C. T. C. Gazette*.

294 1-2 MILES IN A DAY!

AT midnight on Monday last, 4 Oct., Mr. G. P. Mills, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, left Biggleswade in order to attempt to break the 24-hour bicycle record. Favored by fine weather he kept at his task all day, and eventually achieved the remarkable world's record of $294\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the previous record having been made by Hollingsworth, an American, who rode backwards and forwards over 13 miles of road, and covered 281 miles. The first 100 miles took seven hours and a half, and at noon Mills had reached Kingsley, and had covered therefore 150 miles in 12 hours. For the first part of the journey the fogging of the atmosphere hindered him somewhat, and he collided with a horse, but did not, fortunately, sustain any damage. That well-known enthusiast, Mr. A. J. Hills, timed, and sent us the following telegram: "Another marvellous performance — record! Mills, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Liverpool (of Land's End to John-

o'-Groat's fame), rode, on Tuesday last, $294\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 24 hours, on the North Road. Principal places passed, — Biggleswade, Hitchin, Peterborough, Wisbech, Cambridge, and Bedford. He is really a marvel and a road demon, finishing as fresh and strong as when started. The machine ridden was one of Dan Albone's 'Ivel' rear-driving safety bicycles." — *News*.

THE many friends of Arthur L. Atkins, head salesman of the Pope Manufacturing Company, and manager of the Columbia team, will regret to learn that he is suffering from somewhat severe illness, which may necessitate his inability to attend to business for some considerable time. The Pope Manufacturing Company has generously granted him an extended vacation.

THE PATH.

LYNN, 19 Oct. — Record breaking meeting. C. H. Frazier in an attempt to beat Safety record of 2.40 $\frac{1}{5}$, taking records for three-quarter mile and one mile. Half mile, 1.19 $\frac{1}{5}$; three-quarter mile, 1.59 $\frac{1}{2}$; one mile, 2.38 $\frac{2}{5}$.

Wm. M. Woodside ran ten miles as follows: One mile, 2.49 $\frac{1}{5}$; two miles, 5.44 $\frac{2}{5}$; three miles, 8.39; four miles, 11.33 $\frac{3}{5}$; five miles, 14.31 $\frac{4}{5}$; six miles, 17.29 $\frac{4}{5}$; seven miles, 20.28 $\frac{1}{5}$; eight miles, 23.27 $\frac{1}{5}$; nine miles, 26.23 $\frac{4}{5}$; ten miles, 29.15 $\frac{1}{5}$.

The judges in the above races were Messrs. Warren Waite, Howard Crowell, and E. L. Storey. Messrs. F. W. Homan and C. O. Roberts were the timers, and Mr. C. H. Annis was the scorer.

At 4.18 o'clock Mr. W. J. Morgan, with Miss Louisa Armaindo, started to make the 24-hour tandem tricycle record for lady and gentlemen. Messrs. E. L. Storey and C. H. Annis were the scorers.

BOSTON, 16 Oct. — Road races under the auspices of the Massachusetts Club.

Thirty-mile Open Bicycle, — W. S. Doane (1), 1.59.38 $\frac{2}{5}$; W. K. Corey (2), 2.15.26 $\frac{1}{5}$; A. R. Sampson (3), 2.17.18 $\frac{2}{5}$.

E. Sanger crossed the line second, but it was found that he had cut a mile out of his course in Brookline and as soon as he made the discovery, he rode another mile and returned before the third man crossed the scratch. The judges decided that his time could not be taken, and he was ruled out of the race.

Twelve and One-Half-mile Club Tricycle, — W. K. Lewis (1), 56.13 $\frac{2}{5}$; J. T. Williams (2), 56.18 $\frac{2}{5}$; E. B. Pillsbury, 1.12.3 $\frac{2}{5}$; G. Haynes, Jr., might have had third place, but he refused to cross the line.

Thirteen and One-Half-mile Club Bicycle, — R. G. Beazley (1), 53.15 $\frac{2}{5}$; J. C. Robinson (2), 57.27 $\frac{1}{5}$; C. D. Cobb (3), 1.1.44 $\frac{4}{5}$.

WAKEFIELD, 16 Oct. — Road races under the auspices of the Wakefield Club.

Ten-mile Road Race, — F. C. Patch (1), 43.15; Hugh Emerson (2), 43.30; C. E. Nott (3), 43.47.

ATTLEBORO, 16 Oct. — Races under auspices of the Columbia Club.

Half-mile Open, — C. W. Ware (1), 1.39; F. W. Brigham (2), 1.39 $\frac{1}{4}$.

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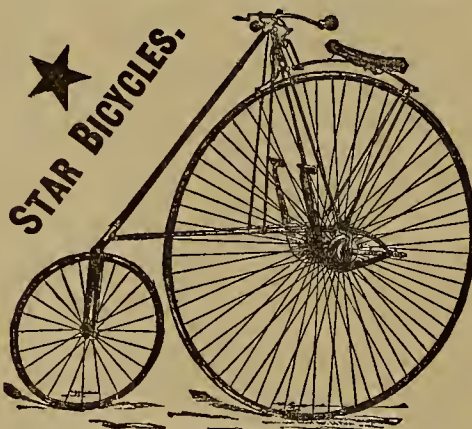
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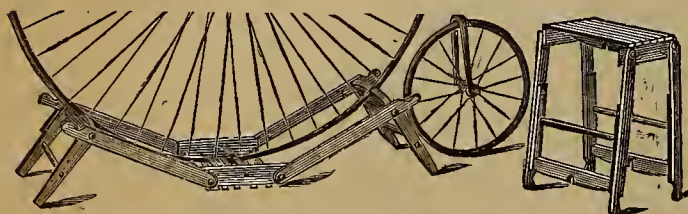
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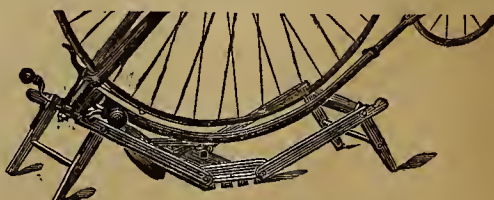


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One-mile Novice, — H. A. Hall (1), 3.41; W. E. Clark, Jr. (2), 3.48.

Two-mile Amateur, — D. C. Pierce (1), 7.24 $\frac{2}{3}$; D. E. Hunter (2), 7.26 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Half-mile, Hands Off, — F. E. Brigham (1), 1.50 $\frac{3}{4}$; C. W. Ware (2), 2.04 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One-mile Open, — P. J. Berlo (1), 3.35; Ed. Severence (2), 3.39 $\frac{1}{2}$.

One-mile Open, — F. P. Brigham (1), 3.22 $\frac{3}{4}$; C. W. Ware, 3.23.

One-mile Boys under 16, — Ed. Severence (1), 4.19 $\frac{3}{4}$; W. E. Clark, Jr. (2); H. D. Merritt (3). This race was protested on account of doubt of Severence's age.

One-mile Club, — F. I. Gorton (1), 3.32 $\frac{1}{2}$; J. E. Doran (2), 3.33.

Two-mile Open, — F. G. Gibbs (1), 7.16 $\frac{3}{4}$; D. C. Pierce (2), 7.19.

The team race between North Attleboro and Brockton was won by the Brockton team.

INDIANAPOLIS, 15 and 16 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Indianapolis Club.

One-mile Novice, — T. B. Nicholson (1), 3.13; A. W. Allen (2).

Half-mile Amateur, — First heat: K. A. Pardee (1), 1.26 $\frac{1}{2}$; S. P. Hollingsworth (2). Second heat: N. H. Van Sicklen (1), 1.27; L. M. Wainwright (2).

One-mile Amateur Handicap, — A. J. Lee, 150 yards (1), 2.41 $\frac{3}{4}$; A. W. Allen, 110 yards (2).

Five-mile Inter-State Championship, — Van Sicklen (1), 15.39; Pardee (2).

One-mile Amateur, — Hollingsworth (1), 3.02; Pardee (2).

One-mile 3.30 Class, — G. M. West (1), 3.05; A. B. Taylor (2).

One-mile Championship of Indiana, — L. M. Wainwright (1), 3.11 $\frac{3}{4}$; A. W. Allen (2).

One-fifth-mile Roadsters, — West (1), 34; Nicholson (2).

The principal event of the second day's racing was the twenty-mile race for the Pope cup. There were but two entries, Van Sicklen and Hollingsworth. Van Sicklen won by a lap in 1.4.30.

SPRINGFIELD, 13 Oct. — W. A. Rowe against time. Pacemakers, Adams, Haradon, and Hendee. Following is the time made: —

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	M.	S.
First mile.....	2	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Second mile.....	5	14
Third mile.....	8	02 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fourth mile.....	10	45
Fifth mile.....	13	27 $\frac{2}{3}$

These were the officers: Referee, Howard P. Merrill; judges, E. M. Wilkins, J. W. Drown, and W. H. Jordan; timers, C. E. Whipple, G. E. Robinson, and C. T. Shean; scorer, H. P. Merrill; starter, A. L. Atkins. Weather permitting, Rowe will attempt to break the one and three mile, and perhaps other records, to-morrow afternoon.

SPRINGFIELD, 14 Oct. — W. A. Rowe against time. Pacemakers, Hendee, Adams, and Haradon. The time was as follows: One mile, 2.35 $\frac{2}{3}$; two miles, 5.11; three miles, 7.48 $\frac{4}{5}$.

The officials were: Referee and scorer, Howard P. Merrill; judge, Jason Rogers, of the New York Mercury; timers, C. E. Whipple, G. E. Robinson, C. T. Shean; starter, A. L. Atkins.

LYNN, 16 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Lynn Cycle Association.

Two-mile Amateur Handicap, — D. E. Hunter, scratch (1), 6.21; F. M. Barnett, 150 yards (2).

Chas. H. Frazier attempted to lower the Star bicycle record of 2.41, with Woodside, Eck, and Morgan as pacemakers. His time was 2.45 $\frac{1}{4}$.

W. J. Morgan and Mlle. Louise Armaindo succeeded in breaking the five-mile tandem record made by Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Smith, of England, of 20.38. A Marlboro Club tandem was used, and the five miles were covered in 18.28 $\frac{3}{5}$.

Three-mile Amateur Handicap, — D. E. Hunter (1), 9.30 $\frac{2}{5}$.

One mile Professional Bicycle Handicap, — C. H. Frazier, 150 yards (1), 15.25 $\frac{2}{5}$.

ST. HYACINTH, CANADA. — Races under the auspices of the Montreal Club.

One-mile Handicap, — W. G. Ross, scratch (1), 3.10; J. H. Robertson, scratch (2); F. W. S. Crispo, 13s. (3).

Three-mile Handicap, — H. M. Ramsay, 25s. (1), 1c.52; F. W. S. Crispo, 30s. (2).

Five-mile Handicap, H. M. Ramsay, 35s. (1), 18; F. W. S. Crispo, 50s. (2).

JACKSON, MISS., 14 October. — Race under auspices of the Mississippi State Drill Association.

One-mile, — W. Hemmingway (1), Paul Barnett (2), T. A. Iler (3), 3.52.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., 18 October. — S. G. Whittaker has been making more records at this place. He started out this morning over the fifty-mile course to break the hundred-mile record, and also the twenty-four hour record. He made the following times: 50 miles, 2.59.50 $\frac{2}{5}$; 100 miles, 6.01.15; 150 miles, 10.28.52; 200 miles, 13.00.30.

WHITTAKER'S one-hundred-mile time is far ahead of any road record ever made, and beats Ives' track record of 6.03.45 $\frac{3}{5}$. The English track record is 5.50.05 $\frac{2}{5}$.

WILLIAM A. RHODES started Monday on Hampden Park to break the twenty-mile bicycle record, and the wind was raw and strong, and after standing it for three miles, he gave up the attempt. His first mile was in 2.42, second 2.49, and third, 3m.

MISCELLANEOUS

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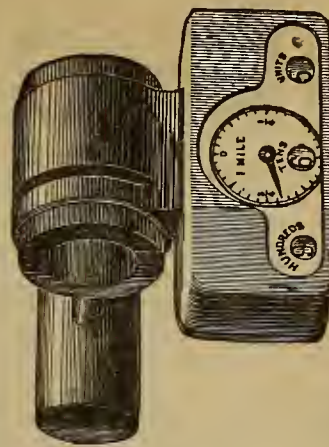
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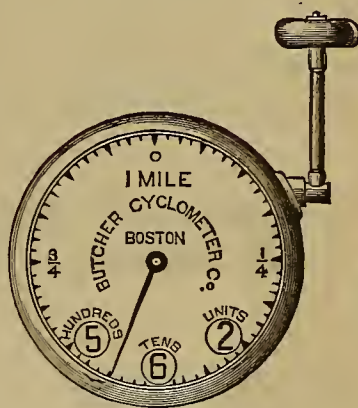
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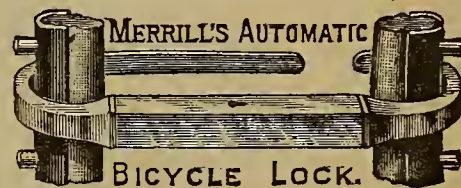
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The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 5.

BOSTON, MASS., 29 OCTOBER, 1886.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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WE cannot imagine what kind of spectacles the editor of the *Gazette* uses when he says: "The promateur is a grand success, viewed from almost every light." Every one admits that the promateur races were uninteresting beyond all others, and this was because there were but few promateurs. Just where the success comes in we cannot see.

RECORDS may mean little or they may mean much. Road records made on machines, taken from the regular stock, mean a great deal. A bicycle that can stand a hard ride for three hundred miles must have good stuff in it.

THE Columbia team has swept everything before it. Now, will the makers of the wheels that ran against the team come forward and say that their bicycles are inferior? When they have taken a record, they have put the credit upon the machine. Why should not the machine suffer the onus of defeat?

ROWE and Hendee now declare themselves to be professionals. There was little need for this. Their attempts at the records were no more than private trials, and it is very probable that the A. C. U. would wink at any delinquencies, just as they did in the road trials.

THE *Bulletin* is on a campaign in the interest of better roads. This is a field of labor that will employ no end of time and energy. We will hold the coat of the editor while he pitches in.

IN the course of his remarks the editor says that "those blest individuals who are constantly rolling over the sand-papered roads around Boston have a public duty to their less favored brethren of the wheel that will not be discharged until at least one of them has contributed to these columns an article or articles descriptive of the methods by which these roads were first constructed and how maintained in their high degree of excellence." Nature, after all, is the great road-builder. Where she has been generous in the bestowal of good road-making material, the roads are good, and where she has been a niggard, the roads are very bad. One can by no means read of the enterprise of cities in Massachusetts by looking at the roads. The inland cities are no less enterprising than those along the coast, and yet around Springfield, Worcester, and Lowell the roads are very bad, while they are perfect in the Newtons, in Lynn, and in Salem and Beverly. Along the coast we have good natural roads, and it costs little to keep them in repair; but it would take untold wealth to give to some of the inland places such roads as Newton has. It would seem to us to be much better for the League to study the work of those cities, who have built good roads under natural disadvantages, rather than to give a thought to the work of such places as Boston and the Oranges, where nature has done very nearly all of the road-building.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

IN reporting the second day of the ladies' run to Cape Ann, I am obliged to act the part of interviewer; for, if the facts must be told, I was not with the party on that day. I have, however, done a little in the line of interviewing, and think I can give the whole story.

IN spite of the fact that the party danced till late into the night of the day before, they were up early, and every one reported for breakfast. The forenoon was spent in a walk through the woods and along the rocky shore, and a visit was made to Rafe's Chasm. The tide and the wind were not favorable to seeing this place under its most attractive aspect, and there was no churning of the waters, nor did the great hole

look like a boiling pot. The tide was low, there had been no storm, and the exhibition was not going on. From the rocks about the chasm a good view is had of Norman's Woe, the rock whereon the Hesperus went to pieces. The party took no little interest in the white cross erected on the rocks to the memory of Miss Martha Marvin, who was swept off the rocks by a huge wave in the summer of 1879. Marshal Dodge told the story and pointed out the many places of interest during the ramble.

AFTER the ramble the party was photographed on the steps of Willow Cottage, and in the roadway on their wheels, in front of Wm. M. Hunt's eccentric studio. Wheels were mounted at about noon, and the party started for Gloucester, the first stage of its trip around the Cape.

AT Gloucester, mine host Davis, of the Pavilion, furnished a fine dinner for the party, and after this active preparations were made for the afternoon run. The photographer procured a carriage, and filled it with several young ladies of the party, and his camera. To many of the ladies the run around the Cape was a task they did not care to undertake, for they had heard stories of the hills and hard roads, and their courage failed them. They sought the seclusion which the carriage grants, and Stall went the circuit in company with a bevy of females, not unlike the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the opera.

FEW but the strongest riders essayed the trip, and it was well that the weaker ones did not attempt it. The road is a good deal like a saw, with its teeth pointed upwards. There were doubtless downward slopes, but the rises heavenward were very long and very steep. Gloucester roads are not so easily ridden as Boston pavements, and Consul Burnham, who met the party on its homeward run, told them that Safety machines were the only kind that could be ridden with comfort. Until the party got out of Gloucester they wished they could find a few good ploughed fields to ride over that they might go fast, but they had to struggle along, and in the first hour they rode just four miles.

AFTER leaving Gloucester the roads were much better and the scenery was magnificent. That is the only word that expresses it. I shall not attempt to describe the panoramas laid out before the cyclers in this trip around the Cape. Abler pens than mine have done it, but no pen can paint it as it really is. The route lay through forests glittering with the gay-colored autumnal foliage, along the rocky shore, with its coves and headlands, and past the mammoth granite quarries, for which this region is so celebrated.

To get all this scenery and all this delicious experience the rider had to pay a good price. He had to propel his wheel through a country of poor roads and very steep hills, and he had to tug and sweat the whole distance. And yet I found not one that regretted the trip. Such an experience was well worth the price.

THE route lay through East Gloucester, Rockport, past Pigeon Cove and Folly Cove, to Lanesville, past the residences of General Butler and Colonel French, to Annisquam, to Riverdale, and back to the Pavilion at Gloucester.

THE experiences along the road were many and varied. Our Star rider broke down in Gloucester town and had to turn back; Maggie found herself unable to propel her machine through some disarrangement of the gearing, and she turned back with a smothered ejaculation to the effect that she would like to throw the whole thing into the sea. The G's started out well, but the bad roads discouraged them, and they turned back. Mr. E. and Miss W. came to grief on their tandem when about half-way around, and the wheel went back in a wagon, while two more ladies were added to Stall's bevy. The lady from Lynn rode the whole distance on a single tricycle, and was one of the first to reach the journey's end. She did a very plucky performance, and is entitled to much credit.

HAVE I said a word about our enthusiast? He was there in all his glory, ready to talk about the mechanics of the wheel, to help a companion on the road, to tell stories, or to make suggestions. He was always ready to talk, but it was not safe to set him going on the respective merits of the Sociable and Tandem. There was always murder in his eye when this question came up.

OUR Gideon was well to the fore as luggage carrier and messenger boy. He left the party that night to go to a race in which he competed the following day, and I learn that his self-sacrificing spirit was shown even in the race, for he could have had a prize, but he generously resigned it to another.

THE party became disintegrated at Gloucester. Many returned to their homes by train. Some went to Magnolia for the night, and others remained at the Pavilion. This is the itinerary for the second day:—

	Miles.	Total.
Magnolia to Gloucester.....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Gloucester to Rockport.....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Rockport to Pigeon Cove.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{4}$
Pigeon Cove to Gloucester.....	8	19 $\frac{1}{4}$
Gloucester to Magnolia.....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$

THE third and fourth days saw a division of the party. One section rode from Magnolia to Boston the third day, and another pushed on to Newburyport, returning to Boston on Sunday. Of the first section I was a part, and will tell the brief tale of its run.

THE Gloucester and Magnolia sections met at Magnolia about noon Saturday, and started off together. It was their intention to ride to Manchester together, but just after

the start one lady had her skirts caught in the chain of her machine, and it took forty-five minutes to extricate her.

THE route homeward was a repetition of the first day's run, though it was all taken by daylight, and there was a little variation in the route. A *detour* was made through Swampscott, and Tower Hill was climbed. At 5.30 P. M. of Saturday, my wheel was housed, and the North Shore trip, so far as I was concerned, had passed into history.

WE had a grand time, and we have a delightful experience to look back upon. If the gentlemen have better times in their runs, I can only envy them that they are more frequent than our mixed runs. The ladies showed themselves to be strong riders, and the social gatherings in the evenings and at the table were fraught with much pleasure. The aid of "Merrie Wheeler" has been enlisted to write the story of the Newburyport section. She promises it for next week. I hear of some funny experiences and some good records. I commend her to you for your careful reading of what she may say. DAISIE.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

PHILADELPHIA TRACK RECORDS.

Editor of the Cycle: On page 429 of the *L. A. W. Bulletin* of this date (under the caption of University of Philadelphia races), it is stated that "a stranger's half-mile bicycle race was called, and was easily won by Geo. D. Gideon, who made the *half mile in something over three minutes.*" Mr. Gideon assures me that he never worked harder in his life, and the time he made — 3.01 $\frac{3}{4}$ *for the full mile* — establishes a record for the track in question. A strong wind prevailed, so strong that Mr. Keene (one of our best riders), in a handicap in which he rode a dead heat, could make but 3.10 $\frac{1}{2}$. The daily papers got the matter all mixed up, and the *Bulletin*, in copying from them as usual, made the same mistake. Truly,
LORD DOLPHIN.

NORTH SHORE TRIP.

Editor Cycle: Seeing many accounts of the late tricycle tour, none of which seem to hit the case, I beg leave to put in my oar. To commence at the beginning, the nucleus of these famous tours was Minna Caroline Smith's projected exclusive ladies' run, of October, 1885. Correspondence on the subject soon elucidated the fact that the ladies would not or could not go off for an extended run without gentlemen escorts. This necessitated a change in the plan, and both sexes were called on to participate. The run occurred in early October (1885), and was to have been completed at Kettle Cove, Magnolia, according to the programme; but it becoming necessary for the gentlemen to assist in managing the latter part of the tour, their more venturesome spirits suggested an extension to the Pavilion at Gloucester, where the outward run terminated, and the tourists turned their faces homeward. So much for the initial run, which was christened the North Shore tricycle run. Want of experience on the part

of management and tourists as well, in the first run, suggested a second trip, which should be guided by experience derived from initial run, and which should be more a tour than a run, as the first trip was intended to be.

The second party consisted largely of members of the first, and the run was started from Gloucester later in October, the plan embodying a trip around the Cape and continuation to Newburyport and return to Boston. The start was made, the Cape encircled, and preparations made to continue when Jupiter Pluvius got his work in, and for thirty-six hours we had rain, large every-day rain which was very wet. Naturally, we devoted the rainy season to indoor amusements, and the projected trip to Newburyport was omitted, the party wending homeward on arrival of pleasant weather. This is the history of the second tour in October, 1885, which was christened the Cape Ann tricycle tour, and which represents practically the first annual tricycle tour, the original North Shore run being more of a preliminary affair.

The second annual tricycle tour was projected by our old friend, Chas. Richards Dodge, at the request of those who remembered the vast pleasure derived from the runs of last year, and started on Thursday, 14 Oct. Our schedule was as follows: First day, to Magnolia; second day, to Gloucester and around the Cape; third day, to Newburyport; and return on fourth day.

"Now comes the winter of our discontent." Some idiotic party, who would not or could not complete the tour, furnished the *Globe* with an article in which people were given the impression that the affair practically ended after the tour of the Cape, when in fact the weary but triumphant pilgrims were just at the turning-point at Newburyport, after having fought a terrible gale for thirty miles the preceding day, girding their loins for the longest day's run of the season to finish the famous second annual tricycle tour, when the article came to hand. Nerved to desperation by the *Globe's* innocent misrepresentation, the entire party did their prettiest, and in fact one couple "busted an ex," and landed high and dry on a grassy bank at the roadside through a tremendous spurt preparatory to a long coast. However, as they were residents of the section, home was near and little trouble ensued. The survivors were two couples, who were also among the last of the previous tours, namely, the Veteran and his wife, and the Duke of Wellington and ditto, and they distinctly wish it understood that the tour was completed as originally laid out with all the extras. Many new ideas and additional experience were derived from the last outing, and it is hoped to make the third annual tricycle tour a grand success next year.

Now, my dear editor, having had our little say, we submit same most humbly to your readers. Yours truly,

MR. VETERAN.

MR. VETERAN.

MR. DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MRS. DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Waltham Bicycle Club was presented last Friday evening with a handsome silk banner by the lady friends of the members. A collation was served and a musical entertainment was enjoyed.

JIMMY SHORT'S WAR-CRY.

JIMMY SHORT, the crack tricyclist of his county, was an out-and-out flier, and the happy possessor of ever so many medals and valuable prizes, trophies of his prowess as a rider. There were about four clocks in each room of his house, three or four cruet-stands for each of his meals, and a couple of salad bowls to each member of his family. Jim had been the champion of the county for three years, and was regarded by most of his acquaintances as equal to any rider of the world. It was generally understood that he was only waiting to develop his full powers to go in for championship honors. When people spoke of any great race, his friends would say, "You wait till next year, when Jim goes in for the championships." Plural, mind you. Not one championship, but the whole lot, irrespective of distance. Jim's special line was distance riding on the path, but he was put down by his sanguine admirers as a certain winner of nearly all the championships from one to fifty miles. Record it was also believed would be badly beaten when Jim started with the other cracks. "If he does n't beat 'em, he'll make 'em move a bit," said they. The effect of all this praise and admiration was that, like others before him, Jim began to think he was a very grand personage indeed, and quite looked down upon the rest of the world who had no such collection of pots to show as he had. A certain class of riders worshipped him almost as a god, and the amount of "side" he put on was looked upon by them only as evidence of his superiority over the ordinary personages of the cycling community. A good many steady riders, who were not so blinded by the flash and glare of Jim's prizes, looked down with feelings akin to sorrow on this unwelcome change in their friend, who, before he became such a celebrity, had been a decent enough young fellow. He was by no means a boaster and a brag at heart, and these old friends who had known him before he made a name were grieved to see so promising a young man "giving himself away," as it were. One of them, indeed, went so far as to address a few words of advice to Jim on the subject, but the reception he met with was so uncourteous and unkind that he said no more, and they quietly cut Jim and left him to his crowd of admirers. Having made acquaintance with a man engaged on a cycling journal, Jim was frequently alluded to in his paper as "that gallant young rider," etc., which did not tend to make him any the more modest, and before long he began to think that there wasn't a finer rider anywhere than Jimmy Short. In his desire for further fame, Jim "took on" everybody he came across. He made matches with every rider in the county who showed anything like speed, and so his collection of prizes continued to swell, something being added nearly every week. "I'll race you!" was his war-cry, which he hurled at everybody in turn. But one thing he never essayed, and that was to have a shot at record. His times were good, but not near the bests, and people were frequently urging him to have a go at record. "Wait till the championships," said Jim. People waited, anxiously looking forward to the time when he should journey to some distant part to meet and defeat the cracks and

make a world's record, but the championships came and passed, and Jim did n't enter. "Could n't get fit in time," he said.

It was the custom of the cyclists of the vicinity to assemble of an evening at the track to watch the men training and chat over the cycling news, the form of the men present, and the forthcoming handicaps and races, so that the track and dressing-room became really a species of club to the riders in its vicinity. At these nightly meetings the voice of Jimmy Short was always heard above all others, and, indeed, by virtue of his position, he was really the "cock of the walk,"—a position which eminently suited his love of admiration. He gave his opinion on every subject relating to the sport, and if any one differed from him, he would gradually lead the subject round to riding, and offer to race the man at any distance he liked. At first some unwary ones made matches with him, but as they all got a sad beating, the others took warning by their fate, and Jim had it all his own way. From being so constantly victorious in these matches, Jim got more confident than ever, and his war-cry of "I'll race you!" was heard even more frequently than before. One evening, when he had been boasting rather more than usual, a man who had got fairly tired of hearing him, turned round as he went out of the room for a practice and said: "I say, Short, do stop your twaddle. You know if you met one of the fliers you would be quite out of it." Short looked at him angrily. "You shut up," he said; "I'll ride you a mile for a fiver, and give you eighty start, any day." "Oh, I'm no rider," replied the other, "and I don't want to be nasty, but you take my tip, if you don't mind you'll be taken down one of these days."

One evening, a week or so after this little incident, as the men were congregated as usual round the track, a stranger who was leaning over the rails inquired of a bystander which was Jimmy Short, and on that rider being pointed out to him, he confined his attention solely to him for the rest of the evening, and seemed to be studying him closely. When it grew dark, this stranger went into the dressing-room with the others, and began to talk with the man who had made the before-mentioned remark to Short, and with whom he seemed to have been previously acquainted. The conversation of the men that evening happened to turn on long-distance riding, and one man present expressed his opinion that in a fifty-mile race Short would render as good an account of himself as any one. "Well," said Short, "I don't want to boast" (here several men coughed), "but I think I'd trouble a few of 'em." "I say, Jimmy," said one, "do you think you could hold Peters, the London flier?" "Oh! I won't say that," said Short, "but I'd do my best to give him a doing." The stranger, who had been a most interested listener in this conversation, here rose up, and turning to Short with a smile, said, "Mr. Short, you *may* be a very good man, but I don't think you would have much chance in the metropolis with any of the cracks." "Thank you for your opinion," sneered Short, who, unaccustomed to be thus addressed in his own place, was terribly riled thereat,— "I'll ride you any distance for a five-pound prize anyway." The stranger's eyes flashed, and he took a quick

step forward and held out his hand. "Done!" he cried, and before Short knew where he was, he had shaken hands upon it. "Any distance you like, and when you like," said the stranger. "Well," said Short, who looked anything but at his ease at being taken at his word so readily, but who could not now draw back, "will thirty miles next Saturday week at five o'clock suit you?" "Oh! anything," replied the stranger; "make it fifty if you like, but it must be next Saturday, as I leave here on Monday." And it was soon arranged that the race was to be for a £10 cup, distance fifty miles, to take place at five o'clock on the following Saturday afternoon.

Who was the stranger? None knew. Several men advised Short to ascertain his name, but Short put on an air of bravado, and said he did n't care what his name was, or who he was, he'd race him. The man who he had been seen to speak to said he had met him before somewhere, but could not recollect his name. "If I were you," he said to Short, "I should find out his name,— he may be a scorcher," but of this advice Short again took no notice. He evidently did not think much of the stranger, and between the two men there was certainly a great difference. Short was just the very opposite of his name, a good six feet in height, broad, and with a good wide pair of shoulders, not bad looking, but inclined to be dull. He was just the sort of man you would think could keep slogging on a three-wheeler for fifty miles through anything. His opponent was by no means a strong-looking man, and was evidently considerably older, and not so tall by some five inches. He was rather dark, with a pale face, and wore a thick closely-trimmed beard. Although not possessing anything like the strength of Short, he was an eminently wiry man, and had a quiet determined look about him which bespoke him anything but a "Juggins."

As soon as it became known that some one was going to race Short at his favorite distance, the news spread like wildfire, and the day was eagerly looked forward to by not a few who were anxious to see that gentleman's colors lowered.

By his constant bragging he had sickened a good many of his former friends, and there were not a few who hoped to see the boaster taught a good sound lesson.

But their hopes were not realized. The day before the race, Short received a letter from his opponent, in which he said he regretted his inability to attend on the Saturday, as he had had rather a nasty spill while trying with another man to beat the fifty-miles tandem record. Who, then, could this man be who sometimes went for record? The letter was signed—"Yours truly, W. Peters." It was the long-distance tricycle champion himself. What an escape! Short would have liked to have kept this letter quiet, but as several men were in the room when he opened it, he could not, and before many hours had passed it was all round the town that Short had for once made a regular fool of himself, and had nearly ridden a scratch fifty-mile race with the renowned Peters, the best distance rider of the year, and who could easily have given him a good long start and a beating. How they did chaff Short for weeks after. As he

rode about people would shout out, "I'll race you!" and "How's Peters?" This was forever being dinned into his ears.

One would have thought this little episode would have cured him of his boasting and wanting to race everybody, but, alas! it was too deeply rooted in him to be thus easily eradicated. True, for a short time he was more wary with those whom he challenged to race, but after a few matches, in which he had some little success, he again got back into the same old groove, and issued challenges broadcast; it mattered not who it was, anybody, any distance, and on any machine, on the road or on the path. But one day Jimmy Short met his match, though in a totally unexpected manner.

A select party of scorchers set out for a sharp spin one afternoon down to a well-known cycling resort, and in the race down Short and another man, on Short's tandem, landed in first by some minutes. As there were several good men among the beaten crowd, Short was much elated at getting in first, and, as usual, commenced to swagger about, and issue challenges broadcast.

Among the by-standers at the finishing point was a quiet-looking young fellow, a respectable mechanic he seemed, mounted on an old, well-known front-steering tricycle. This young man seemed to take a great deal of interest in the race, and loudly cheered the winning crew as they dashed up to the finish, heading the crowd. "Bravo, Short!" "Well done, Short!" he shouted. That gentleman was greatly gratified at the manner in which his name was roared out, and when an adjournment was made inside the hotel, entered into conversation with the young man, and over a drink recounted to him a few of his victories, while doing which he was quite in his element. The young man made a most attentive listener, and, indeed, at times he seemed to be trying to draw Short out. After they had been chatting for some time, the young man mentioned that he was by no means a bad rider himself, but had only ridden on the road. "The path," he said, "I have never tried, but I tell you I can move on the road." Instantly came the well-known challenge, "I'll race you!" "Well," said the other, after a moment's pause, "you'll have to give me a start, and a good one, too." The young man said he could not race against Short on the machine he had got. "I should not have a chance," said he, "but I'll bet you that on an equal machine, I'd give you a beating at five miles." "What?" shouted Short, "you beat me at five miles? What are you talking about? Why, I'll give you a mile start in five!" "Well," said the other, "It's no good talking, as I can't ride you on the machine I've got,—it's too old and heavy; but I'd give you a beating even on a tandem alone if you were on my machine." Short rushed from the place, and, mounting the other's old front-steerer, rode it once or twice up and down the road at full pelt. He then dismounted, and turning to the young man, said, "Look here, young fellow, I'll ride you five miles now, you to ride my tandem alone, and I to shove your old creak along, and I'll give you two minutes' start—but it must be for a six £ prize, three £ a side." "Done!" cried the other, "I'm your man, and I'll give you eight to one in half-crowns that I beat you

by half a minute." Short eagerly took the bet, and having got two riders to have a look at the machines, and to tighten and oil them up, the two turned inside and had a wash to refresh themselves for the coming struggle.

Everything being ready, and a timekeeper and judge agreed upon, the two men, after depositing one £ each, with the landlord, as a kind of security, issued forth and prepared for the start. Short was confident of winning the match, and only laughed at the others when they recommended him to be careful and remember "Peters." "My dear boy," he said to an acquaintance, "he's a regular conceited young Juggins, and if I don't pass him before he's gone two miles, my name's not Short." All being ready, the "Juggins" was given the word to go, and he moved at a fair gait on the tandem, the front seat of which was, of course, empty. Before he had gone far he got up a fairly fast pace and disappeared from sight, slogging steadily away with his head down over the handles. "You'll have to move to catch him," said one or two. Short smiled and sat, confident of his own powers, waiting the expiration of the two minutes. At length came the word "Go!" and off Jimmy went on the old machine, which rattled and shook in a way very different to the noiseless speed of the tandem. With a few strong shoves he was at full speed, and soon went pounding down the road at a high rate.

The crowd round the hotel watched him until he was out of sight, and then collected into little knots, and discussed the merits of each rider, as far as was possible, considering that the rider of the tandem they had none of them ever seen before. The general opinion was that "Short ought to do it," and a good many expressed their sympathy with the poor young workman, but wondered how he could have been so stupid as to offer to race against Short, and not a few said he deserved all he got for being such a fool. As the time drew near when the men would return, several riders went down the road to meet the winner, whichever he should turn out to be. They had not proceeded far when they beheld some one racing toward them, and as he got nearer recognized Short, who was flying along at a rare pace. They immediately began heartily to cheer, and shouts of "Come on, Short—you've done him!" rent the air. What was their surprise, when Short came up to them, to see him stop riding. "Where is he?" he asked. "Where's who?" cried they. "The fellow on my tandem," said Short; "I have not passed him." "You must have," said they; "we have not seen him." "I'm certain I never passed him," repeated Short. "Perhaps he missed the road and is coming back another way," suggested one; "let's get back!" A rush was made for the starting place, at which they soon arrived, but nothing had been seen of the missing rider. Short looked very blank. "Perhaps—he's—missed—his—way—and—I—lost—himself," he said. "Must have," said several; but one rider said, "Short, my boy, I'm afraid you're done this time. I'll bet you any money he's bolted with your tandem!"

And bolted he certainly had. Short and a party of others spent several hours scouring all the roads for miles round, but no trace could they discover of the missing tandem or

its rider, and late at night the party returned home, Short riding the thief's old front-steerer. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, but the machine or its rider were never heard of more. Jimmy Short has greatly quietened down now, and the cry of "I'll race you!" has not been heard since the day the respectable young mechanic bolted with his tandem tricycle.—*B. Hayward in Wheel World.*

HENRY STURMEY ON THE WHEELS OF 1887.

WE give the following results of our observation for what they are worth, and venture to take a peep into futurity for the benefit of those whom it may concern. In the matter of tricycles, then, we believe that, as we have ever averred, the front-steerer will hold its own. The particular form of this general pattern which will be fashionable in 1887 will, we are inclined to think, be, as in the latter part of the present season, the bicycle-steering variety. In their construction, too, we expect to see the small steering-wheel give way to the large one, and guiders of 24 inch to 30 inch lead the way. Driving-wheels will not, we anticipate, take any further downward direction, save in the matter of racing mounts, which we shall probably see next season reduced to the smallest dimensions. Methods for reducing vibration will sell if neat and light, and we are also inclined to think that, where it can be carried out without infringing other people's patents, the horizontal fork with the handle post behind the wheel will be a strongly favored style. We expect to find three or four bearings spread well over the axle in place of the two only now usually placed in the centre, and axles themselves will have to be stronger, this being especially the case with tandems, which have proved lamentably weak in this very important particular this season. So far as the tandem itself is concerned we are inclined to the belief that it will follow in general features the single machine, and that the bicycle-steering front, large steering-wheel, and well supported axle will be popular. In both the bent-back form of handle-bar will assert itself, and we fancy the "stuffing-box" system will, in the majority of cases, replace the automatic gear, though the latter will by no means disappear entirely from favor. Weights will receive but little reduction, and machines may safely be stocked scaling for full roadsters for heavy work and heavy weights 70 pounds to 80 pounds, light roadsters for fast men and ladies and light weights 55 pounds to 65 pounds, and racers from 30 pounds to 40 pounds. In bicycles of the ordinary variety we anticipate a demand for true tangent wheels, ball-bearing heads, T handles, and generally more open build, and with perhaps a slight increase in back wheels. In safeties, the rear-driver or "Rover" type is, undoubtedly, the coming favorite, and it will be perfectly safe to stock a well-considered variety of this style of machine. We do not anticipate the other or dwarf pattern of safety will become by any means obsolete, but it will be a safer act on general principles to stock rear-drivers than front ones. Whether our prognostications on the above heads are correct or otherwise time only will prove.—*Cyclist.*

CYCLETS.

THE APPROACHING STORM.

1.

THE thunder growls unpleasantly; the darkness grows apace.

Way down the road he's coming, riding as if in a race,
His head well over the handle-bars, a scarlet hue his face.

2.

The thunder gives a louder rumble.

"I'll make it yet," I hear him mumble.

Another rod — he strikes a stone, and, sad to tell, does take
a tumble.

3.

"B'ess that stone!" I heard him say.

But he mounts again, is off and away,

Without the very slightest delay.

4.

Another mile, and shelter is nigh.

It's reached, yet the cyclist passes it by.

I'm puzzled. It scarcely could have escaped his eye.

5.

I have it! He'll try to reach home without a wetting,

But which, I think, he'll soon be getting —

But, pshaw! what is the use of all my fretting?

6.

He's home at last, but is soaking wet,

Though strange to say, not a drop of rain has fallen yet.

But his quickened pulse and increased respiration

Will tell the tale, — he's wringing wet from perspiration.

R. G. B.

2.29 $\frac{4}{5}$.

WE'VE got it! We've got it!

AND who shall dare to chide us for putting
the record up there?

IT is a professional record, but what matters it. Who will say it is less creditable than it would have been last fall when Rowe was an amateur?

WE hoped to be able to write 2.25 this fall. We may yet be able to do so.

NO one can find fault with the timing. The men were the best we have.

KARL KRON has left New York to escape jury duty, fearing it may interfere with the publication of his book if he is drawn as a juror. He now says the book will be out by Thanksgiving. Things to give thanks for are piling up.

BOSTON was once the scene of fighting between local wheelmen. Philadelphia now carries off the honors. How those Quakers can fight when they get mad.

A NEW non-vibrating lamp bracket is made by an English firm. A flat piece of metal is secured by the lock-nut of the steering head, and this carries India-rubber buffers, which insulate it from the lamp bracket proper.

THE *Clipper* publishes a cut of William Miller Woodside in its issue of 23 Oct.

ASA WENDELL has been making some good time on a bicycle at Springfield. He is certainly built after the manner of fast men, and would make a flier if he should choose to fly.

THE Humber agents are after a team for next season. Frank White wants to show America what the old reliable can do on the

track. Guess he'll have to take professionals.

THE American Champion now holds every world's road record up to three hundred miles within twenty-four hours. S. G. Whittaker, who has recently been attaining such startling results on this wheel, and who had never before experimented on a Roadster, lays it to the bearings. The G. & J. bearing is the most original of any on the market, and there is likely something in this.

PRINCE WELLS, the well-known fancy bicycle rider, has recently purchased an American Champion, and will use it in his future exhibitions.

WILMOT and Lester have joined in partnership. They will ride together in future. 8 November they appear at the Howard Athenæum in Boston.

THE Marlboro tandem, ridden by Morgan and Armaindo at Lynn on the occasion of their attempt to beat the 24-hour record, was the same machine on which Gaskell and Rich beat Crist and Foster at Roseville.

WASHINGTON, D. C., has a club of colored riders. Boston, we think, had the first club of this kind.

WHITTAKER is the first to touch the three-hundred-mile mark. But the record will still continue to move onward.

IT will be a great wonder, though, if anybody beats it before snow flies. We rather think Whittaker can hang his hat up and wait.

THE record is a great triumph for the Champion bicycle. If records tell the story, then the Columbia and Champion wheels are the best in the world.

HUTCHINSON, the fancy rider, has gone to Quebec to astonish the Canadians with his feats a wheel.

THE Massachusetts Club is now going the round of the theatres. They have taken in Erminie and Dixey.

THE touring department of the L. A. W. will shortly issue a route book. Burley B. Ayers and his assistants have been hard at work upon it for some time past, and it is likely to prove a work of great value to touring wheelmen. It will be divided into four sections, as the touring department divides the country, and will contain full reports of all the best routes with carefully arranged maps.

THE short editor and the tall editor of the *Bicycling World* are making a combined effort at downing the amateur rule. They vow that they will yet succeed in having that absurd definition abolished. — *Globe*.

KIRK COREY has refused to accept the prize awarded to him by the judges of the Massachusetts Club's races, because he thinks that he was fairly defeated by Sanger, and has taken measures to have it given to the latter.

N. H. VAN SICKLEN has resigned his position on the Racing Board.

THERE were fifty-eight new names added to the membership rolls of the League last week.

THE Wakefield Bicycle Club will give a ball on 5 Nov.

ARTHUR E. PATTISON is managing the Columbia team, now that Manager Atkins is on the sick list.

IT is very seldom that we hear of a cyclist on the sick list.

AUSTRIA is the latest country to engage the services of the tricycle in distributing mail matter.

AN Englishman has patented a device for the protection of tails of a full dress coat while the owner is mounted on a cycle. The advertisement reads: "Very useful for young gents who prefer going to parties on a conveyance of their own, rather than in an expensive cab."

THE Lynn boys had to assess each member \$50 to pay the deficit of the tournament.

ENGLISH cyclists are forming classes in boxing for the winter season. They claim that this exercise corrects the tendency to round shoulders and stooping engendered by too much cycling.

ROBERT A. NEILSON, the professional rider, has put away his little wheel till next spring, and is now employed in mixing beverages in one of the gilded palaces of Boston.

CURIOUS, the idea of cycling which seems still to prevail in the minds of a certain class of the population! A doctor, advertising the other day for an assistant to help him in a large and scattered practice, was considerably startled by one of the answers he received. "I may say I have no small vices" — wrote this applicant for the post — "I neither drink, smoke, nor ride a tricycle!" Consternation and disgust of medical man, who is himself an ardent cyclist, and who counts always on his assistant's use of his "Cripper" to prevent the necessity of keeping an extra horse! — *News*.

IT is now said that Duncan, De Bois, and De Civy did not come to the fall tournaments because Rudge & Co. would not pay their expenses. They have all changed their mounts.

THE "Owl" says: "I will go on record as being willing to vote for the reinstatement of Geo. M. Hendee as an amateur." Does the "Owl" consider himself still a member of the Racing Board?

JACK KEEN commenced racing in 1869, and is still on the track. He has had seventeen years of training and racing, and is a good man yet.

ENGLISH cycling papers are condemning the notices *in re* the youngest cyclist. Babies in long clothes do not make good wheelmen.

To turn out well, a young man must be on the right track, — *New Orleans Picayune*.

ALL very well! But which is the right track? Both Lynn and Springfield claim it.

MR. ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Cunningham & Co., who is stopping at the Hotel Hunnewell, Newton, was severely injured, Friday evening, on Lake street, Brighton, by taking a header from his bicycle.

Bicycling News has a poem called "The Great Weep." It tells the story of the tear shed by the ladies on the occasion of the defeat of Hendee by Rowe at Springfield.

HILLIER objects to the term "bicycle home trainer." The home trainer has but one wheel.

AND now they say that Rhodes is a better man on the road than on the track. Sort of a Colossus of Rhodes. He will have to go to Indiana if he wants a record, though. There are no fifty-mile courses about here.

AMERICAN ladies have adopted a fashion of decorating the front of their tricycles with bows of bright-colored ribbon. The taste of so much ornamentation is worse than questionable. There are certain things in this world which, as Mr. Ruskin says of railway stations, have no business to be adorned. Their simplicity and utility are their claims to beauty, and inappropriate decorations merely vulgarize them. Certainly, the cycle is one of these things. Any ornament, apart from the shape and construction, is altogether at variance with the character of the iron steed, and a mere purposeless bit of dainty embellishment has a vulgar appearance. — *Violet Lorne, in News.*

THE promateur is a grand success viewed from almost any light. The only drawback this season was, there were not enough of them. Still, they made a good showing. They allowed the amateurs full sway, and we predict that another season, unless the amateur definition should be swept away (and

we hope it will be), the promateur class will be largely augmented, for this fall has been enough to show that the simon-pure amateurs do not care enough for racing to pay for the fun of it. It has helped the manufacturers, inasmuch as they know just how much money must be spent for the season's racing. Now that the amateurs find out racing is costly, they will gladly accept assistance. — *Gazette.*

A VERY simple and effective gearing-up device has been applied to the Facile, and riders can no longer complain that the pedalling motion is too quick.

WM. W. SHEEN, of Quincy, Mass., is credited with a riding record of 6,500 miles in 1886, and he proposes to make it 7,000 before winter shuts down. His business confines him from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., and his riding has been done during the evening and on Sundays, and on a Star bicycle.

THE *Springfield Republican* explains the action of Hendee and Rowe in joining the ranks of the professionals, as follows: "Hendee and Rowe by their action yesterday in pacemaking for a professional, make themselves professionals also, and, anticipating it, sent in to A. O. McGarrett, secretary of the American Cyclist Union, their resignations of promateur standing, in the morning. Rowe does n't mind it much, but it is a bitter pill for Hendee, who must give up his membership in the Springfield Bicycle Club. Both were forced to take the action by "the powers that be" behind the Columbia team. They want records badly, and want them at any price. To get them it

was necessary to have more pacemakers. No promateurs were available. Woodside was obtained, and has signed with the Pope Manufacturing Company. Manager Pattison tried hard to get Frazier with his Star machine to pace, but he would not come. Crocker was available, and so to use them the Colonel said the boys must go into the professional ranks, and there they are. All considered, it is the best thing. Rowe on the first good day will be put to do twenty-two miles within the hour, and Crocker for the twenty-mile tricycle record. Hendee is not allowed to ride for the bicycle records, and will ride the tricycle.

ARD was rounding the Kilcullen corner, at at the pretty cross roads of Brannoxtown, when he observed an animal hopping along the road. A nearer inspection proved it was a hare, and pussy, fearful of the sanguinary expression in his eye, turned and fled. The course is a straight one, with demesne walls on either side which did not permit of turns. So on the hair went, with Ard in hot pursuit. He seems to think that it would take the champion-defeater, *All-ard*, to pull down the record he made from Brannoxtown to Sallymount. Here, just as "the bearings of his machine were getting dreadfully stiff," the hare stopped suddenly, as danger was ahead. The pause was a fatal one. It gave Ard time to dismount and pick up a "Tipperary bullet," which, as the hare was making for the entrance gate, he hurled with unerring aim, and picking up his game continued his way home; and your correspondent had the pleasure of having some soup at Ard's, made from this celebrated hare. — *Irish Cyclist.*

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

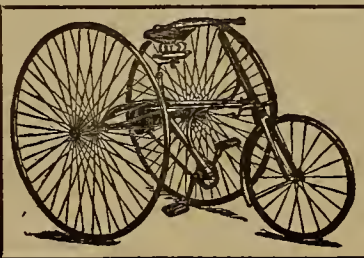
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

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It is perhaps unnecessary to state that a rider to win a race cannot expend the vitality or energy which he feels free to do in riding for records. In the one case, he is riding against tacticians of equal experience with himself, who will readily reap advantage from the most trifling circumstance. In the other case Father Time is the sole competitor, and though he has suffered many defeats, the present prospect is that he will soon be invincible, and that the most determined record-breaker will shortly be obliged to succumb to the veteran scythe-swinger. Heretofore, to win races one must be a tactician, and do as the others do; to win records, the motto is: Scratch from the word go, and may you have the best of pace-makers. — *Springfield Union*.

In the legislature of 1885, the first ward of Cambridge was represented by Mr. Woodward Emery, a Republican of much ability and diligence. Last fall, Mr. Emery, though renominated by his party, was defeated at the polls by Mr. George A. Perkins, the Democratic nominee. The result was due to the active canvassing, regardless of party, of the members of a bicycle club to which Mr. Perkins belonged. During his term of service the candidate of the bicycle club won considerable approval from Republicans by his willingness to support measures of reform. — *Record*.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., riders will have to go armed if things go on as they have been proceeding for some time past. A correspondent of the *Bulletin* tells us how the lives of wheelmen in that city are relieved of monotony. "A party of the Independent Wheelmen were mobbed by a gang of roughs at the Union street bridge, about a week ago. They were pulled off their wheels and punched and kicked in a most shameful manner. As usual, no police were around, nor were any arrests subsequently made. A member of the Brooklyn Club, when going into Patchogue, a few days since, was deliberately run off the road and dumped into the ditch by a party of roughs in a buggy. On Sunday last a member of the same club was deliberately run into on the Jericho Pike, the horses of the assailant almost trampling the rider and his wheel after he was thrown. It is as much as one's life is worth to ride on the boulevard on a Sunday afternoon, owing to the aggressiveness of the road hog."

OFF the racing ground "Baby" has absorbed the attention of cyclists during the past few weeks. Mr. Daniels, otherwise known as "Baby," obtained the permission of the French minister of war to organize a party of cyclers to demonstrate the value of velocipedists attached to an army, and all arrangements were made for their taking part in the autumn manoeuvres. "Baby" and his friends went into hard training, and had determined to keep up the credit of cyclists before the eyes of the military authorities, when some jealous wheelman started the rumor that "Baby" is a German. Letters were sent by the clubs to the head of the army corps to which the cyclers were to be attached, protesting against a German spy being allowed to assist in the most important military exercises of the year, while on the other hand Mr. Daniels wrote to the minister of war assuring him that his only desire was to show how valuable an auxiliary a troop of bicyclists and tricyclists would be

with an army, at the same time placing himself unreservedly in the general's hands in the matter of his withdrawal from the cycling party, should his presence be considered undesirable. The upshot of it was that his permit was cancelled, and that, too, in a fashion that brought the attention of all France and Germany upon the incident. — *French Cor. Gazette*.

OUR attention has been drawn by certain of our friends to a number of misstatements which have appeared, and which continue to appear, in certain of the American journals. We do not, of course, allude to such straightforward utterances as those of the *CYCLE* concerning our own 54 miles record, for example,—a matter which we are glad to have had our attention drawn to, and which we hope to put right,—but to a number of assertions, much to our detriment, by Mr. Ducker, and by certain English correspondents of certain makers' organs in America. There was a time when we might have set forth in hot haste to encounter all these lies—but that time has gone by. Every English cyclist for whose opinion we care a cent knows where, when, and why these falsehoods are fabricated. If but 25 per cent of them were true, we ought to be kicked out of decent society in company with a number of other cyclists who are equally maligned. But there is not one per cent of truth in these statements, which are simply the efforts of miserable penny-a-liners who, always poverty-stricken for a subject on which to write, exercise their ingenuity upon us. We are so far pleased to be the indirect means of providing them with an ill-deserved meal. When any of our friends want an explanation on any point, we shall be most happy to satisfy them, but we would point out that for years some one or other has been busy trying to find a hole in our coat—without success. We have no skeleton in our cycling cupboard; no mean trick, abject apology, or rattling record to blush for, and we have, subject to the above proviso, nothing to say concerning the inspired falsehoods of the American makers' "official" organ. — *G. L. Hillier, in News*.

WOODMAN, of Chelsea, rode to Newburyport and back last Sunday.

"I WISH I had one of Stall's screamers," said a lady at Magnolia. And then Dodge walked down and took a pitcher of milk from in front of the veteran and handed it to the lady with the remark: "Here's one of Stall's creamers."

J. G. HITCHCOCK, of Omaha, died of paralysis of the brain at St. Louis, 3 Oct.

THE Elliott tricycle is attracting a lot of attention, and many interested ones are calling at 194 Washington street to see it. A very large number of orders have been booked.

THE Ramblers, of Chelsea, will shake the light fantastic toe at Grand Army Hall, 10 November next.

BURNHAM has once more retired from the track.

"I FEEL full-chested," said Stall after his dinner at Gloucester. "Guess your chest is pretty low down," said the Duke of Wellington. "I mean my meal chest," replied the satisfied one.

A NOVEL suggestion comes from a correspondent who appears to possess an ambition to shine as a hill-climber. He says that racing men obtain prizes and records for their performances on the path; but the road-rider climbs hills without any tangible memento of the feat. To climb hills is a noteworthy achievement, and since Alpine tourists adopt the custom of branding their alpenstocks with the names of the mountains they have scaled, it is proposed that road-riders shall paint or gild their cycles with the names of all the most noted hills which they have climbed. We have no objection. Our correspondent is at perfect liberty to label his tricycle with such words as "Muswell," "Reigate," "Chingford," "Petersham," and the like. But whether any accession of dignity will result is open to argument, and although a real veteran may possess a creditable list of hill-climbing records, the average expert cyclist does not keep a cycle long enough for it to collect a series of such records ere he sells it for another. Beyond this, the same objection obtains as led the N. C. U. Council to resolve not to adopt an official badge; the best men, the most desirable wearers of the badge, *won't* adopt it—and the genuine crack riders of the road, like those of the path, won't condescend to crack up their feats by any such displays. Good wine needs no bush, and good riding requires no label. — *Wheel World*.

A NON-LEAKING OIL-CAN IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

AN impossibility must not be sought after, which, I take it, is the requirement that it shall not soil blotting-paper. Each time a can is used a minute quantity of oil remains on the outside of the tube, eventually collecting at the collar if not wiped off. No ingenuity of construction that I see can obviate this. But I have for several years used the common oil-can (price 3*d.* to 6*d.*) without any annoyance from the so-called leakage, and my plan is very simple. I wrap a 6-inch square of common soft brown paper round the can, and each time of using rub spout and can perfectly clean. This occupies but a second, and is done in the act of re-wrapping. This keeps the can as bright as when coming out of the shop, and if by accident the paper becomes soiled, it is easily replaced. The great point is never to give a chance for the accumulation of oil. A leaking can I have never chanced on, and I fancy what I have already stated accounts for most cases of supposed leakage, for I admit such was my first idea, toward which my endeavors were directed. All the same, I believe the oil-can capable of much improvement. In the first place, by diminishing the capacity of the spout, which holds far too much oil; two or three drops is quite enough for each change, and it should clean itself with a *hiss* each time the can is compressed. Second, more care should be given to the screw and cap, so as to make a perfectly tight and secure closure. Third, the elasticity of the sides, for some reason I am unaware of, gives out after a time, thus leaving the can useless. — *Cor. C. T. C. Gazette*.

COL. POPE did not go to Fort Hell, after all. He went to Chicago. When the Pope goes to Hell, what's the church good for?

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FALL TOURNAMENTS.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Size, 6 x 8 and 8 x 10, Maroon Mount, with Bevelled Gilt Edges.

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GEO. M. HENDEE..... 5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE..... 1 "	ROBT. JAMES 2 "
E. P. BURNHAM..... 4 "	J. S. PRINCE..... 2 Views.	P. S. BROWN 2 "
C. P. ADAMS..... 4 "	T. W. ECK... .. 2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH..... 2 "
W. A. RHODES..... 3 "	W. E. CRIST..... 2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES..... 3 "	H. G. CROCKER..... 2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE..... 1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH 3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER..... 3 "	FRED WOOD..... 2 "	

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LEAGUE CHAMPIONS FOR 1886-7.

BELOW may be found a list of League champions for 1886-7, together with data of the races. For the sake of comparison, the time made by the champions of the previous year is enclosed in parentheses.

Half-mile,—C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y. Won at Rochester, N. Y., 22 July; time, 1.20. (1.33½.)

One-mile,—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, N. Y. Won at Boston, 29 May; time, 3.26. (2.44.)

Two-miles,—Victor C. Place. Won at Cleveland, Ohio, 5 July; time, 6.15. (7.10.)

Three-miles,—F. D. Elwell, San Francisco, Cal. Won at San Francisco, 9 Sept.; time, 9.46½. (9.41.)

Five-miles,—S. P. Hollingsworth, Indianapolis, Ind. Won at Buffalo, N. Y., 3 Sept.; time, 15.23¼. (15.58¾.)

Ten-miles,—N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Ill. Won at Detroit, Mich., 24 June; time, 36.21½. (30.24¾.)

Twenty-miles,—E. A. Savage. Won at Winona, Minn., 23 Sept.; time, 1.10.49. (First year.)

One-mile Tricycle,—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, N. Y. Won at Boston, 29 May; time, 4.6. (3.45.)

The two and five mile tricycle championships were not contested.

WHITTAKER'S RIDE.

FULL particulars of S. G. Whittaker's 300-mile 24-hour road record have come to hand. The ride was made over the New Richmond and Potato Creek gravel roads in Montgomery County, Ind., over a 50-mile course. At 4 A. M., 18 Oct., he was sent off. He covered 25 miles in 1 h. 28 m. 10 s., the trip, 50 miles, in 2 h. 59 m. 50½ s., slower by about four minutes than the first 50 at the former trial; rested 2 h. 49 m. ¾ s.; was off again on the other 25-mile stretch; finished 75 miles in 4 h. 36 m., and 100 miles in 6 h. 1 m. 15 s.

After riding 100 miles, he sprang off his wheel and ran unaided to the tent, where he was well rubbed down and given plenty of nourishment. He rested 42 m. 45 s., and started to break the 24-hour record. Finished 125 miles in 8 h. 23 m. 35 s., and 150 miles in 10 h. 28 m. 52 s. Sprang off wheel alone and ran to his tent, where the rubbing and feeding act was repeated. After resting 40 m. 38 s. he started as fresh as ever, 175 miles being covered in 12 h. 59 m. 20 s.; 200 miles in 15 h. 13 m. 34½ s., when he received his third rub down and food. Rested but 20 m. 55¼ s.; made 225 miles in 17 h. 18 m. 6 s.; 250 miles in 19 h. 20 m. 50 s., and again ran unaided to his tent, where he was rubbed down and given what he wished to eat, and allowed to rest 27 m. 50 s. Again he started, finishing 275 miles in 21 h. 37 m. 27 s., and 300 miles amid the wildest kind of cheering, in 23 h. 46 m. 16¾ s., thus discounting every effort ever made on so long a course, and beating the world's record.

The officials were: Referee, W. H. Pontious; judges, Charles Harding, James Q. W. Wilhite; timers, Charles Gilbert, W. S. Brown, Samuel Smith, Mort Insley; scorers, Albert S. Miller, Mort Keegan; starter, John White; checkers, Tom Nicholson, H. C. Bishop, Fount Eastlack, Lon Lee.

HOW MANY MILES PER HOUR?

ALMOST every competitor has had a try at this question, though there are some who have not succeeded. One or two have worked out the problem to two places of decimals; others to furlongs, yards, feet, and inches; others have merely given fractions of inches. We propose giving the correct answer in miles and yards only:—

A mile in 2 m. 30 s. is at the rate of 24 miles per hour.
" " 2 m. 31 s. " " " 23 " 1480 yards.
" " 2 m. 32 s. " " " 23 " 1204 "
" " 2 m. 33 s. " " " 23 " 931 "
" " 2 m. 34 s. " " " 23 " 662 "
" " 2 m. 35 s. " " " 23 " 397 "

Those who have worked it out to decimal points are credited with a correct reply in cases in which we have found the decimals to be accurate.—*News*.

THE PATH.

LYNN, 19, 20 Oct. — W. J. Morgan and Louise Armaindo run for a twenty-four-hour tandem track record. Start at 4.18 P. M., 19 Oct. 100 miles in 7.57; 200 miles in 18.31; 252 miles, 140 yards, 23.34. The officers in charge of the run were: Referee and starter, J. Harry Sherman; timers and scorers, T. A. Carroll, W. G. Foster, E. L. Story, Charles H. Annis; judges, E. G. Gordon, Howard H. Crowell.

LYNN, 20 Oct. — T. W. Eck runs for a fifty-mile tricycle record and stops at twenty-five miles. One mile, 3.13; two miles, 6.30½; three miles, 9.41½; four miles, 12.54¼; five miles, 16.17½; six miles, 19.45½; seven miles, 23.07½; eight miles, 26.34¾; nine miles, 30.01¾; ten miles, 33.48¾; eleven miles, 37.30¼; twelve miles, 41.14¾; thirteen miles, 44.46; fourteen miles, 48.35¼; fifteen miles, 52.16; sixteen miles, 55.49¾; seventeen miles, 59.21¾; eighteen miles, 1.03.04¾; nineteen miles, 1.06.36¾; twenty miles, 1.10.25¾; twenty-one miles, 1.14.04; twenty-two miles, 1.17.48¼; twenty-three miles, 1.21.31¼; twenty-four miles, 1.25.03¾; twenty-five miles, 1.28.26¾. The judges were T. A. Carroll, G. H. Smith; timers, C. H. Annis, H. H. Crowell; scorer, W. G. Foster. When this was run there were no professional tricycle records above three miles, and this run established them. Crocker took all the records to ten miles away from Eck on the 22d.

ROSEVILLE, 21 October. — On Thursday, 21 Oct. 1886, on the Roseville track, in a ten-mile handicap given by the Orange Wanderers, H. A. Walcott and L. H. Johnson made the following times from scratch on a tandem tricycle: One mile, 3.18¾; two miles, 6.36¾; three miles, 10.15¾; four miles, 13.19¾; five miles, 16.46¾; six miles, 20.35¾; seven miles, 23.45¾; eight miles, 27.13; nine miles, 31.01¾; ten miles, 33.59¾, beating the American records for four and five miles, and establishing American records from six to ten miles, inclusive. The timers were J. W. Smith, W. O. Belcher,

and Dr. T. N. Gray, whose affidavits may be procured if necessary. The track was fast, but a strong, cold wind blew down the back stretch. The last mile was run in 2.58.

SPRINGFIELD, 22 Oct. — Wm. A. Rowe against time. One quarter mile, .37¾; one half mile, 1.14¾; three quarter mile, *1.50¼; one mile, *2.29½. Rowe and Hendee both withdrew from the promateur ranks and rode as professionals, with professionals as pacemakers, that they might have better pacing than the available promateurs could give. Rowe, in his mile ride, had W. M. Woodside, G. M. Hendee, and H. G. Crocker for pacemakers, and they carried him around in good shape. Rowe holds the world's record for all distances from a quarter of a mile to twenty-one miles and for the hour.

*World's records.

SPRINGFIELD, 22 Oct.—Horace G. Crocker against time on a tricycle. Woodside was first pacemaker, and the mile was made in 2.57. Rowe and Hendee afterwards acted as pacemakers, and the following times were made: Quarter mile, .43¾; half mile, 1.28¼; three quarter mile, 2.12¾; one mile, 2.57; two miles, 5.53¾; three miles, 8.49½; four miles, 11.50; five miles, 14.50½; six miles, 17.49¾; seven miles, 20.51; eight miles, 23.53¾; nine miles, 26.56; ten miles, 29.54¾.

CROCKER tried for the ten-mile tricycle world's record held by G. E. Gatehouse, of England. He missed it by 28 seconds, but made new professional world's record and American records for all distances over the mile, and now holds all but the three-quarters and the mile, which Howell has held for a year. Crocker was paced by Woodside, Rowe, and Hendee on bicycles.

LYNN, 23 October. — A testimonial complimentary to Mlle. Louise Armaindo was tendered on the Lynn cycle track, this afternoon, and there were between 200 and 300 people present. The weather was fine, but a fresh breeze from the northwest made fast speed down the back stretch an impossibility.

One-mile Prof. Handicap,—Louise Armaindo, 1 lap (1); T. W. Eck, 50 yards (2); W. J. Morgan, scratch (3), 2.45¾.

One-mile Amateur,—D. E. Hunter (1), 2.45; C. E. Whitten (2); F. Barnett (3).

Five-mile Tandem Run for a Record,—W. J. Morgan and Louise Armaindo. The time was as follows: One mile, 3.09; two, 6.19; three, 9.30; four, 12.39¾; five, 15.47¾. The four and five mile times beat the American amateur record, but they are behind the English record.

Two-mile Handicap,—D. E. Hunter, scratch (1), 6.11; C. E. Whitten, scratch (2); F. Barnett (3).

Twenty-mile Tandem Run for a Record,—T. W. Eck and W. J. Morgan.

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1.....	3.16	11.....	36.10
2.....	6.20 1-5	12.....	39.24 3-5
3.....	9.41 2-5	13.....	42.49
4 ..	12.54	14.....	46.09 1-5
5.....	16.16 2-5	15.....	49.30 2-5
6.....	19.30 1-5	16.....	52.52 4-5
7.....	22.51	17.....	56.17
8.....	26.06 1-5	18.....	59.33
9.....	29.30 2-5	19.....	1.02.54
10.....	32.51	20.....	1.06.12 2-5

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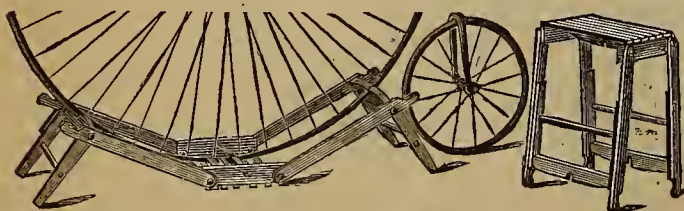
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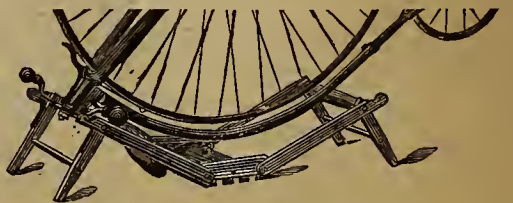


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There are no professional tandem records except those made at this meeting.

The officers of the race were: Referee and starter, E. M. Bailey; clerk of course, W. G. Foster; judges, H. B. Clement, A. Lord, F. B. Brooks; scorers, W. E. Wiswell, E. G. Gordon; timers, E. Storey, A. A. McCurdy, Charles Annis.

CHelsea, 23 October. — Road race of the Chelsea Cycle Club. Start from Everett avenue, run to Cliftondale and return, 12 miles. C. H. Roberts, 4 m. (1), 47.11³/₅; E. F. Simpson, 5 m. (2), 48.11⁴/₅; W. S. Fracker, 4 m. (3), 47.12; F. A. Woodman, scratch (4), 45.19²/₅; P. E. Pratt, 2 m. (5), 50.44²/₅; H. W. Turner, 4 m. (6), 54.14⁴/₅. The time given is the actual time made by each in going over the course.

CAMDEN, N. J., 23 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Camden Club.

One-mile Open, — W. I. Wilhelm (1), 3.33¹/₅.

Half-mile Club, — J. Potter (1), 1.43²/₅; W. J. Atkinson (2); C. P. Chew (3).

One-mile Open, — W. I. Wilhelm (1), 3.33¹/₅; J. W. Egolf (2); J. Powell, Jr. (3).

One-mile Club, — C. P. Chew (1), 3.58²/₅; J. H. Crossley (2).

One-mile Club, — H. B. Weaver (1), 3.38⁴/₅.

Two-mile Open, — J. Powell, Jr. (1), 7.53⁴/₅; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

Three-mile Lap, — J. Powell, Jr. (1), 11.24¹/₅; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

One-mile for Boys under 15, — F. Coningsby (1), 3.49²/₅; C. Atkinson (2).

Quarter-mile Open, — W. I. Wilhelm (1), 0.47; J. Powell, Jr. (2), .48¹/₅.

Two-mile Club, — H. B. Weaver (1), 7.57; J. Potter (2).

One-mile Inter-Club, — Millville Club (1), 3.31; Camden Club (2).

One-mile Consolation, — W. M. Justice (1), 3.51; B. O. Miller (2).

SPRINGFIELD, 25 October. — Wm. A. Rowe runs for a record. Pacemakers, G. M. Hendee, H. G. Crocker, W. M. Woodside. At the expiration of one hour it was found that Rowe had made 22 miles and 150 yards; that he had broken every record from the fourth to the twenty-second inclusive. Following is the score by miles:

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1.....	2.36	12.....	32.35
2.....	5.12 3-5	13.....	35.18 2-5
3.....	7.54 3-5	14.....	38.01 2-5
4.....	10.41 2-5	15.....	41.41 2-5
5.....	13.23 4-5	16.....	43.26 4-5
6.....	16.12 3-5	17.....	46.14 4-5
7.....	18.59	18.....	48.58
8.....	21.41 2-5	19.....	51.40 1-5
9.....	24.26 4-5	20.....	54.25 2-5
10.....	27.07 1-5	21.....	57.07 3-5
11.....	29.51 3-5	22.....	59.46

The officers of the course were: Judges, G. F. Taylor and A. O. Sinclair; referee and scorer, Howard P. Merrill; timers, E. C. Robinson, C. T. Shean, and G. E. Robinson; starter, Harry Cornish.

THERE was great interest in the Chelsea Club's road race, owing to the rivalry between Frost and Woodman. Both men were to start from scratch, and to beat the race they must catch the limit man, who had a handi-

cap of five minutes. There was a great deal of the sanguinary fluid in the match, but fate willed that the question of merits of the two men was not to be decided, for on starting, Frost pulled his handle-bar off and had to retire.

THE six-day bicycle race, which commences in Minneapolis, 1 November, will be eight hours per day. The entries up to date include John S. Prince, seventy-two-hour champion of the world; W. J. Morgan, W. M. Woodside, Fred T. Merrill, the Pacific slope champion; Albert Schock, the ex-long-distance champion of America; Harry Higham, the ex-long-distance champion of England; T. M. Hardwick, the Kansas cowboy; J. W. Snyder, Fairbouldt, Minn.; Charles Frazier, champion Star rider. The winners (first four) will divide fifty per cent of gross receipts.

THE CLUB.

THE Washington (D. C.) Cycle Club recently elected these officers: E. T. Pettigill, president; M. L. Croxall, vice-president; W. G. Coburn, secretary; Dr. J. H. DeMerritt, treasurer; I. C. N. Smith, captain; William Muehleisen, first lieutenant; H. H. Lammand, second lieutenant.

THE Holyoke (Mass.) Club has elected the following officers: President, E. C. Clark; secretary and treasurer, F. H. Brown; captain, Richard Webb; first lieutenant, W. W. Case; bugler, Henry Taylor; standard bearer, F. O. Garvin.

THE Cleveland (Ohio) Club has elected these officers: Fred T. Sholes, president; B. F. Wade, vice-president; F. W. Douglas, secretary; G. W. Chandler, treasurer; F. P. Root, captain.

Thomaston (Conn.) Cycle Club: G. I. Tuttle, president; T. F. Sheridan, vice-president; H. H. Teames, secretary and treasurer; A. B. Schneider, captain.

THE Cambridge Club will hold its fourth annual reception at Armory Hall, Cambridge, 5 Nov. next.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

A TANDEM. (Singer's "Traveler") for sale. New last June, and run only 200 miles on best roads by owner and wife. Never injured. Looks like new. Balls all round. Weight, 112 pounds; quickly convertible, and weighs but 80 pounds single. Price \$200, if sold now. Crating and cartage extra. W. C. LEWIS, Mass. Bicycle Club, Boston, Mass.

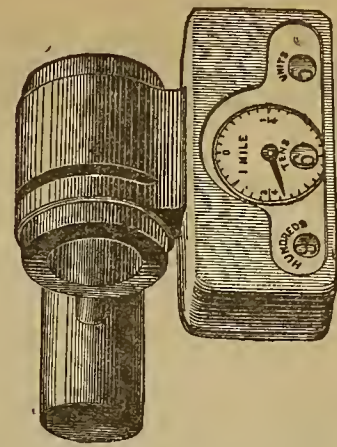
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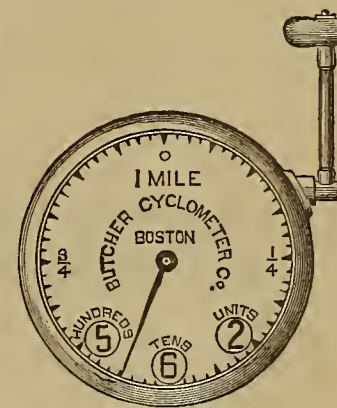
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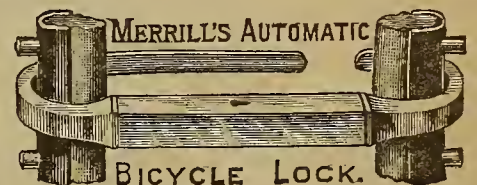
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VOL. II., No. 6.

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		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2	59	50 ² / ₅
100	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives's Springfield Track Record.)	6	1	15
150	10	28	52
200	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23	46	16 ³ / ₅

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 5 NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 6.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

FRED WOOD is complaining bitterly that he was fined for loafing at Springfield, and he says that he was not notified that the penalty would be enforced. Wood does not tell the truth. He was notified by the clerk in the dressing-room that a race for the championship run in time slower than three minutes would be considered a loafing race, and when he came on to the track each time the referee gave him the same notice, and asked him if he understood it, and he said that he did. Wood has no good reason to complain at the fine. Now let us look at Wood's record! Just before the final heat of the championship race, Wood and Rowe came together and agreed to alternate in making the pace. It was agreed that Rowe should pace for the first half, and Wood for the second half. Rowe went in and carried out his portion of the agreement, and then slowed up for Wood to go ahead, but Wood refused to take the lead. The riders came nearly to a standstill on the back stretch, and the crowd began to hiss. Finding that he could not force Wood to do as he had agreed to, Rowe again took up the pace and kept it to the end. Had Wood kept his agreement with Rowe there would have been no fine in this race, and he would have done no more than the fair thing had he paid Rowe's fine.

IT seems in rather poor taste for the editor of our esteemed School-street contemporary to find fault with the A. C. U. for not enforcing its rules while the League remains inactive. — *World*.

The League does not "remain inactive" when there is work to be done. We can assure our e. c. that there would have been no inactivity in League circles had there been such proceedings on the path as those which have been seen on the road. And, moreover, certain riders who competed in the fall tournaments under A. C. U. rules would have been asked to explain certain proceedings not altogether consistent with true amateurism, had the League had supervision of the meetings.

THE League is being criticised because it has taken no action regarding certain men who are objects of suspicion. These men were accepted as amateurs by the A. C. U. Before they could race at the fall meetings their entries had to be accepted by the A. C. U. officials. They have raced at none but A. C. U. meetings, and yet complaint comes from ardent supporters of the A. C. U. that the League has not proceeded against the men.

THE Chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board says, "The American rider (Rowe) who beat Fred Wood does not race for money." And yet this same man declared Rowe a professional. — *World*.

The oldest bicycle paper in America thinks that a man can be made a professional only when he races for money. Our office-boy knows better than that.

BETWEEN TWO EVILS ALWAYS CHOOSE THE LEAST.

IT has been observed by Mr. Spencer and others that the march of the passing years has a tendency to calm the ardor of youth and moderate the passions of man, and yet there are notable exceptions to this rule, and old age is noticeably querulous about trifles. Here is a case in point.

Mr. Theophilus Brown was in a tremendous rage simply because he could not find his spectacles. It was as fine a May morning — it was nearly ten by the clock — as you ever saw in New York City. The sun was shining very brightly without, and the air was fresh and vernal. Within Mr. Brown's library the air was not quite so fresh, but it was very cozy and comfortable, not to mention luxurious, and Mr. Brown sat in a velvet-covered chair that might have

soothed a man of war; and yet he turned and twisted in his chair, pulled out each successive desk drawer with a jerk and closed it with a bang, tumbled over the papers with reckless disregard of heaven's first law, and then began to look into all sorts of impossible places, — out of the window, on top of the bookcase, behind the pictures, and up at the ceiling, — as old gentlemen will do in such cases, and finally gave up the search in despair. He was looking for his spectacles.

Upon the desk in front of Mr. Brown lay a square note, which Mr. Brown wanted to read. He could have read it without his spectacles, with some difficulty, but his temper having been thoroughly aroused, he scorned to give in; and so he sank back into his chair with a red face, and stared at the note vindictively, and probably would have remained thus until he brought on a fit had he not chanced to pass his fingers frantically through the scanty fringe of hair on the top of his head, and there, of course, he found his spectacles.

You can imagine in what a frame of mind he opened the square note. As he did so the door-bell rang, — a vigorous, determined ring it was, — but Mr. Brown heard it not, as he was buried in the note.

"THEOPHILUS BROWN, ESQ., — I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter Isabel. We have known and loved each other since children, and you cannot be unaware of our attachment, which I hope you regard with favor. You are acquainted with my position in life, and I need not waste words in assuring you that her future is safe in my hands. I will call to-morrow for an answer. Your affectionate nephew,
"WALTER HAYMAN."

You remember that the door-bell rang. The ringer stood upon the upper step, and whistled while he waited. When the servant came to the door he was handed a very limp and soiled card, embellished with two ink spots and some bread-crumbs, on which was written in beautiful script,

James Brown Bartlum.

The servant looked at the card and then at the giver, and was plainly astonished.

A young man of twenty-eight perhaps, most decidedly handsome and most undeniably seedy; hair glossy black, and in need of the shears; a jaunty mustache and a three days' beard on his face; large, bright, and bold black eyes, and a straight, slim figure, rather tall. This handsome young man wore upon his glossy head a black silk cap, hooked down in front and much the worse for wear; on his back a dirty flannel shirt; his legs were clothed in rusty knee breeches and dust-soiled stockings, while his feet were encased in a pair of Congress gaiters that were so patched and tied with strings, and so run down and over, and burst in so many places, that it seemed a miracle that they did not fall to pieces upon being looked at.

The young man bore the scrutiny of the servitor with easy good nature, fingering his mustache the while, and seemed so self-possessed that John Thomas, who at first had but one mind, and that to shut the door in his face, began to have his doubts.

"You wish to see —" he began, hesitatingly.

"Mr. Theophilus Brown," said Mr. James Brown Bartlum, suavely. "Yes. Take him that card, my good man, and I will wait an answer. Stay! On second thoughts, lead on, and I will follow."

The man was too bewildered to protest; besides, he was new to the house, and although he felt that his situation was trembling in the balance, he meekly moved toward the library, followed by the presumptuous stranger.

Mr. Brown has just finished reading his nephew's note for the third time as the servant entered and laid the card on the desk, and he had just time to glance at it, when the young man with the miraculous shoes seized his hand.

"The same old man!" he cried joyfully; "not changed a bit! Age cannot stale nor time wither an ounce of Theoph! Bless your heart, sir, how glad I am to see you! How do you do?"

Mr. Brown shot up from his chair like a rocket, impurpled with rage, and absolutely glared at the intruder.

"Who — what — what does this mean?" he roared, while John Thomas fled for his life. "Who are you, sir? and what do you want?"

"Who am I?" repeated the other, in apparently great wonder. "Well, upon my word, this is humiliating, indeed. Not remember me! Are we then, indeed, so soon forgotten when we are gone? Why, sir, I remember you like a book."

"Very likely," said Mr. Brown, fiercely; "but you have n't answered my question. Who are you, sir?"

"I, sir," replied the intruder, making a hasty but ineffectual search for a handkerchief, "am James Brown Bartlum — my card lies before you. In short, sir, I am your nephew."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brown, looking from the card to the owner, and eying both with considerable disfavor. "So you are James?"

"Yes, sir," said James, taking a chair, and composing himself therein with great care. "I am the unfortunate young man of whom you have no doubt heard a great many tales —"

"And nothing good," said Mr. Brown, sharply, sitting down with a bump.

"I am sorry to hear it," rejoined Mr. Bartlum, with an air of great concern. "The breath of slander might have passed me by; but no matter. To change the subject: it has been five years since I last saw you."

"Yes."

"You have not changed a particle, while I — well, I've seen the world, uncle."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I have travelled from Heart's Content to San Diego, and been all things to all men. I have surprised myself by working at carpentry, driving a stage, and editing a paper, all inside of six months. I dined at the Palace Hotel in Frisco, with the Corean

Embassy, one day, and exactly thirty days from that time I was in Virginia City, sawing wood for my dinner. You never sawed wood, uncle?"

"Never!"

"You would n't like it; neither did I; but a man must eat, uncle."

"There is no danger," said Mr. Brown, dogmatically, "of any man starving, if he will work."

"Humbly, my dear sir," cried Mr. Bartlum, cheerfully. "Don't you believe it. I have tried it, and I know. Besides, a man needs clothes and a roof over his head in addition to his daily bread. The world is very big, uncle, but it seems to be all pre-empted by some one else. I have knocked all around the American part of it, and here I am back where I started, returning to my native city, and spending the first night in the station-house."

"In the station-house!"

"As a lodger, sir. Don't be alarmed, sir; your nephew is poor, but strictly honest. Your spoons are perfectly safe, sir."

"What is your trade? What occupation do you follow? How do you get a living?"

"I am a makers' amateur."

"A makers' what?"

"A makers' amateur, don't you know? Ride a bicycle, make a record, get a check, next week make a record for another man, get another check, then go back to first man and make another record, get another check. That's the way; a fellow that can make records can always get his price. I rode across the country on wheels and the papers had my name in big letters. Rode a long distance on car-wheels, but did n't say anything about that. Maker of bicycle gave me a check."

"Yes, I understand; you sell yourself to the highest bidder."

"That's it; money talks every time. Shoved up my wheel three days ago to get a dinner. The man that owns it will find it in the pawn-shop one of these days, and he'll take it away from my uncle."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Brown, sternly, "on your own confession, you are a rogue. Perhaps you will condescend to tell me just what you want of me."

Mr. James Bartlum arose and stood before his uncle like a statue. Mr. Brown looked at him from head to foot, and noted in detail every article of his raiment, until his eyes became riveted on the Congress gaiters, and these proved too much for him.

"It is very humorous," said Mr. Bartlum, smiling easily at his uncle's unbounded mirth, "and I have often enjoyed them myself. I am quite a cartoon, I know, and if I were wearing these clothes for fun, I don't know but that I should see the funny side more frequently."

Mr. Brown suddenly checked himself and became grave. "Sit down," he said. "I beg your pardon. You are in need of — of clothes?"

"Everything — clothes, money, a place to sleep, friends."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Why does the drowning man seize a straw?"

"What claim have you on me?"

"None — only that we are of one blood. Understand me, sir. I know you are not bound to support me. Let us forget our re-

lationship for a moment. Consider simply that I am merely a starving man, ready and willing to do anything for a living, with not a chance in ten thousand to get a situation. Consider that you are rich, never know what it is to go hungry to bed, and can count up ten thousand friends. Consider —"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Brown, in a great rage. "Do you suppose I am going to turn you out-of-doors? Nothing of the sort. This house is yours, sir, as long as you behave yourself. You have been a vagabond, sir — you *are* a vagabond, sir, and I have no pity for your misfortunes. John will show you to my son's room. You remember George? You can make yourself presentable, I dare say."

"Uncle, you overpower me! I expected nothing more than a dollar — and a kick."

"Go, sir! No more of your shameful levity. You shall pay me for this, sir, never fear. Throw away those shameful clothes, sir; and burn your shoes, sir — burn them!"

Mr. Bartlum was a rapid dresser, but when he returned, inside of thirty minutes, bathed, shaven, and attired in George Brown's best suit of black, his uncle had vanished; so he planted himself in his vacant chair, possessed himself of a book, and made himself comfortable. Hardly had he done so when the door flew open, and a very dark young man and a very fair young woman rushed in and almost fell upon him.

"Oh, sir!" cried the young man and the young woman in a breath; and then they paused and looked at each other in evident trepidation, while Mr. Bartlum regarded them in mild surprise.

At length the girl said, in a disappointed tone: "We thought you were older than you are. Did n't we, Walter?"

"Much older," assented Walter decisively.

"I regret to say," said James, gravely, "that I am not older than I am. But let that pass. What is the matter, my children?"

"Well, sir — You tell him, Walter."

"Well, sir, we wish to tell you the truth of this affair."

"Stay!" interposed James. "Is this a secret? Because, if it is, you had better keep it. I am a stranger to you both."

"We know it," cried Walter, eagerly; "but that makes no difference. I insist upon your hearing it."

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Bartlum, resignedly; "since you insist, fire away!"

Walter took his companion's hand in his, and began in a very manly tone, —

"Sir, we have known each other since we were six years old."

"Six years old," said Mr. Bartlum, with a judicial air. "Very good!"

"That is, I was six, and Isabel was three. We have never been separated for more than a year, and have grown to love each other — I may say ardently. Within the last month or two Uncle Brown has noticed our intimacy, and questioned Isabel about it. She confessed all. He then flew into a violent rage — he is very violent at times —"

"Yes, I know he is."

"— and actually swore at her, and forbade me the house. To-day I wrote him a note making a formal offer for Isabel's hand, and I was to come to-morrow for an answer, but Isabel heard you were coming —"

"Indeed!"

"—and we determined to make an appeal to you. In the first place, let me ask you if I have acted wrongly in any way?"

"No!" said Mr. Bartlum, looking at Isabel with considerable admiration; "you have acted quite right. You could n't help it."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Walter, "we appeal to you. Make an effort to soften Uncle Brown. It's only a crotchety whim of his, and you have such influence over him: you are his adviser—"

"Hold hard!" cried James. "I suspected all along that you were in the wrong box, but you would come in. Permit me, before this goes any further. Who do you think I am?"

"Ferguson, of Ferguson & Board, lawyers," cried Walter and Isabel, in a breath.

"You're mistaken; my name is James Bartlum, your cousin, from—well, say California. Just arrived this morning."

"Oh, Walter!" cried Isabel, with a gasp, "what have we done?"

"We are ruined," said Walter, tragically.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Bartlum, soothingly. "Don't break down all at once. I am getting interested in this affair. I am always on the side of youth and love, old as I am. Now that I know all, perhaps I can help you more than Ferguson. Don't say anything to Ferguson; don't appeal to him. A man with that kind of name is apt to be flinty-hearted. Trust to your cousin James."

"Oh, Cousin James!" cried Isabel, convinced at once, "bless you! You have made us feel so happy!"

"Bless you, sir!" echoed Walter, also very much affected.

"All right," rejoined Cousin James, dryly. "A brilliant and, let us hope, feasible plan has occurred to me, which for the present I shall keep in the inner recesses of my bosom. Will you trust implicitly to me?"

"Implicitly," cried Walter.

"Very well. Then—you travel out of the house."

"What!"

"Go! and when you come back to-morrow for an answer to your note, and Uncle Brown says 'No,' which he undoubtedly will, submit quietly."

"Give up Isabel? Never!"

"For a time, young man—for a time! Be a diplomat and trust to me."

"Yes, do, Walter," pleaded Isabel. "I am sure you can trust him."

"Now, then," said Cousin James, when the ardent lover had torn himself away, "you are very young, and you are a female, but you look sensible. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"I'll try you. Please sit down."

When Mr. Theophilus Brown returned from his search for the recreant Ferguson, he opened his blue eyes very wide on seeing his daughter and the ex-tramp enjoying a very lively tête-à-tête.

"Cousin Isabel and I," said James, with a smile, "are excellent friends already. I confess I did not remember her when she came in. Everybody has changed in five years except Uncle Theoph."

"Humph," growled Mr. Brown, not alto-

gether admiring this familiarity, but yet compelled to admit that his nephew was evidently presentable.

Within a week Mr. James Bartlum had taken the Brown mansion by storm. Mr. Brown was a widower, and since George had gone away the dinners had been rather lonesome, but Cousin James changed all that. An interminable talker, with a knowledge of men and manners gained in a school to which Mr. Brown and his guests were entire strangers, and a perfect mint of anecdotes and chitchat, the young man entertained his uncle's guests in a most surprising manner. Mr. Brown was vastly amused when he pictured the consternation of his guests did they but know his nephew's antecedents, which he wisely decided to keep to himself, and then he told himself that his nephew *was* an educated gentleman, notwithstanding his scampish adventures.

Isabel was completely captivated, to the intense and growing wrath of Walter. He had religiously kept his promise, and after being refused Isabel's hand as anticipated, had been kindly allowed to make an occasional call, on each and every occasion only to find Isabel "not at home."

To the opera with Mr. Bartlum; out riding with Mr. Bartlum; here, there, everywhere with Mr. Bartlum, until Walter was reduced to skin and bone, and began to suspect that he was being duped. Once or twice at dinner he had essayed to communicate with his beloved, but the attempts were always failures. Either Mr. Brown had his eye on him or Isabel had not her eye on him, or, as most frequently happened, Cousin James engaged him in spirited conversation until the opportunity had gone by.

After this sort of thing had been going on two entire months, the young lover had worked himself into such a fever that he had made up his mind to have an explanation, or—well, anything!

The opportunity came the very next week at a ball. After some little manœuvring he ran the faithless couple to earth in a bay-window.

"Isabel," said he, trying very hard to be calm, "I have a right, and I *do* demand an explanation."

"An explanation, Walter?" said Isabel, in the innocent, inquiring tone very effectually calculated to madden the average man.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Walter, very effectually maddened, "is it possible you affect ignorance? Do you think I am blind? Faithless Isabel, had I not seen with my own eyes—"

"Don't talk so loud," interposed the faithless James, soothingly.

"Don't *you* talk to me," exclaimed Walter, passionately. "I'll have a settlement with you, sir, at another time and place."

"One moment," said James, coolly. "Permit me to remove the lady from the scene of strife."

Before Walter could interpose, they were gone, and before he could leave the window his faithless friend had returned and taken him by the arm like a schoolboy.

"Young man," he said with a patronizing air "you are making a donkey of yourself. After making all possible allowances for your youth and inexperience, I cannot close my eyes to the fact that you are something of an idiot."

"I won't be talked to in this way," said Walter, savagely.

"Oh, yes, you will. It is for your own good, my dear boy. Everything is going along very nicely, and if you will only keep quiet—"

"But I will not. I have been shamefully deceived, and unless Isabel explains everything to my satisfaction, I'll do something."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know" (gloomily).

"Don't do anything rash."

"Yes, I will. I'll expose you."

"To whom?"

"To everybody. To—to Uncle Brown!"

Mr. Bartlum was panic-stricken at this announcement.

"Wretched youth! you would n't dare."

"Would n't I?" said Walter, with a dark frown. "You'll see. I am not to be trampled on with impunity. If I *am* a worm, I can turn."

With this dark and significant threat he burst away, in spite of the other's efforts to restrain him, and was seen in the supper-room shortly afterward eating oysters with a determined air.

The next day, about four in the afternoon, as James and Isabel were leaving the house for a drive, John Thomas accosted them with a message from Mr. Brown, who would be pleased to see them in the library.

"Cousin James!" cried Isabel, in great trepidation, "all is discovered."

"So it would appear," said James, tranquilly; "and there is nothing else to do than to face the music like little men. Come along, cousin."

Mr. Brown was seated in his chair of state, and at a little distance sat Master Walter, looking very pale and rather sheepish.

When the couple entered Mr. Brown laid his hand upon a dictionary, as if he had half determined to knock somebody down, but changed his mind and said, with an assumption of irony that became him very ill, "What a charming pair! Ha! Ha! Yes; quite beautiful!"

"Anything wrong, sir?" inquired James, with exasperating mildness. "You know you are *not* careful in your diet."

"Diet!" roared Mr. Brown, coming out strong as the old original Brown,— "diet, sir! Confound your impudence, sir! Do you mean to try to humbug me? Do you mean to attempt to deceive me? Don't trifle with me—I know all."

"Tell us, then."

"You—you are a villain, sir!"

"I deny it."

"You are—an ungrateful villain. I have warmed a serpent in my bosom."

"Meaning me, sir?"

"Yes, you. Oh, I shall not spare you! You have basely gained the affections of my daughter—wretched girl!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Go away. I have been blind, but now I see."

"I suppose," scornfully, "that Mr. Hayman assisted your eyesight?"

"He did—and quite properly, too."

"Mr. Hayman is an interested party, I believe. He has aspirations—"

"Never you mind, sir, what he has. I am talking about you now. You are engaged, I suppose?"

"Not quite."

"Indeed! I wonder at that! But the affair has gone far enough, at any rate, and I tell you plainly, sir, that it must stop — and now."

"Mr. Brown —"

"I won't listen to a word."

"But you must, you unreasonable old man. Let me sum up the situation. You have a young and lovely daughter, with whom a worthy young man is madly in love."

"Worthy young man!" cried Walter fiercely. "Do you hear that, uncle?"

"I was referring to Mr. Walter Hayman," said Mr. Bartlum, with a bland look at the speaker, "who is in every way exemplary. You refuse this worthy young man your daughter's hand, and why? Because he is worthy? Evidently. Well, here am I, a most unworthy young man, and you entertain an equally strong objection to me. How inconsistent! If this worthy young man is eligible, I am out of the question; but if he is out of the question, why not take me? You surely do not intend to make a nun of Isabel."

Mr. Theophilus Brown was evidently staggered by this remarkable piece of reasoning, and looked alternately at the worthy and unworthy rivals, and finally at the fair Isabel.

"Oh, papa!" pleaded the bone of contention, "choose for me, please. You do not know how distracted I am."

"She loves them both," murmured her father, helplessly.

"Isabel!" exclaimed Walter, imploringly.

"Respected sir," said James, placidly, "the decision rests with you. You are the judge and jury, and the evidence is all in."

"Walter," cried Mr. Brown, with great vehemence — "a thousand times Walter!"

The worthy young man and his betrothed were locked in a fervent embrace, while Mr. Brown smiled beneficently upon them.

"May a cousin's blessing rest upon you!" said James.

Mr. Brown looked at him savagely, then keenly, and then, as he met his calm and unflinching gaze, said sharply, "You take it coolly, sir."

By way of answer the handsome vagabond closed his left eye very slowly and looked at Mr. Brown in silence. An unmistakable wink.

In an instant the old man saw through the trick, but before he could open his mouth the arch-schemer laid his hand on his arm, and pointing with his thumb to the absorbed young lovers in the corner, said, in a low tone, —

"Permit a graceless vagabond, sir, to treasure in his mind the thought that he has brought two loving souls together, and taught a fine old gentleman to know his own mind. You will never regret it, sir, and just reflect what might have been had your girl really thrown away her affections. Do you see the point?"

Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, grasped the other's hand fervidly, and acknowledged that he did.

THE Champion's record of 300 miles on a straightaway course of fifty miles is certainly a poser, and is a mark for the other makers of Roadsters to work upon.

NEW HAVEN.

THIS glorious October weather, with its delightful shading of the garb of nature, is being taken advantage of by all true lovers of the wheel who can get the time for riding. Many, however are obliged by their business to either desecrate the Sabbath, or, as one writer has put it, worship the Giver of all gifts in his primitive temples, the woods, and commune with nature and nature's God at the same time. New Haven bicyclers are no exception to the rule. On a recent Sunday a dozen of them rode from here to Milford and return, taking dinner in the latter place. Last Sunday, the 24th, B. M. Bacon, C. E. Shepard, A. W. Everett, and Benjamin Van, of the New Haven Club, and Messrs Backus, Clark, Thomas, and Osterhouse, invited guests, made the run from here to Waterbury and return. Several members of the Waterbury Wheel Club rode to Naugatuck, six miles, with them on the return. Just before reaching Naugatuck Mr. Bacon had the misfortune to snap the backbone of his Star just above the little wheel, and was obliged to take the cars home.

THE New Haven Bicycle Club is enjoying quite a season of prosperity, from three to eight new members being voted in at each of the last three meetings, with a dozen more men under "conviction."

ONE of the members of the New Haven Bicycle Club has become tired of the single machine, and will ride tandem hereafter. William Wait, whom some of the wheelmen who were at Springfield in '84 will remember as the man in white who won the half-mile dash (his second race) in 1.20, was married on Wednesday the 20th inst. to Miss Mary, daughter of Wm. H. Rainey, of Kinderhook. They have the best wishes of all wheelmen, and the hopes that their journey through life may be over smooth roads, with no sand or rocks to run into and cause headers or injuries. May they have clear skies, bright sunshine, and only enough clouds to temper the heat and burdens of life.

THERE can be little pleasure in this life without some sadness, and it is with sadness that we contemplate the accident that befel Dr. A. Ruickoldt on Friday last. He had just put his horse in the stable, when a telephone call summoned him to a house near the centre of the city. Not waiting to harness up again, he took his bicycle, a Rudge safety, and started in a hurry. While turning a corner sharply, he was thrown off by a small rolling stone probably, and his left arm was broken. The arm was under him, and the doctor's whole weight, 185 pounds, came upon it. Both bones in the forearm were broken by the fall, and one of them was driven through the flesh. Physicians were summoned but before the fractures could be reduced, the end of the protruding bone had to be cut off. This injury will confine the doctor to the house for some time, and prevent his wheeling again this year.

MR. H. C. BACKUS of this city has recently made two century runs on a straightaway course. He left New Haven, and rode to West Warren, a distance of 103 miles. On his return he covered the distance between termini in 12 hours, including all stops.

ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM.

MR. ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, of Boston, who was seriously injured last Friday evening on Lake street, Brighton, by taking a header from his bicycle, died at the Hotel Hunnewell, Newton, Monday night. His injuries were of an internal nature, and his death was rather sudden. He met with the accident about 5 o'clock, while riding down the hill opposite St John's Seminary. He was able to walk to the Hotel Hunnewell, where he was stopping temporarily, but was considerably exhausted when he reached there. Dr. Utley of Newton attended him, and his injuries at first were not considered fatal. Monday peritonitis set in, and his case was then considered hopeless. It is supposed by his physician that his bowels were ruptured. Deceased was fifty-six years of age and leaves a widow. He was well known as an importer of bicycles, and was the first man in Boston to make a business of selling English wheels.

"WHEELMAN" writes as follows to the *Herald*: On the editorial page of last Friday's issue appeared a statement that before long the insurance companies may draw the line at bicycles. Doubtless the incentive for writing the squib was from the recent fatal accident of Mr. Cunningham. It so happens that I was perfectly conversant with Mr. Cunningham's physical condition at the time, and the immediate cause of his death, and as the public seem to lay the blame entirely upon the bicycle, it is perhaps well that that erroneous idea be corrected. At the time of the accident, Mr. Cunningham was fifty-six years old. He had been suffering for some time from rupture, for which he was obliged to wear a truss. He was near-sighted, and for some time had been suffering from poor health, which had considerably weakened his constitution. On general principles, he was too old a man to ride a bicycle, even if in good health, and certainly a man who is near-sighted should not ride a bicycle, or a horse for that matter, without taking the greatest precaution. Mr. Cunningham was naturally fearless, or he never would have in his condition ridden a bicycle, and if he had, would not have risked the riding down a hill of so steep a pitch as the one which caused him to take the header. The immediate cause of his death was, of course, his fall, which was made serious by the handle-bar catching in the truss which he wore, but it is probable that he would have survived the shock had he taken care of himself afterward. Instead of being carried home, he walked something like one and one half miles, pushing his machine, and before going into the house he stopped to clean it. It was after that that a doctor was summoned. My object in writing this letter is to help offset any slur which chronic grumblers are apt to make against any pleasure contrivance which plays a part in any accident. Had Mr. Cunningham not ridden a bicycle, he probably would not have died when he did, but any other agent of conveyance might have been as fatal for him in case of accident, and accident is always liable to attend any one when upon the public highway in any sort of vehicle, and often, if care is not taken, particularly when one is physically incapacitated to guide a bicycle or a horse.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"THAT'S a pretty good story, Jim, but if think I have one to match it, and I you fellows want to have, it I've no objections to telling it.

"Go ahead, old fellow; we're in for anything."

The above conversation occurred one rainy evening not a hundred years ago, in the rooms of the Jonestown Bicycle Club, the words with which our narrative opens being spoken by Bob Gorman, a lieutenant of the club, who was known as one of the hardest and pluckiest riders of his neighborhood, and what hill or road for miles around he had not conquered were hardly worth trying. The parties to whom his words were addressed were Jim Baldwin and three or four other members of the club, who being kept in-doors by the rain, whiled away the time by recounting their cycling adventures.

"All right, boys; if you can stand it, I can. But mind, every word of it is true, whether you believe it or not," and lighting a fresh cigar, Bob began. "I suppose you all remember when I left here on that ten-days' tour, year before last. Well, what I am about to relate occurred on the trip. It was on my third day out, when I was about one hundred and fifty miles from here, in the neighborhood of Shadyville. I had taken to the railroad track, it being much easier riding and several miles shorter than the public road to Shadyville, which place I was anxious to reach to stop for the night. It was already growing dark when I came to a long and high trestle over an unpleasant-looking stretch of swamp. I dismounted, of course, and started across. I had got to about what I thought to be the middle, when a distant rumbling caught my ear. I at first imagined it to be a gathering thunder-storm, and thought but little of it. The rumbling, however, grew more distinct every moment. I stopped and listened; then of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. A train was approaching from behind, and I on a trestle, I knew not of what length. To jump sideways would be to fall into a perhaps fathomless bog; to retreat might be the longest way across; and as every moment was now precious, I gripped my wheel tighter and started forward as best I could. It was now quite dark, and I could see but a short distance ahead, neither could I yet see the train, as a curve in the road shut it from view, but I could hear it coming nearer every moment.

I began to get excited; I felt a cold sweat coming over me, and every now and then in my excitement I would make a misstep, losing valuable time. The seconds sped by, and still I had not yet reached the end of the trestle. The train was getting dangerously near, I thought I felt the trestle tremble, and then the headlight of the engine showed around the bend, not a half-mile off. It came nearer, nearer; then I thought my time had come. A muttered prayer escaped my lips as I prepared for the worst. I heard the engine whistle, and the grating noise as the brakes were put on, and knew that I'd been seen, but still the train came on, its momentum scarcely checked. It was on the trestle now, I knew it by the sound, and there, not six feet off, I could plainly see, by the engine's headlight, solid ground. Another step, and then in desperation I gave

my wheel a violent shove, and jumped, I knew not where.

A few hundred yards off the train came to a stand, and the train hands started back to search for me. When I jumped I struck the railroad embankment and fell, rolling down into a network of bushes not three feet from the edge of the swamp. I lay there conscious of everything, yet unable to move, and scarcely able to make myself heard to the train men as they passed on the track above. They found me, though, and my wheel as well, and carried us both to Shadyville, where a little attention and sound rest enabled me to arise the next morning but little the worse of my exciting adventure of the night before. As for my wheel, there it is in the next room; for beyond a bent handle-bar, there was not a thing the matter with it. That's my story, boys; you all are certainly good listeners, and I must compliment you for not interrupting me."

"I say, Bob, that was a close shave; but for the life of me I don't understand how you could hold on to your wheel in such a dangerous fix. Seems to me you would have dropped it, and make pretty quick time in getting off the trestle," remarked one of his auditors.

"I don't really understand how or why I did it myself, but I did nevertheless. When I struck the ground I was actually paralyzed, could not move a limb, and even now I sometimes think the terrible mental strain of that night occasionally affects my brain somehow; but as all's well that ends well, I don't worry over the past a particle, though exceedingly thankful for my fortunate escape. The rain is over and it is getting late, boys, so I must bid you good-night.

BIKE.

CYCLET'S.

TRICYCLING.

THE hillside blazed in red and gold;
The fields had burned to amber;
The air was crisp, nor yet too cold,
As down a winding way I bowled
With Jenny on a Humber.

Sweet Jenny, with her chestnut hair,
Her roguish eyes and laughter;
How proud was I that she was fair;
How glad was I to see her there;
And know that none came after.

O dream of happy days gone by!
We spoke of autumn sadly;
And when I seemed to hear her sigh
I lisped her name, I know not why—
Some-how she pedalled badly.

I lisped her name, and growing bold—
No wonder she grew sober,
Or that the wheels so slowly rolled
Along the sun-lit, leaf-strewn mould
This rare day in October.

I lisped her name, and bending low,—
While pedals turned at random,—
Till cheek touched cheek,—I— but you know—
Of course 't was wrong to treat her so,
Sweet Jenny on a tandem.

Charles Richards Dodge, in Record.

NOVEMBER.

LAST month of all that sees our pleasant riding.

SOON all cycling will be done under great disadvantage.

WE can ride, it is true, and there are many that enjoy winter riding, but the great majority of machines are laid away.

VASELINE will soon be in demand to cover the bright parts, so that the dampness of winter will not bring rust.

THANKSGIVING, with its concomitant of pudding and turkey, is generally the day to put up wheels.

CLUB men are brushing up their dress-coats for ball-room use, and the demand for whist accessories is increasing.

WHIST tournaments will take the place of wheel tournaments, and lucky ones as well as skilful ones will continue to win prizes.

THE appetite as well will be attended to, and club dinners will flourish. Bicycle club dinners are always temperance affairs, for wheelmen need no stimulants.

THERE are few mugwumps in League politics. They vote the straight ticket with great unanimity.

THE Chelsea Club will hold a saltatorial festival on the 8th of December.

THE Boston Club started its club restaurant last Saturday.

FRANCE has given to America a statue of liberty. Would it not be a good idea for America to give to England a statue of a man on a cycle?

THE editor of *Outing* has started a subscription paper to erect a statue of Frank Walton in Winchester Cathedral.

THE six-day race at Minneapolis begins on Monday. Woodside, Frazier, Merrill, Morgan, Prince, Friedberg, and Hardwick will start.

IF a cycle rider coasting a hill should swerve and run into the gutter, would it be a bull? No, it would be a wild steer.

FRED PALMER, of Cleveland, Ohio, has taken the Ohio road record, having ridden 162 miles in twenty-four hours.

THE editor of the *World*, having ridden from Gloucester to Boston, says it is too hard a road and too great a distance for ladies to ride. Strange that none of the ladies thought so.

FURNIVALL and Gatehouse have been investigated by the N. C. U., and have been found to be pure amateurs. Rich fathers supplied money for their expenses.

A. L. BOWER, of the Ripley Road Club, is about to attempt the feat of riding twenty miles in the hour on the road. He will ride a safety machine.

THE touring department, L. A. W., is busily engaged in preparing for the European tour next year. Jo Pennell will arrange everything abroad, and Burley Ayers will work up the enthusiasm here.

S. G. WHITTAKER is regularly employed by Gormully & Jeffery, and when he is not breaking records on the road, he is selling machines in their salesroom.

It is proposed to hold a wheeling caucus.

in this city to discuss the propriety of sending a representative to the Hub, for the sole purpose of inspecting Editor Bassett's "pun manufacturer," which, judging from samples appearing by the score weekly, must be a most wonderful machine.— *Pencil, in Bulletin.*

WE suppose the representative of the caucus will expect us to give him a crowm, and treat him to Old Crow whiskey. Send him along.

THE Hudson County Wheelmen sent \$50 to the Charleston sufferers.

T. J. KIRKPATRICK has retired from the chief consulship of Ohio. The division has sustained a great loss. James R. Dunn, of Massillon, has been appointed to succeed him. It is a good appointment. The work will be well *Dunn.*

JACK ROGERS, of St. Louis, has sloped, — Pacific Slope. His address is at San Diego.

A NEW handle-bar has been designed and manufactured by an English firm. The handles are attached to the bar by a universal joint, and can be fixed in any position. This will give relief to the hands on long rides.

SEÑOR DON JOSE RIBERA has been astonishing his brother Spaniards by climbing the Pyrenees, heretofore supposed to be unsurmountable to the cyclist.

JOHN S. PRINCE and Albert Schock have made a match for a fifty-mile bicycle race to take place in Minneapolis, Prince to allow Schock one mile start.

TOBOGGANING is to be the great winter

sport this year. Several slides will be erected near Boston, and our local wheelmen are showing much interest in the prospective sport.

THE Traveller tandem is one of the most successful of all those of the Humber type. Its record this side of the water has been a good one.

CAPTAIN PECK, of the Massachusetts Club, rolled off a Century, 24 October. His riding record for 1886 is very near to 4,000 miles, and there is little doubt but that he will go far beyond that figure before the season closes.

OUR road riders seem to be partial to one magazine. Nearly all of them are anxious to get a *Century*.

MR. JOHN M. SCHOEFFER, the Brooklyn correspondent for the *Wheelmen's Gazette*, took a severe header near Jamaica, L. I., while out on a tour on Tuesday, 19 Oct. He turned a complete summersault, spraining his right elbow, beside badly scratching his face. He was accompanied by two friends, one of whom went home with him *via* the railroad. He will have to carry his arm in a sling for several weeks.

ROSE CLEVELAND has just published her book, "The Long Run." We were not aware that it was a cycling work. Wonder if it is another book about Stevens? Or perhaps it's billiards.

THE Massachusetts Club will hold a hare and hounds contest on Thanksgiving Day. The club will furnish the hares, and the hounds will be made up of club members and any other wheelmen who may care to join. Particulars later.

THE Somerville Club will dance at Odd Fellows' Hall, Winter Hill, on Tuesday evening next.

F. F. IVES has challenged Whittaker for a road race, and has gone to Indiana to meet him, or if no meeting can be arranged, to break his record.

MR. GEO. SINGER, of Singer & Co., says that he is going to make wheels for practical road use next season. He has listened to the advice of scorchers in the past and has endeavored to make too light a wheel. He now promises a strong wheel that will do its work without coming to grief, and yet not so heavy that it will prevent easy riding.

WE are indebted to the *World* for a very flattering notice of our stories. We had never supposed that they were read in the office of our contemporary, but we find that they are, and that the editor is able to give a very exhaustive review of them. It shall be our aim to furnish tales that will entertain him in the future.

THE change in the color of the foliage is effected by an autumn-atic process.

CYCLING clubs are not sought after in New York; on the contrary, they are objected to, muchly. Mr. Richard Nelson, the owner of the house now occupied by the Citizens' Club in 60th street, was offered \$5.00 by each of eleven house-owners in the block, and \$1,000 by one other, if he would not let his house for the club's occupancy. Anybody who knows Mr. Nelson, knows that money is no object, when he makes up his mind to go ahead with anything, so the snobs kept their money and the Citizens got their house.— *The Owl.*

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

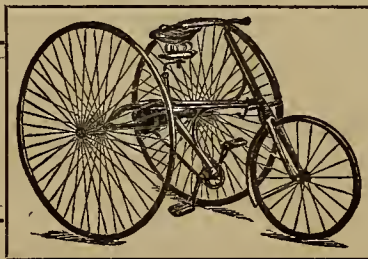
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

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FRED WOOD and Robert James left San Francisco on a steamer direct to Australia. They took letters of introduction from Langdown. This is the first visit of professional bicyclists to Australia.

At a recent performance of the "Black Crook" in a Western city, a feature was a bicycle drill by half a dozen handsomely shaped and appropriately costumed young ladies.

WHEELMEN will regret to hear that Arthur Cunningham, the head of the pioneer house of America, lost his life on the wheel.

"DAISIE" gives place to "Merrie Wheeler" this week, and the last chapter in the story of the North Shore trip is given.

It is said that we are working for the abolition of the amateur rule. Indeed we are not. We like the dear *silly old rule*. But we should like to have some one point out why it should not be done away with.—*World*. "While the lamp holds out to burn, etc." We thought the *World* was pitching into the rule out of pure cussedness, but it seems that it is a case of ignorance. Oh, well, we have n't got time to go into it.

A THREE-TRACKED Victor, weighing 105 pounds, had his lamp blown out one windy night. A wooden-wheeled Elliott standing by laughed at the mishap. "It's all very well," said the Victor; "were I as light as you are, I should not need lamps." The moral of this is, that a tricycle should not weigh over fifty pounds.

BRIDGES that will not stand a test of ten times the load they will ordinarily be expected to carry, would be condemned. A cycle would hardly meet this requirement, and yet they ought to stand a test much harder than would come to them in ordinary use.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company have a considerable number of their handsome calendars left, which wheelmen may have by calling.

FORTY miles over such roads as have to be encountered between here and Gloucester, is too much of a jaunt for ladies to cover in one day. While there are no very long hills on that route, grading seems to have been one of the unknown sciences to the engineer who laid out the road.—*World*.

And yet some dozen ladies made the run without undue fatigue. The ladies rolled into Magnolia in the best condition, and entered into the dancing of the evening with as much vim as though they had ridden but a few miles.

"Is that a bull-dog?" inquired a wheelman of a foot-passenger. "No, sir, it's a cow-dog." "A cow-dog! I never heard of that breed." "Well, sir, if you doubt my word, just look at the affectionate way in which he's looking at your calves." Wheelman puts his head down and cuts out the pace for himself.

THOSE who wish to abolish the amateur rule have had their first little skirmish at the N. C. U. council meeting. The abolition party was buried under an avalanche of votes.

A ROAD race for tandem riders is among the possibilities for Thanksgiving Day.

M. ARMAINDO say that she will never again ride a bicycle in a race. Good.

CLAIMS are now being made that Stevens will reach Boston to celebrate New Year's day. We think the claims will be found to be a little previous.

THE Springfield Bicycle Company has just close a contract with a Worcester firm for two thousand Springfield Roadsters. This is the Yost and McCune machine, that runs with lever action. It can be built very light, and its power is very great.

THE Somerville Bicycle Club will present their captain, Eugene Sanger, with a special gold medal, commemorative of his fine performance in the 30-mile road race.

NEW HAVEN assessors complain that bicycles and pianos are exempted by owners from the assessable lists. They say that pianos give some trouble, but bicycles the most.

LONDON has become the Mecca of American fancy riders.—*Herald*. And the Pope Manufacturing Company is the Mecca of their wheels.

EDITOR HOWARD, of the *Globe*, has made a great mistake. The *World* never uses its exchanges. All its news and items are evolved from the inner consciousness of its editor. And yet Mr. Howard launches this thunderbolt at the *World*: "It is strange that it never occurs to this member of the press that it would be a charitable idea to occasionally give credit for the lengthy extracts from the *Globe's* inaccurate columns, with which it weekly enlivens its news department."

THE *News* adds to its table of "How Many Miles Per Hour" as follows:

A mile in 2 m. 36 s. is at the rate of 23 miles 135 yards.			
"	"	22	1636
"	"	22	1381
"	"	22	1129
"	"	22	880
"	"	22	634
"	"	22	391
"	"	22	151
"	"	21	1674
"	"	21	1440

THE N. C. U. does not publish the names of suspends for fear of the law. Mr. Todd says that any legal action that might be taken by any men whose names might be published would not be contested upon the facts of their suspension, but merely upon the fact of their names having been published.

A RICH Norwegian lawyer left all his money to use in buying bicycles for the Christiana school children. He evidently believed in having the rising generation make a strong generation. It is suggested that some American might do the same thing with more profit to the human race than in putting his money into so many so-called philanthropic movements.—*Herald*.

A STERN-WHEEL velocipede for propelling a house boat was recently tried on the Thames between Marlow and Bourne End, a distance of two and a half miles. It was constructed by Mr. A. Edwards, engineer, of 23 Bedford place, W. C., and worked by the owner. The paddle, two feet in diameter, is connected with a gut band to the driving wheel, which is 26 inches in diameter, and over 70 pounds in weight. Ordi-

nary bicycle handles, which are connected with the rudder, saddle cranks, and treadles, are used. The boat is 30 feet long and 7 feet beam, and was propelled the distance mentioned in 40 minutes, which is good time. It caused a great deal of astonishment to the oarsmen and the inhabitants of other house boats, to see such a big thing propelled so easily by one man.—*Invention*.

A NEW ball bearing was seen at the Pioneer Works, which it is believed cannot be touched by Bown's patent, enabling any rider to extract a bicycle wheel from the bearings without removing the cranks,—an impossibility with other patterns. It is outwardly after the style of the old pattern, the case being in two portions, joined by a couple of screws, but, unlike the old pattern, there is a couple of bevelled collars inside, which take all the friction, so that the case itself can be made of much softer material than usual in order to make the fitting easier. The one Mr. Dring has now is a clumsy model, but any one with half a mechanical eye can see its excellent points.—*News*.

IN spite of the fact that Whittaker claims to have covered a greater number of miles during the twenty-four hours than any other man, F. F. Ives has not been at all backward in issuing a challenge to ride him a race for any distance. Now is the time for Whittaker to prove that his past performances have been all that he claims them to be, and it is to be hoped that he will accept the challenge.—*Globe*.

HERE is a ridiculous episode at the recent ladies' cycling tour to Cape Ann: The fair Athenian, we will call her Mrs. C., was riding on the front seat of a tandem tricycle, the rear seat being occupied by her husband, when, without a second's warning, she suddenly felt herself being drawn downward upon the saddle until she could hardly move. At her startled cry the machine was brought to a standstill, when it was discovered that her dress had been caught in the gearing of the machine, the dress-guard having been left off at the repair shop through an oversight. Two breadths of the skirt were so effectually wound backward and forward into the machine that budge an inch the lady could n't, while the combined efforts of the gentlemen of the party were as unavailing in extricating even a fragment of the blue flannel. "Cut the dress," said one; but the lady said "No" very decidedly, for to appear in public with but three quarters of a dress skirt would never do in the world. Then the tricycle was attacked, and the ground was soon strewn with bolts, nuts, washers, wrenches, and other tools, parted chains and nameless tricycle "sundries," but still the lady was pinioned; nearly half an hour had been spent in fruitless effort, the cold northwest wind was freshening to a Mayflower breeze, and everybody becoming chilled, when one of the party was despatched to a neighboring house to borrow a dress skirt. Could madame *crawl* out of her predicament? She would try. So the borrowed skirt was donned, *sans ceremonie*, right there in the king's highway, the party meanwhile turning their backs to gaze off over the ruffled bosom of old ocean; the other skirt was loosened, and "hub," with herculean efforts, though not without several trials, lifted the tricyclicienne clear of the

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

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C. P. ADAMS..... 4 "	T. W. ECK..... .2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES..... .3 "	W. E. CRIST......2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES......3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE..... . 1 View .	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH 3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER......3 "	FRED WOOD......2 "	

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THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.

wreck, and she stood once more on *terra firma*. Fifteen minutes more were required to extricate the skirt and put the machine together again, when a temporary dress guard was metamorphosed from an old piece of oil-cloth, madame changed her skirt again at the farmhouse, and after just fifty minutes' delay the party mounted once more and resumed their journey toward Newburyport. — *Record*.

SOME OF THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE TANDEM TOURISTS.

FROM GLOUCESTER TO NEWBURYPORT, AND THENCE TO BOSTON.

ONLY six of the tourists spent Friday night at Gloucester, and gathering at breakfast the next morning were surprised to see the smiling face of their captain at the dining-room door, he and a companion having ridden down to escort them back to Magnolia, where they were to be joined by the remainder of the party, who had spent the night at this place. The captain was very enthusiastic as to the beauty of the morning, the air was so fine and exhilarating. No doubt it was, for he had been riding *before the wind*; but they found an entirely different story going the other way, with a regular howling gale in their faces, sweeping down the road, cold and raw. It required no small amount of courage and hard pushing to make any headway at all, and Newburyport seemed a long way off; but six of that party had written it down in their own minds that they would sleep in Newburyport that night, and follow out as far as possible the original plan of the tour.

At Magnolia they were reinforced by a single "trike" and a "bike." The company having now again assumed quite respectable proportions, rolled merrily along, intending to ride as far as Manchester before the final separation, but owing to an entanglement of one of the ladies' dresses in the gearing of her machine, which occasioned a delay of nearly an hour, those who were bound for Boston started on their way, with pleasant "good-bys" and kind wishes for the success of the Newburyport detachment.

The combined patience and ingenuity of the gentlemen finally accomplished the disintegration of lady and machine, to the great relief of all, for it began to look as if the key to the combination would never be found, and the party come to a *windup* not down in the programme. The ride through the Essex woods was delightful, although a week too late to enjoy their full beauty. The brilliant hues were almost gone; the leaves were sere and brown, all too suggestive of a dead summer, and "days that were no more."

Ipswich was decided upon as the best place to halt for dinner. And now began the real work of the day. The wind had increased in velocity until it was almost impossible to make any headway. The bicycle showed no advantage over the tandems, and frequent stops were found necessary to regain breath, after an encounter with that double-headed foe to cycling, — a stiff hill and a head wind. Dinner had been ordered by telegraph at the "Agawam," and at about 2 P. M. nine hungry and tired ones were busy trying to break the record in dis-

posing of the dinner, considerably handicapped, however, by the lady of the cook-stove, who evidently thought cold "vittles" good enough for cyclers. A little disheartened and somewhat inclined to growl, another start was made, the "solitary bikesman" heading for home. The wind was still on the rampage, but the courage of the six held out, and all expressed their determination not to be circumvented in their purpose of reaching Newburyport that night. Howling gales, steep hills were alike defied, and although the watchword was not "Pike's Peak or bust," the sentiment was much the same. A halt was made at Rowley to call on a lady whose name deserves to shine among those of the lady cyclers. Slender and by no means in robust health, nearly sixty years of age, the mother of a large grown-up family, she has ridden a tandem with her daughter from Rowley to Lynn in one day, and enjoyed it, too. "I suppose folks think I am an old fool," she remarked, "but I don't care. It is a great pleasure to me." There is no reason to doubt that if this lady had been on the "ladies' second annual tricycle tour," seven at least would have reached N. Grit tells more than strength.

There was one encouragement for the now weary wheelers, whose one idea was to reach the Mecca of their hopes, the Merrimac House, N., and that was the almost perfect roads, hard and smooth, a joy to the cyclist's heart. With the sun going down and the wind going up, they fain would comfort themselves with anticipations of the return run on the morrow, with the wind at their backs, — how they would skim along! The hotel was reached about 7 P. M. One couple decided to return to Rowley to spend the night, leaving but few to partake of the hot supper soon steaming on the table. The question of the pleasantest method of spending the evening was settled by rolling in front of the grate fire sofas and arm chairs, and while the ladies deliberately settled themselves for a nap, the male tandemons built the machine of the future, and although minor points were not always agreed upon, it was a fact conceded beyond a doubt that the wholly satisfactory machine was yet to be built. The ladies peacefully slumbered, their dreams taking somewhat of a mechanical coloring, owing to fragmentary bits of conversation relative to the respective merits of "ball-bearings," "differential gears" falling upon their drowsy senses, which only seemed to enhance that perfect comfort, honestly earned that day.

The hour growing late, the "Humbers" retired to their room adjoining, and all was still, when suddenly a crash — a lurid exclamation — revealed to the startled "Springfields" that there were other things beside "trikes" with a tendency to break down. A hustling down stairs soon effected a change of base, and the "Springies" were informed that the "Hummys" would be found in the morning at No. 12.

First question when A. M. came, "Has the wind changed?" and by all that was perverse, it had. There it was, out in full feather with great puffy cheeks, waiting to crack them at our sorely tried travellers, clearly not a great inducement for an early start.

Lingering over their coffee, reminiscences of last year's tour were indulged in. How

much each absent one was missed! the "Midget" and her music; the "Cherub" with his smiling face and unfailling appetite; the one in her black garments mourning the sad and sudden death of her gifted father and young brothers; the other too busy in the rush and drive of New York to permit his joining the tourists.

Poor Watson, the quiet young Englishman, who, after his brief sojourn in the new country, went home to die.

The "doctor," having entered the state of matrimony, no more joins the ranks of the wheelers.

"Sister Carrie," lost to civilization in an antiquated town in Rhode Island, — all remembered and regretted.

The sight of the Sunday *Globe* brought our travellers back to the present with a rush, and without doubt it was the cycling news that was first looked for; and if the person who wrote the article headed "Ladies Awheel" had dropped in just then he would have been warmly congratulated on his report, for as a specimen of glowing misstatements it was a colossal success. Parties who pay regular hotel rates for their accommodation at a public house hardly relish the idea of being published as "deadheads," even to accommodate the vivid imagination of a newspaper reporter.

The return start was made about 10 A. M., and parts of the road between Newburyport and Rowley were rolled over in good time, three quarters of a mile of shell roads being done in a little less than three minutes. At Rowley they were met by the third tandem, with a sister on a single, ready to do escort duty as far as Ipswich.

Being mindful of a long coast just beyond Rowley, a spurt was made to reach it, and a fine start was gained, every one giving himself to the full enjoyment of the smooth, hard road, when those in the rear were horrified to see the leading tandem swerve from the roadway and make straight, at full speed, for a stone wall. A bank interposing, however, prevented any serious results, the handle-bar holding the lady in, while her husband in some way managed to land on his feet. The cause of all this was a broken axle, and as they gathered around the "wreck" there was great rejoicing at their lucky escape from the might-have-beens. Leaving the unfortunate tandemons to make the best of their way home, which was near, the devoted four were once more on their way, and in another hour were registered at the "Agawam," as the "melancholy remnants of the ladies' second annual tricycle tour."

The road through North Beverly to Salem was wretched, and but for the sidewalks would have been unridable. It was proposed to spend the night in Salem, but on reaching that place it was decided to make Lynn, being encouraged on the way by a well known bicyclist, who kindly acted as pacer. A good, substantial supper at the house of a cycling friend so far encouraged the invincible quartette, that they determined to reach home that evening, where they arrived at 8 P. M., thus bringing to a close the L. S. A. T. T. of '86.

All things considered, the tour was a success. Many miles had been covered; many points of interest seen and noted. The incidents of ordinary weeks had been crowded

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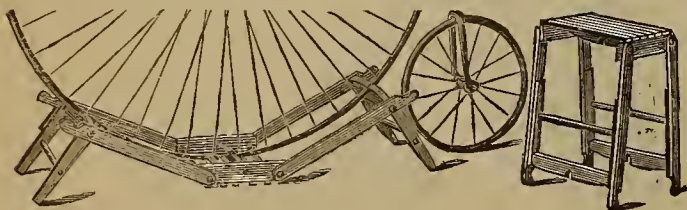
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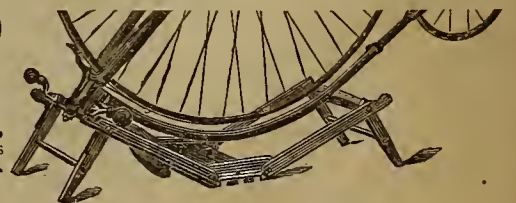


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into a few days. Much experience had been gained, and many pleasant acquaintances formed.

Human nature, as seen on the wheel, is an interesting study. The ready willingness of some to lend a helping hand in case of necessity, and others who pass by on the other side. Those who will scorch, in spite of the understanding that there is to be no scorching, and then perhaps boast of having beaten those who have hung back to encourage the lame, the halt, and the blind. The placid ones, to whom everything is all right, and those who insist on having an equivalent for their money. Those who faint and fall by the wayside at the sight of hills and rough roads; and those of whom little is expected, and who astonish all by their pluck and endurance.

The division of the party at Gloucester was a mistake, as experience derived from a former very pleasurable tour demonstrated. The elements for the most enjoyment are contained in the party that sticks together from start to finish. Those who have never met before have a chance to become acquainted; the corners get rubbed off. The pleasant, social evenings not soon to be forgotten, and the reunions at the breakfast table, when refreshing sleep has sharpened the wit and brightened the eye, the merry jest and quick repartee, are all lost when there is even a temporary break. Any changes from the original plan, unless compelled by actual necessity, should not be made without consultation and mutual consent; individual convenience should be subservient to common interest, and the result would be much more satisfactory than where each one follows his own sweet will, irrespective of the others. May the experience gained in the past serve to render even more enjoyable the tour of the future, is the earnest wish of "MERRIE WHEELER."

NEW ORLEANS.

It is rumored that the offer of Mr. A. M. Hill, which appeared in the September issue of the *Bicycle South*, to race any local rider for the medal which he donated to the N. O. B. C., for a series of 50-mile races, and which failed to mature, is at last to be accepted, and by a member of the new club, the Crescent Wheelmen. Since his banter was published, Mr. Hill is reported as having meant to confine the competition to members of the New Orleans Club, but his offer does not so state, and if he really desires to run, the opportunity will be afforded him, and on his own terms, too.

THE time (17.45) made in the recent five-mile race of the Wheelmen is the best yet made in the city. It is not a bad opening for a new club,—but wait until next time. It will be beaten, sure.

MR. T. L. HALIDAY, Jr., of Cairo, Ill., arrived in the city a day or two since, having ridden on his bike from Cairo to Mobile, Ala., from which place he wisely took the train to this city.

THE N. O. B. C. have again revived the matter of erecting a club house, but nothing definite has yet been decided upon.

BI.

NEW ORLEANS, 29 Oct., 1886.

THE PATH.

NEW ORLEANS, 23 Oct. *Five-mile Bicycle Race of the Crescent Wheelmen.*—C. T. Mitchell (1), R. G. Betts (2), S. H. Plough (3), 17.45.

This was a very pretty and well contested race. Mitchell set the pace from the start with Betts at his little wheel; at two miles the latter led for a while, but getting tired of making the pace, he slowed up, allowing Mitchell to pass him, taking his place at the latter's rear wheel, this order being kept up until within a half mile of the finish, when Mitchell spurred; Betts followed suit, but he could not overtake the leader, who won by twelve yards; both men slowing up just before the finish. Plough tried the waiting game, but to no advantage, as the pace was too hot and distance too great for him. At the fourth mile he was practically out of the race, coming in over half a mile behind the leader.

The officers of the race were: W. W. Crane and S. M. Angell, Jr., judges; Geo. E. Guedry and J. P. Phelan, timers; E. Guedry, referee.

THOSE old-timers, Stanton and Keen, raced twenty miles at Lilliebridge, Eng., for £100, 4 Oct. Stanton fairly ran his man off his feet, and at 15 miles had double-lapped him. Here Keen stopped and Stanton ran another mile or two, and then was called off. He finished fresh, while Keen was badly blown when he stopped.

THE point made by Gormully & Jeffery, that racing records show the excellence of racing wheels only, and cannot in justice be applied to Roadsters, is well taken.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, customer for Wright & Ditson bicycle, 46-inch, nearly new, \$15; also Victor tricycle, good condition, \$55; correspondence solicited. Address, COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.

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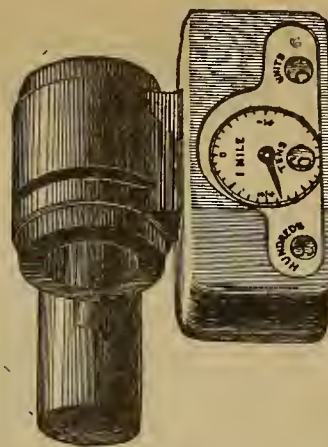
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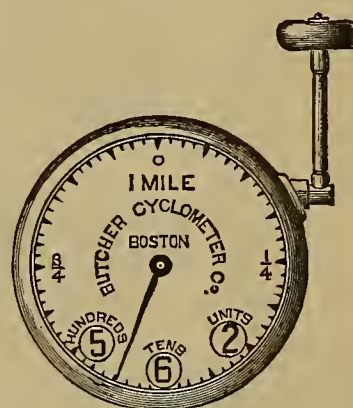
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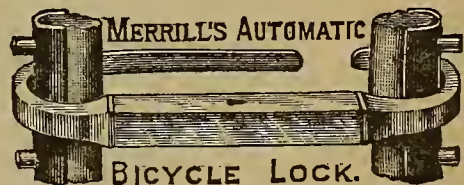
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The Cycle.

Vol. II., No. 7.

BOSTON, MASS., 12 NOVEMBER, 1886.

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		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2	59	50 ² / ₅
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150	10	28	52
200	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23	46	16 ³ / ₅

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 12 NOVEMBER, 1886.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

WE are having a repetition of last year's proceedings on the part of the English wheelmen. They come over here to win prizes and take nearly all the best ones. They then ask to have their expenses paid, and when they find that this little scheme will not work, they come out with letters accusing Americans of shameful treatment. The English papers are publishing letters from James and Wood which go to show that the American clubs did not allow themselves to be bled this year.

THE record season has closed. There are many figures this year but few records. The makers of quick time have run regardless of rules, and no records will go upon the books. Of standard League records there have been none in the bicycle column, and but one in the tricycle. The moral of this is that racers do not run for records in competition, and amateurs cannot afford to run against time. There is one other thing to be looked at in the lists of fast times. All of the American records are held by Americans and by American wheels. Truly, the world do move.

THOMAS STEVENS' trip around the world is about concluded. The bicycle could not remove the prejudice of the Afghans, and he

had to go by steamer to Hong Kong. Nevertheless, he has done a very plucky feat, and has accomplished what few men would have successfully gone through. He has done one thing that is not generally set down to his credit. He has won the respect of English wheelmen for his heroic achievements. They saw him, and imbibed no end of prejudices. They have seen what he could do, and they now give him all honor.

OVER THE HANDLES: A TALE OF TWO WHEELS.

BY W. MCILWRAITH.

(From *Cyclists' Year Book*.)

From *James Penner*, Glasgow, to *Robert Lithgow*, Dumfries.

"LAST Saturday I was at work upon Herodotus, but after translating mechanically a few paragraphs, I found that I could not fix my attention sufficiently to do anything like satisfactory work, so I gave up studying for the day. I was in need of a little relaxation, and, induced by certain flaming posters which were prominent in the streets, I proceeded Partick-wards to the West of Scotland Cricket Grounds. At these grounds bicycle races were to be held, and as I had seen a goodly number of those machines spinning swiftly over the roads in the neighborhood, and had heard that great speed could be obtained by their use, I determined to spend the afternoon in enjoying the sport and in gratifying my curiosity at the same time. The fact, also, that you are a devotee of the 'wheel' gave me an interest in these matters which perhaps I should not otherwise have felt.

"On getting inside, I took up my position at the 'scratch.' The scene was bright and exhilarating, the sky clear and blue,— which, as you know, is a noteworthy event in Glasgow,— and the cool, crisp October weather made everything seem brisk and sparkling, showing off to the best advantage the flashing of the polished wheels, the gay racing costumes of the riders, the eager faces of the encircling on-lookers, and the uniforms of the band, which, stationed in the centre, discoursed music of an inspiring and enlivening character.

"As the races went on my interest in the sport increased. The placing of the riders, the cry of the starter, 'Are you ready?' the crack of the pistol, followed by the whirling of the wheels under the strong impulsive rush with which the 'cracks' passed the less speedy competitors, amid the shouts of the spectators, and the stirring airs of the band, combined to produce upon me a most inspiring and unexpected effect.

"My interest culminated when the five-mile championship of Scotland was run. In the final heat, when all the best men were matched, the excitement of the spectators was intense. The riders passed and re-passed each other, the crowd shouting out the names of the favorites as each went to the front. One of them stopped, owing to an accident to his pedal, and the race was seen to lie between a member of the Lanarkshire Club and one of the Star. After a close and most exciting race the 'Star' won by six inches, amid the plaudits of the on-lookers. I caught myself yelling and gesticulating like an insane Home Ruler,— a thing at which nobody could be more astonished than was I myself. Nor did it end there, for from that hour I determined to become a bicyclist. Yes, my dear Bob, I am going in for a machine, and mean to become one of the cycling brotherhood. I shall let you know soon how I get along. . . ."

From the same to the same.

" . . . I have at last begun the noble art of self-propulsion. I went to a local agent, who advertises himself as giving lessons in the art, and after the usual preliminaries I was asked to step down-stairs and begin. The practising hall was of rather limited dimensions, and the walls were covered with machines of all sizes and sorts, making me feel that some awkward plunge on my part would be attended with the smashing of no small number of spokes. However, under the guidance of my tutor, I managed to keep clear, and wobbled in a beautifully irregular manner round and round the hall.

"It is a curious feeling one has when, for the first time, he is perched aloft on the top of a thing that has only a thin edge to stand upon, and which is continually falling to one side or the other. I can only compare it to the sensation experienced when you are upon skates for the first time. You know you are going to fall, and all your energies are directed toward providing that you shall fall with the least amount of momentum and consequent discomfort.

"My first lesson lasted for an hour, and during that time I may say that I was chiefly engaged in getting mixed up with the machine, in keeping my tutor shoving and balancing and hauling and struggling to prevent a capsizing, in remembering one suggestion and forgetting another, in sliding gracefully over the handles and standing on my hands or head, whichever happened to reach Mother Earth first; so that I ascended into the shop at the hour's end more like a dusty miller than a sleek student of Greek. Whilst being brushed, I made arrangements to meet my tutor in a quiet thoroughfare at an early hour in the morning, so that as few people as possible should witness my astonishing gyrations. . . ."

Agnes Lester, Glasgow, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.

" . . . I cannot thank you too much, dear Bessie, for the warm-hearted, sympathetic letter you sent in answer to my last. You are a dear, good soul to take such an interest in my poor little troubles, but I assure you that I feel very comfortable indeed in my new sphere, and am as happy as it is possible in the circumstances for me to be.

"Now, my dear Bess, my last letter was of such a lugubrious tone that I must try to make you amends in this one; so I shall actually endeavor to be funny. I have a subject, fortunately, which to me, at least, has been the cause of considerable amusement. The subject is — what do you think? — a young man.

"Punctually every morning, at half-past six there come into our quiet, out-of-the-way street a young gentleman and a bicycle, — the former looking very sleepy, and the latter very unstable. At the same time, from the other direction, comes another person who acts as tutor, and the lesson generally lasts about an hour. Beginners in every subject always appear awkward, — as in skating, in learning the piano, in dancing, and in flirting, but I think learning the bicycle bears off the palm for *gaucherie*.

"How I wish you could be with me these mornings to share my amusement; it would do you good, and would save me the trouble of describing it to you; but I will do my best to give you some idea of it.

"After the usual salutations they set to work. The young gentleman (rather good-looking than otherwise) takes a hasty view of the windows to see whether he is being 'assisted' by any spectators. I always take good care he does n't see me. He then buttons his coat firmly, pushes his hat well down upon his head, and gives himself a general 'pull together,' as I suppose he would say, evidently thinking 'Now for it! faint heart never learned to ride a steel seted.' Placing his left foot on a little projection above the hind wheel, he raises himself gradually and deposits his right leg in the saddle in an exceedingly gentle and persuasive manner, as if he were afraid that his steed was in a resistive mood and inclined to kick. Having got into the saddle, the fun commences. He evidently feels himself at a tremendous and unwonted height above the ground. The expression of his countenance tells you that. The machine seems tipsy. It wobbles to the one side and then to the other, despite the unceasing and frantic efforts of the man to keep it balanced. The rate of speed is that of a funeral procession; the course described is a complicated zigzag. At times the rider seems in a very affectionate mood, for he leans close down upon his supporter and guide, and the latter staggers under the burden. The feet of the rider stop now and then very suddenly; there is a complicated stagger of the whole company; the rider pulls in a Herculean but useless manner at the handles; the teacher's arms and legs are spread out like a frog's, and then comes a crash, and the two men and the machine are sprawling on the ground. The learner picks up his hat, replaces it on his head, and after a laughing remark, mounts once more, and so the pantomime proceeds.

This has gone on for three successive

mornings, and the young gentleman can now totter about after getting fairly started. To-day's lesson was evidently his last. The window being raised to let in the fresh morning air, I overheard the following: —

"Well, so far so good. I can manage now to keep the machine going, and if I could only mount and dismount, I should be all right."

"Yes, you're deein' vera weel. There's no mony o' them learns as quick as you've done."

"I suppose it is n't very difficult to learn to mount."

"Oh, no! ye juist need a little mair practice, an' you'll be a' richt."

"Very well. I think I shall practice by myself now. Meanwhile —"

"Here the operation known amongst men as 'tipping' was gone through, and the two separated. . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I am progressing slowly in my efforts to become a bicycler. This morning I took my last lesson, and intend to go it *solus* after this. I have not yet tried the mounting without help; as for the dismounting, I have been practising it most industriously, my average number of dismounts being three or four every five minutes. Mounting is a matter in which, I suppose, no one can assist you. There is nothing for it but pluck and perseverance.

"I have changed this week to new quarters, my friends with whom I have hitherto been living, having gone off to Manchester, where they intend to reside permanently. So, my dear fellow, I am at present a stranger in a strange city, with not a single relative within a hundred miles of me. Sad, is n't it? But, as poor Artemus says, 'Sich is life.' . . ."

Agnes Lester, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.

" . . . My handwriting will show you, my dear Bessie, that at the present moment I am in a somewhat excited condition. Such a dreadful thing has happened, and though I am now aware that it is n't so bad as I thought it was at first, still I am shaking all over like an aspen. And it all happened so quickly, and I had to act so much on the spur of the moment, that the thought of ulterior consequences never came into my head, and now I have acted, I am afraid some people would say that I have been a little indiscreet.

"This morning, on looking out at half-past six, I found the young gentleman of whom I wrote to you lately was hard at work as usual. He was entirely alone, — the street was perfectly quiet and deserted. He seemed a little flurried and nettled, and I soon discovered the reason. He could n't get into the saddle. Every time he made the attempt, he either fell or had to jump off. After watching his awkward efforts for a minute or two, I retired, and did not look out again for half an hour afterwards.

"When I did look, my heart gave a bound, and I almost screamed, as I saw that an accident had befallen him. The machine lay on its side near the pavement, and beside it, stretched out at full length, lay the rider, lying perfectly motionless and giving

no sign of life. Not a soul was stirring in the street, not a window-blind was drawn up — evidently I was the only one who saw this frightful thing. In a moment I was in the kitchen, telling Margaret what had happened, and in two minutes we were standing beside the poor young man. I felt sick and squeamish as I saw blood on the pavement, but I summoned all my courage, and bending down, turned his head round and saw that the blood came from a wound on the temple. He was breathing very heavily, and was quite unconscious. With a great deal of trouble we managed to lift him and carry him into the house, depositing him carefully on the couch in the parlor. The young gentleman moaned once or twice, but gave no signs that he was conscious of his surroundings. We stood for several minutes looking alternately at him and at each other, not knowing exactly what to do, when Margaret suggested that a doctor be brought. This restored me to my senses, and I requested her to procure the nearest, and while gone I occupied myself in placing the patient in an easy position, putting a towel underneath his head, to keep the blood off the couch. In a few minutes Margaret returned with the doctor.

He examined our patient carefully, and looked anything but satisfied with the result. He then asked if we knew him, or where he lived, but of this we were totally ignorant. For a minute or two there was silence. The doctor then said the only thing we could do was to send for a policeman, acquaint him with the circumstances, and get the young man removed to the police office and attended by the district surgeon until his friends could be discovered and communicated with. Somehow or other I detested the idea of such a thing being done, and asked if nothing else could be thought of. He considered a minute and then said, —

"Perhaps there is some letter or paper in his pockets which could furnish us with his address. In that case his friends could be acquainted with what has happened."

"After a moment's consultation, the doctor examined the pockets of our patient, but found nothing that could afford any clew as to the whereabouts of his friends. The doctor then returned to his first suggestion, but the sight of the poor fellow's pale suffering face and helpless condition decided me, and I said, not without some inward misgivings, which I could not stop to analyze, that if he would come and attend to him, I would be responsible for everything, and keep him under our roof until he regained consciousness, then we could know for a certainty how to act.

"The doctor agreed to this, and Mrs. Binnie and Margaret set about removing him to one of the bedrooms; and everything being done that could be done for him, the doctor took his departure, but returned to say that the bicycle had better be taken indoors, and not left lying on the pavement.

"Margaret went out to fetch it in, and in a few minutes, hearing a crash, I ran to the door and found her and the machine extended full length upon the gravel path . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I write this with my left hand. There is nothing else left for me to do, as my right is n't right and cannot write.

(Pray forgive this atrocity, but to an invalid who lies most of his time on a sofa, any little pleasantry serves to lighten the monotony of his existence.) I am in a strange house, and attended by people who are perfectly unknown to me. My head is not very clear, and consequently I cannot recall very well the sequence of events during the last three days, but this I know, that the kindness and sympathy of the people in whose house I am, are overpowering.

"Three days ago, I have been informed, I met with a tremendous 'cropper.' I remember that in practising mounting I came violently against the curbstone and went right over the handles. Thereafter all was a blank. I returned to consciousness, or rather semi-consciousness, that afternoon, and found myself here. I wanted to make inquiries, but my hostess insisted on my remaining perfectly quiet, saying I should know all when once I was a little better. She has since told me all. She had accidentally looked out, and seeing me lying unconscious on the pavement, had me removed in-doors and sent for the doctor, and is at this moment sitting at the window looking like — I won't say an angel in disguise, for it is perfectly plain she is one without any disguise.

"And now let me mention the damage sustained, — a dislocated wrist and a smash on the right temple which very nearly produced concussion of the brain. As it is, my head seems to be some detached portion of my body, and appears every now and then to take a tremendous giddy whirl into some unknown region, running off with everything in the shape of thought or memory, and leaving me only with the consciousness of seeing a pretty young face and a kindly old one looking down at me with much visible sympathy.

"As I do not wish to burden these worthy people with my troublesome presence any longer than is necessary, I have made arrangements to be removed to my lodgings just as soon as it will be safe for me to do so. I have sent word to the folks at home, and expect Tom to put in an appearance this evening. When I tell you, dear Bob, that I have taken nearly an hour to complete this scrawl, you will, I know, excuse my writing any more. Besides, Miss Lester (my hostess) peremptorily commands a cessation of my literary labor, and enforces her command by telling Margaret to remove the writing materials and substitute a tray covered with various tempting delicacies. . . ."

(To be Continued.)

CYCLET'S.

"OLD PROBABILITIES" has lost his cunning. He who now places any dependence on him gets wet.

WE had to ride eighteen miles in a hard rain last Saturday because we took Old Prob's word for it that it was to be a fair day.

IT was a club run, for all the machines were Clubs.

WE saw a wheelman racing with a club the other day. It belonged to a policeman who carried it in a very threatening way.

ATTENTION is called to the special sale of H. A. Smith & Co., advertised in another column. They will make it an object for any one to buy now.

GREAT BRITAIN is said to have 315,000 cyclists.

THERE will be races at Philadelphia Thanksgiving day.

NEW YORK State has over 1,800 members of the L. A. W.

FRED FOSTER, of Canada, recently came in second in a five-mile handicap, when the winner had a mile start, and on a rough track. He was beaten one hundred yards.

THE Columbia team has closed its season and gone into winter quarters.

THE A. C. U. has accepted all of Whitaker's records.

VIRGINIA has organized a League Division.

PLANS are being made for the erection of the tobogganing slide and enclosure of the grand stand at the Roseville bicycle track.

THE Massachusetts Club will entertain the ladies on Saturday evening, 20 Nov.

THE health of Mr. A. L. Atkins is so impaired that he will be compelled to leave this climate. He will probably winter in southern California.

A LITERARY entertainment will be given at the Massachusetts Clubhouse on Saturday evening.

THE League membership is now 10,200.

J. F. LANG, S. L. Truesdale, and F. S. Hitchcock have been reinstated by the L. A. W. Racing Board.

MCCURDY has got to the head once more, and on a fifty-mile course, too. Ives may now come back from Indiana.

A RACE between Hanlan, Hosmer, Gaudaur and Lee on rowing tricycles is talked of for the coming winter.

A WHEELMAN was complaining that he often slipped his pedal, and asked the dealer if he had n't a pair of grip-pedals that his toe would fit into. "We had them once," said the dealer, "but it did n't pay to keep them, for wheelmen would rather see such things in *toe fit* than on their wheels.

A MAN has left \$10,000 to Harvard College for a gate. Such a gate as that would bring joy to the heart of a tournament manager.

"I DON'T like to see the cycling press washing its dirty linen in public," said Growzer. "Oh, never mind," said Bangs; "it's only a little paper cholera."

"TAKING a morning roll" is what a friend of ours calls his morning run. We notice that if he does n't take a rub down when he returns, that he is a little coughy.

THE *Cyclist* Christmas number for 1886, will be entirely different from its immediate predecessors, for it will contain a large lot of miscellaneous matter, and be a reliable reference book besides. It will contain a very large number of illustrations.

HARRY CORNISH (Hendee's trainer) has advertised for a partner to do a sparring act with him at variety theatres, the coming winter. He was in the business last season, and is said to have made big hits.

THE *News* recommends the addition of a teaspoonful of cocoa to a cup of tea, to get a first class drink.

THE Victorian Cyclists' Union has drawn up a list of over 2,000 distinctive colors and designs for use at race meetings, and each competitor must register one of these as the color he always intends to run in. The racing costume consists of plain white knickerbockers, black socks, and a colored silk jockey cap, sash, hoops or spots, and a sleeved vest or jacket. The fines for not appearing in proper costume are very heavy.

SCENE: Blacksmith's shop. Enter cyclist. C.: "Can you straighten my crank? It won't pass the fork." B.: "Yes, sir." Fetches large screw hammer, fixes it on crank, and commences by violent jerks to remedy the defect. C. (agitated): "You're not injuring the bearings, I hope?" "Never mind the bearings, sir, so long as the crank is straightened!" Cyclist leaves shop with doubts as to blacksmith's knowledge of things cyclical. — *Wheeling*.

DR. FURNIVALL, father of Percy, is eighty-one years old, but he has won three prizes in rowing races the present season.

IT was race or pay a fine for members of the Jamaica Plain Club, last Tuesday, in their club races. This is a new way to raise money for the prizes.

THE Somerville Cycle Club held a social assembly at Odd Fellows Hall on Tuesday evening last.

THE Stanley Show will be held the last week in January.

CON DWYER, the Australian champion, has had a serious fall, and his racing days are over for the present.

THOMAS STEVENS reached Hong Kong 4 October, having taken steamer from Calcutta. He was refused permission to cross Afghanistan, and had to reach Hong Kong in this way. He will ride to Canton and to Shanghai, and from the latter place will take the steamer to Japan.

ALBERT KENNEDY CHILD will fill the place of Mr. Robert Garden at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company. Mr. Garden succeeds Major Durell at Chicago.

THE *Irish Cyclist* sees in the safety machine with equal size wheels the machine of the future. It is easier to mount and dismount, and one escapes the excessive vibration of the small wheel.

A NEWARK mechanic has been experimenting for several months on a sectional rubber tire for bicycle wheels. He claims that it will outlast a dozen ordinary rubber tires, and will be superior in every way.

SAYS the *CYCLE*: "We think Massachusetts could send out a team that would beat the world — Rowe, Hendee, Burnham, Rhodes, Gaskell, Hunter, Adams. Match them." We will. What say you to Howell, Wood, Furnivall, Gatehouse, Speechly, Illston, Allard? — *Cyclist*.

WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:— We fail to see why Records made on a 38-pound road Racing Wheel, and on an exceedingly smooth racing surface—we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a real Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same Company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

THE AMERICAN STAR

to-day holds the World's Record on the road above 100 miles to 305 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **ALFRED A. McCURDY**, near Boston, Nov. 5 and 6. The run was made on a 50-mile surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the Times:

Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
50	3	04	00
100	6	28	25
150	10	24	30
200	14	35	00
250	18	58	00
300	23	38	00
305	23	57	45

The latter magnificent record is about 46 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. Record by Munger; about 24 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 18 miles better than McCurdy's own record, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however; and 5 miles better than Whittaker's record, made on straightaway sandpapered roads.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER** in the World, you must come to us. The STAR has beaten the World on the Road every time it has competed.

FASTEST { **ON THE ROAD.**
UP THE HILL.
DOWN THE HILL.

H. B. Smith Machine Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE AMERICAN STAR CYCLES,

SMITHVILLE, N. J.

W. W. STALL - - **509 Tremont Street, Boston,**

AGENT FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY.

A QUEER lawsuit was recently tried before an English judge. A cyclist who was stopping at a hotel overnight, was referred to the stable-keeper for accommodations for his bicycle. The next morning, on preparing to start, he found that his machine had been stolen. Unable to obtain satisfaction from the landlord, he carried his case into court, where the defendant claimed that he was not responsible, as the stables were owned and conducted by another party. The judge, however, ruled that the stables were used in connection with the hotel, and awarded to the plaintiff damages to the amount of £15.

BROOKLYN wheelmen are asking for additional privileges on the drives in Prospect Park. They should have them. At present they are only allowed on the west drive. Bicycles and tricycles are essentially vehicles, and their place is where other vehicles go. The objection that some horses may be frightened by the glittering wheels is groundless. No horse that shies at a bicycle should be driven in the parks. Let the drives be thrown open to men and women who ride wheels. This is asked as a privilege now. It will be demanded as a right by-and-by. — *Tribune*.

THE outcome of the exhibition race at Madison Square Garden, New York, some months ago, in which C. M. Anderson was to do the lightning change act on horses, while William M. Woodside and John Brooks alternated on bicycles, has been the entering by the cyclists, of a suit in the city court of Brooklyn, against Charles Z. Pund, who, it is alleged, became responsible for the payment to each of them of the sum of \$500, which was to be their certain reward for the labor performed in the so-called match.

THE arguments against the abolition of the amateur rule will, of course, be numerous, but on careful consideration I can think of but one which will have any weight. That one is, the trouble likely to result from the opposition of other athletic bodies — and a very serious trouble, too. Hundreds of members of the L. A. W. are also members of other bodies, and there are many of them who, rather than be placed on the same footing with men who have ridden for cash, would withdraw from the League, and nestling under the wing of the other body, — say the N. A. A. A., for instance, — would still lay claim to amateurism. There would inevitably be a split in the ranks, and the side which opposed the abolition of the rule, would be liable to form an association of their own, and attempt to legislate for the cycling community. — *Kennington, in Journal*.

THE following advertisement appeared in an English paper: "To the Lord's Stewards. On account of the great distress and poverty in the North of England, we are compelled to appeal for a tricycle, that we may save railway expenses. If any of our friends have one that they would like to devote to the service of God, they may now do so, and the gift would be gratefully received. If unable to give a tricycle, any amount towards helping to purchase one may be contributed. A good one would take us twenty miles per day, without making us too tired for the meetings. Help may be sent to Major Rapkin, District Headquarters, 10, Millbank street, Stockton-on-Tees."

LATE cycling patents reported by N. I. Collamer, Attorney in Patent Causes, Washington, D. C.: J. D. Gibbons and C. D. Meneely, West Troy, N. Y., bicycle; J. Henry, Louisville, Ky., tricycle; G. P. Hiler, Grand Haven, Mich., ice velocipede; Thomas Humber, Beeston, Eng., velocipede; H. W. Libbey, Boston, Mass., velocipede; C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, Southwark, Eng., speed and power gearing for velocipedes; N. Merrill, New York, velocipede pedal; W. M. Smith, Bad Axe, Mich., tricycle; J. C. Zimmerman, Elmira, N. Y., tricycle seat.

AT the council meeting of the N. C. U. on the 14th, a printed list of riders under suspension for various causes was handed round. This list is as follows: Under rule 65 (makers' amateurism), F. W. Allard, A. P. Engleheart, R. H. English, J. E. Fenlon, E. Hale, J. Lee, E. Oxborrow; rule 67 (competing with suspended men), F. S. Buckingham, H. Inskip, W. Powell, A. Spiers; rule 73 (competing at a meeting not under N. C. U.), E. S. Adams, W. Broad, T. H. Cuff, J. J. Dence, R. Elliott, C. J. Greenstrut, F. Greenstrut, R. Harvey, F. W. J. Johnson, J. Lawson, H. Masters, C. Page, E. Philpot, J. Pringle, A. E. Rigden, W. Rye, W. Solly, F. Thomas, J. Webber, E. Wood, S. Wraight, W. Wright; rule 79 (non-payment of entrance fee), R. V. Asbury, H. Roberts, F. Starr, F. R. Wakely; rule 80 (false information on entry form), H. Hudson, H. H. Sansom, and H. Taylor.

THE writer who stated that the skill of a rider has little to do with the ease with which a bicycle "coasts" downhill, shows a woful lack of knowledge regarding the matter. The skill of a rider has a great deal to do with it, — how he sits upon the saddle, whether he leans backward or forward, the position of his legs, the steadiness with which the machine is guided by the handle-bar, — all these little matters count. Indeed, barring the matter of simple strength in coasting, the skilful rider has as much advantage over the unskilful rider as he does in climbing a hill. — *Globe*.

WE know we come back to old ideas after a time, and have to acknowledge occasionally that old-fashioned plans have a good deal more in them than new-fangled people have an idea of, but we were hardly prepared to go back quite as far as the dark ages of cycling to find a new material for a wheel. We have only recently harked back to the old boneshaker pattern bicycle in the Rover, with the difference of driving the rear wheel; but whoever would have believed that wood once again would be advocated for the construction of wheels? But it has, and by an American firm, too, — the Sterling Cycle Company. This wood is second-growth hickory, flexible, but unbreakable, and a wheel made of this material, with steel and leather tires, weighs but five and a quarter pounds as against eleven and a half pounds for a wheel of the same size made of steel and rubber. Such a wheel is pronounced capable of standing ten times the strain the wire one would. We are hardly prepared to welcome such innovations just yet as wooden wheels and leather tires, but it is as well to warn our readers of the latest stride we have made towards gaining that perfection which must come in time. — *News*.

ON Sunday last, Gideon Haynes was at his home in South Boston, when he received a telegram stating that his child was very sick in Hingham, where the boy was visiting with his mother. It being Sunday there was very few trains on the railway, and none that would leave for several hours. Had there been a train Haynes would have spent half an hour in the horse-cars to the depot, an hour on the train, and half an hour to walk to the house, or two hours in all. As it was, he mounted his bicycle and started for Hingham, fifteen miles, arriving at his destination in just fifty-five minutes from the time he started. Another case of the bicycle beating steam. The baby was found to be much better, and is now doing well.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS will publish in a few days a book of interest to all cyclers, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. The title is so quaint that we copy it in full: "Two Pilgrims' Progress from Fair Florence to the Eternal City of Rome. Delivered under the Similitude of a Ride, wherein is discovered, the Manner of their Setting Out, Their Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired City." The book is embellished with twenty full-page illustrations, and readers who followed the authors on their pilgrimage from London to Canterbury will be eager to continue the journey.

CHATTING one day with the pensioned-off stud-groom of Lord Palmerston, at Broadlands, who was lamenting the absence of horseflesh from the place during the reign of the old lord's pious successor, we pleaded the latter's possession of at least one very pretty bay hack. "Yes," said the old trainer, "she's got a good top, but no legs." Alas! the mare was rather groggy. Now, with cyclists, just the opposite fault is to be found. As a rule they've got good legs but no top. Their loins and legs are splendidly developed, but their chests and arms are not. The way in which racing men, and all fast riders lean over their handles, as we admit they are right in doing, cramps their chests, confines their bone-case within its narrowest limits, and gives no fair chance to their heart and lungs to work freely. Just look at a lot of cyclists alongside of a set of scullers, cricketers, or boxers, and notice the striking difference in the development of the upper part of the bodies of each. There are, of course, exceptions to the general rule, for some cyclists are good all-round athletes, but most of them are sadly lacking in their top. And yet they ought to be as good above as they are below, for in cycling, as in all other sports, it is wind and heart that fail first. We speak of racing. It is plain, then, that cycling needs some other sport to complement it, and the one we urge on cyclists is sculling, wherever it is possible. Rowing will not do; it develops the two sides of the body unequally. Gymnastics and boxing should, of course, be practised in the evening in towns; but wherever a river is within outing distance, thither on half and whole day holiday should cyclists resort, and, pulling a long sweeping stroke, develop their chest and arms with a pair of sculls, equally and equably, in single or double sculling boats, and sculling fours and eights, if they can but get them. — *Cyclist*.

MR. WALTER PHILLIPS last week showed us a new adjustable bicycle handle he has patented. It is of the spade variety, and fastens with a split lug to the end of the handle-bar, also working on a swivel bolt sideways, the tightening screw which locks the lug on the handle-bar also securing the bolt in its place. By loosening this screw the handle can be turned right round in any direction and set at any angle and position desired, so that the rider can not only experiment in handle positions, but when he has found the best place for his own particular taste, lock it in that position and keep it there. — *Cyclist*.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

The glow of a golden Autumn
Has faded to ashen-gray;
The sheaves of a plenteous harvest
Are gathered and stored away;
The song of the reaper is ended,
The meadows are cold and chill,
While a haze, as of Indian Summer,
Hangs over the vale and hill.

NOVEMBER is now full upon us. It is of all the months most fickle from a cyclist's point of view. Every other month has had its crown and its poet, from maiden May, to hoary December, but only Hood has dared to woo the muse in the interest of November, and his wooing was such that the month is not looked forward to with any degree of satisfaction.

You go out dressed in thin clothing to suit the morning sunshine, and come back drenched with a cold rain. You wrap yourself in flannels and furs to brave the nipping wintry wind, and in an hour find a blazing

sun overhead and the perspiration streaming from every pore.

THE wild ivy that draped your neighbor's house through the fall with royal crimson, on the first day of November turns into a web of dry sticks, through which the red bricks glare tediously at you.

To the cyclist the month is especially fickle. He may be able to wheel under perfect skies till December days, or his riding may come to an abrupt close per force of a snow storm early in the month. It was only a few years ago that a heavy snow storm closed the roads on the 17th of November. True, the month gives us good riding weather if it lets us go out-doors at all, but there is an uncertainty about the season that makes us hurry to get in all the fun we can before the doors of nature are closed to us.

I AM saying "good-by" to all the old familiar spots that summer has endeared to me. There is Castle Rock, whose summit I have climbed to many a time during the warm summer months to woo the grateful breezes that cross it. Now the gentle breezes are changed to cold chilly winds that we had best not encounter. The beaches, Winthrop, Sale's, Crescent, Revere, and Chelsea, are now all desolate, and we go to them only under great difficulties and then only to get a sight of the surf that the heavy gales throw upon the shores.

THE rain of last week interfered seriously with the plans of those who were thinking of a short tour supplementary to the North

Shore run. I hear of several projected excursions, though none have as yet taken definite form. I sincerely hope that the snow will not find us with the record of no more outings.

MERRIE WHEELER told us an interesting tale, but I think all will not agree with her that those of the party who did not go to Newburyport made a mistake. The tale of the journey of the six hardy riders who carried out the whole programme is one of great hardship and little pleasure. It is no doubt a thing to be proud of that they conquered the elements and went the whole trip, but to do it they had much hard riding under adverse circumstances. While they were standing on their pedals to push against a heavy wind, the homeward-bound party were going before the wind and having a very jolly time. In fact they enjoyed the run so much that they made a detour from the straight road and added three miles to their journey. I think we had the better time, and for this we are willing to forego the better record.

VIOLET LORNE of the *News* has fairly lost her temper at the idea of American women attaching a bow of ribbon to the head of the little wheel of their tricycles. I mentioned in a recent number that the Chelsea ladies placed a simple bow upon their wheels to match the trimming of their suits, and this is what has come of it from the pen of the *News* correspondent.

"AMERICAN ladies have adopted a fashion of decorating the front of their tricycles with

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

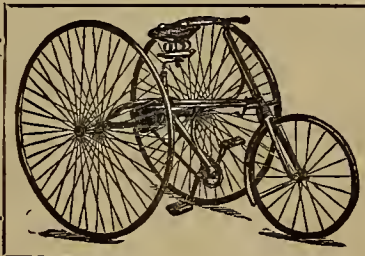
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

bows of bright-colored ribbon. The taste of so much ornamentation is worse than questionable. There are certain things in this world which, as Mr. Ruskin says of railway stations, have no business to be adorned. Their simplicity and utility are their claims to beauty, and inappropriate decorations merely vulgarize them. Certainly, the cycle is one of these things. Any ornament, apart from the shape and construction, is altogether at variance with the character of the iron steed, and a mere purposeless bit of dainty embellishment has a vulgar appearance."

"THERE is something characteristic of the feminine American mind in the very idea. Transatlantic women have a passion for incongruous decoration; a devotion to flying ends and wild bits of adornment in their very costume, which offends an Englishwoman's ideal of neatness and simplicity. The mind of the average American wheelwoman would totally fail to grasp the reasons why ribbon bows on a tricycle should be a breach of every canon of good taste; and if this sort of thing goes on, we may expect to see tricycles painted Nile-green, picked out with silver or cardinal, striped with old gold, while the wheels may be elegantly covered with lace frills and feather *aigrettes*."

"THEN there are flowers. It's a wonder American women haven't yet had the inspiration of providing floral decorations for their new toys since they play so important a part in their own toilettes. Last spring, New York belles were wearing a choice selection of from twenty to twenty-five roses (leaves and stalks largely displayed) upon the front of their gowns; hot-house roses, and at a cost of something extensive each rose. And it is by no means an unusual thing for an American woman of fashion to spend from £50 to £100 per annum on cut flowers for her own person. No doubt her cycle will soon have its bouquet of Cape jasmine, or its trail of water-lily blossom to match her own."

I THINK I need say nothing in answer to all this. The writer is so violent in her denunciation that she defeats her own end. The American ladies have not approached vulgarity in what they have done. There is in every feminine mind a love for the beautiful, and this will assert itself. There is a point beyond which the decoration of one's wheel or the ornamentation of one's costume will appear vulgar, but a single bright bow does not reach that point.

I HAVE a great respect for the opinion of Mr. Ruskin, and am willing to accept his views on many points, but I think I could take him to some of the pretty railway stations in the vicinity of Boston, and convince him that even these may be made beautiful under the skilful hands of the architect and the horticulturist, and that being beautiful they are by no means vulgarized.

DAISIE.

TEAM ROAD RACING ASSOCIATION.

A SPECIAL meeting of the association was held on Friday, 29 Oct., to consider the protests entered by the Elizabeth Wheel-

men and the Orange Wanderers, against allowing the Hudson County Wheelmen to compete.

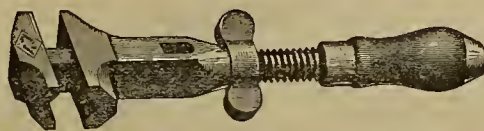
The Hudson County team included Joseph Powell and W. I. Wilhelm. These men were objected to as not being local riders. The constitution of the association provides that all clubs joining it must be located within thirty miles of New York City. This provision, of course, means that all members of clubs in it must reside within the same limits. Powell and Wilhelm live at a much greater distance, and it was claimed that they ought not to be allowed to compete.

Eight clubs were represented at the special meeting. Six voted to sustain the protest, and two against it. The two voting against it said that they were opposed to allowing the men to ride; but that they thought that they ought not to be ruled out without definite statement in the constitution that club members must reside within the limits prescribed for the clubs themselves. As a result of the action taken, the Hudson County Wheelmen entered no team.

The race came off on election day on the Milburn Irvington course, five miles repeated five times. The macadam was in unusually good condition, owing to the recent rains, and the weather very fine. The start was made one hour and three quarters behind time. Five clubs started, — Brooklyn, Harlem, Ilderan, Elizabeth, and Kings County.

Hall (K. C. W.) finished first, 1.37.12; Valentine (K. C. W.) second, 1.38.57; Greeman (I. B. C.) third; Halstead (H. W.) fourth; Hawkins (B. B. C.) fifth; Bridgman (K. C. W.) sixth; L. B. Bonnett (E. W.) seventh; Bradley (I. B. C.) eighth; Weber (K. C. W.) ninth; Richardson (I. B. C.) tenth.

Kings County scored eighty-six points out of a possible ninety-four, and so holds the cup for another six months. Their team rode well, and won easily. The time is over four minutes better than that made last June, but the difference in the condition of the road will account for at least two minutes of it.



THE SPECIAL DIAMOND WRENCH.

MANUFACTURED BY C. H. LAMSON, PORTLAND, ME.

WE have received from Mr. Lamson, a very convenient and a very pretty wrench, of which the above cut gives a good idea. The wrench is quickly adjusted to any size of nut, the movable jaw being pushed along by the fingers and the large thumb nut tightened against it, giving a vise grip. There are two sets of jaws, the one being plain and the other containing a V in each jaw so that a square nut can be taken in and gripped. The jaws open one and an eighth inches, and the whole wrench is five and a half inches long. The wrench will be a very popular one with wheelmen, for it is easily manipulated and works very effectively. It is sold for seventy-five cents, bright, or \$1.00 when nickeled.

MANY wheelmen and tennis players experience great vexation in keeping their stockings in position. The "Z & S" supporter does this effectually and with comfort to the wearer. The price is but 65 cents per pair. Get them of your dealer, or of Howard A. Smith & Co., Newark, N. J.

DOWN SOUTH.

I HAVE just been reading your lessons on the Springfield tournament. Your lessons are good, and if all your scholars are as apt as I, they will at once see the force of your remarks, and it will not take them long to take it in and indorse it. Class races are no doubt the best way to satisfy all parties concerned, and give each man a fair show.

DR. BLACKHAM is a plain, outspoken man, has his own way of thinking, and speaks it out. In reading the report of the Board of Officers meeting, I was amused at the discussion brought about by this same Dr. B. He upholds his side of the case in a strong way, but he speaks, in the latter part of his letter to you, as though these organizations could take a man's amateur status away from him on any plea and with no evidence.

I SEE from the *Bulletin* that Dr. Blackham has requested the president and secretary of the League to send out a mail vote on his resolution. I don't know, but I am of the opinion that they will fare no better than they did at the meeting at Buffalo. Mail votes don't seem to be very acceptable, taking, for instance, the last batch that was sent out.

So an American on an American-made wheel has gone and done it; that is, put the record down in the twenties. I predicted in the early fall that it would go down to 2.25, but I fear now that it will not be. 2.29½ is pretty good; we should n't be so hard to satisfy.

I SEE from the English papers that the N. C. U. has thrown out Furnivall's record of 2.30, on account of incompetent timers. When one goes for a record, they should look well to this one point, as they may do all their work for nothing, except that the manufacturers may have the benefit of putting in flaring letters, "Record. — Mr. Fastman rode a Faster bicycle, and did a mile in 2.20," or something of the kind. One thing it does do, it helps the paper, ink, type, and newspaper man.

AT last the two principal promateurs have come out on the professional side. This is commendable to both Rowe and Hendee, although the latter did it with reluctance, as he can now no longer be called "our champion" by the Springfield Club. I would like very much to see a match between the two for a good round sum, a *bona fide* race from start to finish, and some good time made.

WHITTAKER's record of three hundred miles for twenty-four hours is truly a wonderful feat. It is a strong point for the makers of the American Champion. From what I have seen of Whittaker, he is a strong, tough

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

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E. P. BURNHAM..... 4 "	J. S. PRINCE.....2 Views.	P. S. BROWN2 "
C. P. ADAMS..... 4 "	T. W. ECK..... 2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH.....2 "
W. A. RHODES..... 3 "	W. E. CRIST.....2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES..... 3 "	H. G. CROCKER.....2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE..... 1 View .	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH 3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER..... 3 "	FRED WOOD.....2 "	

GROUPS.

HENDEE, ROWE, and BURNHAM.
COLUMBIA TEAM, MANAGER and TRAINERS.
OFFICIALS AT SPRINGFIELD.
GROUP CONTAINING RICH, RHODES, WILLIAMS,
GASKELL, FOSTER, and NEILSON.

VICTOR TEAM.
OFFICIALS AT LYNN.
START OF HENDEE and ROWE RACE.
STARTS AT LYNN.

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COLUMBIA TRAINING QUARTERS AT LYNN and
SPRINGFIELD.

WM. A. ROWE.

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ANY OF THE ABOVE, UNMOUNTED, FORTY CENTS.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.

rider, too. He is about as reckless a rider as I ever saw on a wheel. Well I remember him pushing his light racer over our soggy, soft track at our races last year. He would push the little, light, narrow-tired wheel when some others would pause ere pushing their roadster through.

CYC.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 4 Nov. 1886.

UNION COUNTY WHEELMEN (WEST-FIELD, N. J.) RECORDS.

SIX-MONTHS LONG DISTANCE.

- 1 Frank S. Miller, 2,555½ miles.
- 2 Frank E. Reese, 2,055 miles.
- 3 John Z. Hatfield 1,829 miles.

24-HOUR LONG DISTANCE.

- 1 A. N. Pierson, 119¾ and 190½ miles.
- 2 J. Z. Hatfield, 103½, 128½, and 177½ miles.
- 3 F. S. Miller, 110¼ and 152⅛ miles.
- 4 C. D. Reese, 109½ miles.
- 5 F. E. Reese, 101 miles.

THE PATH.

JAMAICA PLAIN, 9 Nov. — Road race of Jamaica Club. *Ten miles*, — F. C. Wellington (1), 38.55; C. A. Underwood (2), 39.42. *Five miles*, — E. S. Woodworth (1), 20.30; C. A. Underwood (2), 22m.; Waldo Cushing (3), 22.15.

RICHMOND, VA., 21 Oct. — Races under the auspices of the Virginia Division L. A. W.

One Mile Novice. — F. Lyon (1).

Half Mile Open. — Ribble (1); A. K. Schaak (2).

Two Mile Open. — F. Lyon (1); O'Neil (2).

RACES under the auspices of Georgia L. A. W. Division: —

Three Mile Handicap. — R. A. Brantley (1), 10.45; H. Reid (2).

Quarter Mile Dash. — C. H. Dillingham (1), 45; C. W. Smith (2).

Two Mile Georgia State Championship. — C. H. Dillingham (1), 6.45.

Ten Miles Open. — C. H. Dillingham (1); R. A. Brantley (2).

Ten Miles Handicap. — E. W. Durant (1); H. Reid (2).

Two Miles Lap. — C. H. Dillingham (1); Brantley (2).

Twenty Miles Georgia State Championship. — R. A. Brantley (1), 1.19.53; Dillingham (2).

One Mile Run and Ride. — E. M. Durant (1), 4.59.

Quarter Mile Hands Off. — C. H. Smith (1); Dillingham (2).

A. A. M'CURDY'S RUN.

MCCURDY has again pushed the Star to the front, and covered a few more miles in twenty-four hours than any other cyclist has ever succeeded in doing. He rode a 48-inch Star machine.

The start was made at 9 A. M. Friday, and the rider went six times around the Boston Club's fifty-mile course, then made two short circuits, a total of 304¾ miles, and the trips to and from his hotel to the point of starting carries the record up to fully 305 miles.

Following is the official time both for the long and short circuits: —

Start.	Finish.	Time.	Distance.
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	Miles.
9.00.00 A. M.	12.04.00 P. M.	3.04.00	50
12.06.25 P. M.	3.28.25 P. M.	6.28.25	100
3.49.30 P. M.	7.24.30 P. M.	10.24.30	150
7.51.10 P. M.	11.35.00 P. M.	14.35.00	200
12.00.40 A. M.	3.58.00 A. M.	18.58.00	250
4.24.45 A. M.	8.38.00 A. M.	23.38.00	300
8.38.00 A. M.	8.48.50 A. M.	23.48.50	302 3.16
8.48.50 A. M.	8.57.45 A. M.	23.57.45	304 3.8

McCurdy traversed the distance between his hotel and the starting-point four times, and this gave him five eighths of a mile additional, or a grand total of 305 miles. The total time consumed in rests, was 1.44.50. Actual riding time, 22.15.10.

The pacemakers worked as follows: —

J. Cole.....	6 miles.		
R. Henderson.....	19 "		
A. E. Wiswall.....	25 "		
	—	50 miles.	
C. H. Annis.....	33 "		
Cole.....	17 "		
	—	50 "	
Wiswell.....	33 "		
Cole.....	17 "		
	—	50 "	
Henderson.....	33 "		
Cole ...	17 "		
	—	50 "	
Wiswell.....	33 "		
Annis.....	17 "		
	—	50 "	
Henderson.....	33 "		
Wiswell.....	17 "		
	—	50 "	
Wiswell.....	} 2 ¾ "		
Henderson.....			
Annis.....			
Chamberlain.....	} 2 ⅞ "		
	—	4 ⅓ "	
		304 ¾ "	

McCurdy was in charge of Dr. Jordan, of Waltham, during the run, and was kept on a diet of concentrated beef. His only fall occurred at the finish. He put on a good spurt, and was unable to get around the corner owing to the presence of a large crowd, and seeing that his wheel must strike the opposite curb, he slid off behind, coming down without harm, while his machine ran into the curbing, breaking the felloe and buckling the wheel. Owing to the intricacy of the course, and the impossibility to use a checker at every point, it was decided to have a pacemaker with him at all times, and except during the first fifty miles, when McCurdy ran ahead of his pacemaker, he was led over the course by one of four men, each of whom was familiar with the course, and each of whom checked every point in the ride. No pains were spared to have things as straight as possible in every way.

THE records made by McCurdy are as follows: —

Distance.	H.	M.	S.
20 miles.....	1	10	17
25 miles.....	1	27	
50 miles.....	3	04	
100 miles.....	6	28	25
150 miles.....	10	24	30
200 miles.....	14	35	
250 miles.....	18	58	
300 miles.....	23	38	
302 ⅞ miles.....	23	48	50
304 ¾ miles (305).....	23	57	45

The extra five eighths of a mile is included

in the total time, for the short stretches from the hotel to the starting-point were covered in the time set down as resting time.

WHITTAKER'S ROAD RECORD.

SECRETARY MCGARRETT of the A. C. U. has received the following official communications from John S. Rogers, chairman of the central district racing board of the A. C. U.

ST. LOUIS, 30 October, 1886.

A. O. MCGARRETT, Esq., Secretary A. C. U.

Dear Sir, — From the evidence in my possession I am convinced beyond a doubt of the correctness of the road records claimed by S. G. Whittaker, as made by him in Montgomery County, Indiana, 18 and 19 October, 1886, and I have, therefore, this day officially accepted the same, and notified said Whittaker of their acceptance. The records claimed are as follows: —

Miles.	H.	M.	S.
100.....	6	01	15
125.....	8	23	35
150.....	10	28	52
175.....	12	59	20
200.....	15	13	34½
225.....	17	18	06
250.....	19	20	50
275.....	21	37	27
300.....	23	46	16¾

Yours very truly,

JOHN S. ROGERS, Racing Board A. C. U.

ST. LOUIS, 2 November, 1886.

A. O. MCGARRETT, Esq., Secretary A. C. U.

Dear Sir, — In writing you 30 October, I find I omitted to state that I also had accepted as correct the times claimed by Whittaker for his run of 24 Sept., 1886, viz.: —

Miles.	H.	M.	S.
25.....	1	31	00
50.....	2	55	46½
75.....	4	41	30
100.....	6	43	59

The evidence furnished for both runs was entirely satisfactory. He furnished affidavits (sworn) from the surveyor who measured the course, and from the full list of officials, including referee, judges, timers, scorer, starter, and checkers. Mr. Pontious, the referee, assures me that there was no possible chance for a short cut, which was somewhat unnecessary, as from my knowledge of the roads of that section, I was pretty sure of that myself. The absence of the pacemakers required by the rules, was the only delinquency, and this was hardly avoidable, as there are no men of Whittaker's class (promateur) in the West. I considered the records reliable, and consequently accepted them.

Yours truly,

JOHN S. ROGERS, Racing Board A. C. U.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, customer for Wright & Ditson bicycle, 46-inch, nearly new, \$15; also Victor tricycle, good condition, \$55; correspondence solicited. Address, COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.

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Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

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BOSTON.



SAFE, PRACTICAL and FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

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The Road Book of Boston and Vicinity

CONTAINS all important routes around Boston, details of road surface and turnings, copious and interesting notes, many new points reached.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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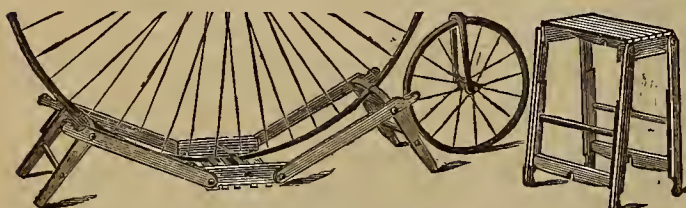
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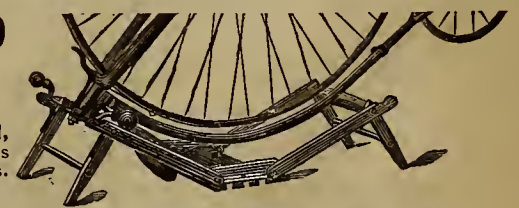


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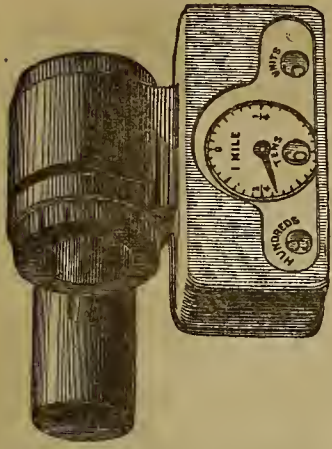
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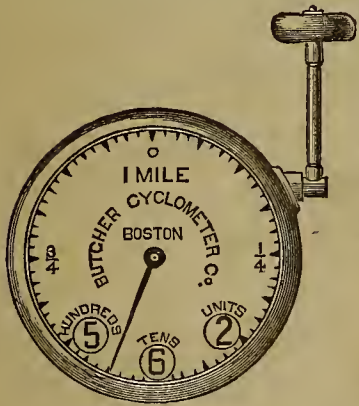
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

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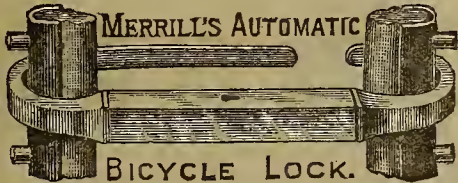
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We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

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For locking Bicycles. New, Novel and Elegant. Can be applied instantly and locks automatically. Is neat, compact and cheap. Weighs only 2 1-2 ounces, and length only 4 inches.

Dr. W. D. Ball, of Boston, writes: "I bought one of your locks the first of the season, and can say it is really the only lock on the market good for anything. I leave my bicycle anywhere and have never had it tampered with, and yet, two bicycles have been stolen within a stone's throw of my office."

Can be had of any dealer in bicycles, or sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste.—Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nickeled or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOHN HAY.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration,—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gilmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc. etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger," etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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for young people is what the papers call St. NICHOLAS. Do you know about it,—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it is n't just the element you need in the household? The London *Times* has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST. NICHOLAS

For 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton,—several by each author.

A Short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. NICHOLAS.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture-gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil" and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc. etc.

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Vol. II., No. 8.

BOSTON, MASS., 19 NOVEMBER, 1886.

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 19 NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 8.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Two years ago it was contended that the polo interest would destroy the amateur law, but the law is very much alive to-day, and polo is struggling for existence. This year the promateur was the agent for killing out the amateur law, but the promateur is dead and the law is still there. The question of its abolition came up in the council meeting of the N. C. U. a few weeks ago, and twelve votes were recorded against the law out of a hundred that were cast. Of these twelve voters, six are on the staff of *Wheeling*, and one is a particular friend of its editor. There seems to be some life in the law even in England.

FEW wheelmen will be found in the ranks of the prohibitory party, if the result of its triumph is to be the closing of all the best hotels. Touring wheelmen in some of the places in Eastern Massachusetts have been seriously annoyed by the fact that hotels have been closed because it would not pay to keep them open without a license. And wheelmen are not often patrons of the bar, either.

ENGLISH dealers are discussing the matter of discounts to private purchasers, and a trade association will be formed in the North of England, to regulate all such things, and to protect the trade. A circular calling for a

meeting of dealers says that at least five out of six depots have been unable to show any profit on the year's trading.

BOSTON dealers are discussing a protective trade association also, and there is little doubt that one will be formed here. There are many evils that have arisen that can be corrected by the co-operation of the dealers.

THE dealers have signed a paper in which they agree not to accept road records against time except where pacemakers have gone the entire distance, and checkers have been placed at each point where distance could be cut off. Nothing is said about cyclometers, and yet a good cyclometer is a better check upon a man than any other agent. It tells just how far the man has gone, and if distance is cut off the fact will be shown. In riding around a block where the road is measured in the centre, a man steals distance every time he takes the inner sidewalk, and he gains it all the time that he is riding inside the road centre. Cyclometers should not be the only reliance, but they should be one of the evidences of a record.

THE editor of the *Bulletin* has been estimating the amount of matter in the cycling papers. The CYCLE has never claimed much for itself, and it is willing to go on record with its contemporaries just as the *Bulletin* places it. We give the table:—

	Total number of pages.	Number of pages Reading Matter.	Number of words of Reading Matter.
<i>Recreation</i> ,	16	{ 9 1-2	13,500
" cycling matter only,		{ 5 2-3	8,000
<i>The Wheel</i> ,	10	5 1-3	8,500
<i>Bicycling World</i> ,	16	7	9,500
THE CYCLE,	14	8	11,500
<i>The Bulletin</i> ,	20	10	24,000

MR. BUTCHER, of the Butcher Cyclometer Company, has shown us the new spoke cyclometer which the company will put out for 1887. The circular case and dial plate is the same as that used on the present spoke cyclometer, but the movable arm has been discarded and in its place is a square enclosed channel running at a tangent with the case. In this channel is a heavy weight which is sure to fall from the upper to the lower part as the wheel turns, and in its fall it moves the wheels of the cyclometer. The thing promises well, for any one who sees

it will be convinced that the weight must drop and the works must move. This device allows the case to be sealed tightly, and there is no fear of water getting in. Mr. Butcher has in the new instrument gotten over very many of the objections to his first spoke cyclometer, and we believe he has hit the right thing. Patents have been allowed, and contracts for making parts of the cyclometer will be awarded at once.

THE end of the League year is at hand. Prepare to meet your dues. The organization ought to have 15,000 members next year.

MASSACHUSETTS HOTELS.

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has issued the following list of League Hotels for Massachusetts:—

NAME.	HOTEL.	L. A. W. RATE.
Arlington,	Arlington House,	\$1.50
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Clinton,	Hotel Oxford,	1.60
Danvers,	Danvers Hotel,	1.50
E. Braintree,	Vaughn's House,	1.00
Fall River,	Dean Hotel,	1.50
Fitchburg,	Fitchburg Hotel,	2.00
Florence,	Florence Hotel,	1.25
Framingham,	Central House,	1.50
Gardner,	Windsor House,	2.00 to 2.80
Gloucester,	Pavilion Hotel,	2.00
Greenfield,	Mansion House,	2.50
Holliston,	Hollis House,	1.00
Hopedale,	Hopedale House,	1.50
Hyde Park,	Mrs. Stevens, River st.,	Meals, 35 cts.
Leominster,	Leominster Hotel,	2.00
Lynn,	Hotel Boscobel,	3.00
"	" Oxford,	1.50
Marlboro',	Central House,	2.00
Milford,	Mansion "	2.00
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Newburyport,	Merrimac "	2.00
North Adams,	Richmond "	2.00
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Northampton,	Norwood Hotel,	2.50

Members of the L. A. W. will be required to produce their membership ticket to obtain the above rates.

OVER THE HANDLES: A TALE OF TWO WHEELS.

BY W. McILWRAITH.

*(From Cyclists' Year Book. Begun in issue for 12 Nov.)**Agnes Lester, Glasgow, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.*

" . . . Mr. Penner has at last ceased to be our patient, and has advanced to the rank of friend. He comes pretty often in the evenings, and being very fond of music, we spend many pleasant hours together. Now, Bessie, don't jump to conclusions; I know what this looks like to a susceptible female of your highly imaginative texture. But let me assure you there is nothing but friendship between us. He, of course, knows nothing of my previous history, and I know very little as to his. He is at present studying for the bar, and is evidently very accomplished and clever — and withal, possessed of strong common sense, which all accomplished and clever people are not.

"Would you believe it? He has, after all that has happened, again taken to bicycling. He says he has now thorough command of the machine, and enjoys nothing better than a run into the country, — except, perhaps, he adds with a smile, hearing a certain young lady play Beethoven. I take this as a hint, open the piano, and my *quondam* patient is happy for the time.

"I wonder what he thinks of me. He knows that I have pupils for the pianoforte, and I suppose he looks upon me as merely a hard-working little governess. I like to encourage him in the supposition, for I know thereby that I shall see him in his true character.

"He says he has no desire to be very rich, and looks upon life very much as upon bicycling, — the great thing being to keep perfectly upright, not to go at a dangerous speed, steer straight, and keep a good balance. . . ."

Bessie Drummond, Dumfries, to Agnes Lester, Glasgow.

" . . . I laughed a quiet little laugh all to myself, when I read your epistle. 'There is nothing but friendliness between us.' This you say, and this I doubt. Why? Never mind. Only, — when a young lady writes to me, and I find the greater part of her letter taken up with one young man in particular, I say to myself, 'Where there is so much smoke, there must be fire.' This is not a lugubrious warning, my dear Agnes, for I know I can trust your head and heart in a matter of this kind.

"And now, to be confiding in return. I, also, am very much tormented by the visits of a male biped. This biped is a big, good-humored specimen, of about six feet by two, with a merry pair of eyes that would charm melancholy from a poorhouse, and a laugh that is the essence of sweetness itself. He is one of those large-hearted, generous souls that nature sends as a sweetening flavor among the tasteless or sour elements of this big pie — the world. He, like your devoted 'friend,' is a bicycler; but what a machine he *does* ride! I think he calls it a 'fifty-eight,' but whether that means stones in weight, or revolutions in the minute, or something else, I don't know. I only know that he can whiz along the road at a pace that leaves cabs and carriages far behind.

"He does n't care much for classical music. If I were to play Beethoven to him he would most likely say, 'Beethoven's been a boy and no mistake. His music's the stuff for pianoforte makers — bangs the piano all to bits. Don't your arms feel tired? No! Then let's hear "The land-lubbers lying down below, below, below," and I'll give you a chorus.'

"But in spite of all this he is simply adorable. He praises bicycling up to the skies, and says there is more 'wheel' than 'wo' in it. . . ."

"P. S. Bob and I are going out for a stroll this evening. He asked me this morning in a manner that was a little nervous, and I have been restless all day. I feel he is going to say something to-night, and (this is a profound secret, dear Agnes) I know beforehand what it is. . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . My dear Bob, my heart is so full that I must unburden it to somebody or burst. You are the only one to whom I would think of doing so, and it is needless for me to even hint to you that this letter is strictly confidential.

"I am deeply in love, Bob, over head and ears. That is the confession I have to make, and now that it is made, I feel inclined to pitch this letter into the fire. I shall let it stand, however, and trust to your sympathetic nature.

"It is the young lady whom I have written to you so often about, and who cared for me so generously when I met with the accident.

"I have just returned from spending the evening with her, and my head and heart are in a whirl. If you are in love yourself, you may have some idea of my sensations, but not otherwise.

"I rode over to her place on my trusty steed, — which I prize all the more because it threw me on the pavement before her house, — and found her as usual, bright and smiling, in the parlor, busy with some fancy work. I wish you could see her, Bob. The first glance is sufficient to show you that she is a woman of exquisite breeding and refinement, and the more you know her, the more the excellence of her character appears. She is at present, as far as I can see, engaged in teaching the pianoforte; but it is perfectly plain that she has been brought up in the best society.

"What her story is I do not know, nor shall I inquire. She may of her own accord tell it me some day — I shall never be rude enough to ask. I think, however, it must be of a sorrowful nature, for she looks at times sad and absent-minded, as if former memories pressed upon her mind.

"To-night was spent as usual, in talk, music, and in partaking of a little coffee. Margaret spends most of her time with us, and a very kind, shrewd old lady she is; but whether relative or servant, I have not been able to fix in my own mind. To-night she had gone out, and, relieved of her presence, I gave myself up to my enraptured feelings, and hinted by word and look the state of my affections. I have for a long time seen that my presence is not disagreeable to her, and to-night, more than ever I was convinced that I occupied at least a corner of her heart. At our parting I had the temerity to kiss her, with an endearing

word, and though she started a little and blushed, I could see that she was not displeased.

"I rode to my lodgings at a rate which startled many a passer-by, and made the policemen look as if they thought I had better be 'taken up,' for furious driving.

"Briefly, Bob, I shall bring matters to a head directly, and if I am not successful, why — there will be one man's life robbed of its zest and purpose. . . ."

Robert Lithgow, Dumfries, to James Penner, Glasgow.

" . . . I won't chaff you, dear Jim, regarding your love affair — I can't; you're decidedly 'spoony'; I'm decidedly ditto. So I can heartily sympathize with you, and wish you all the success you deserve.

"I'm a little ahead of you, Jim, in this respect. I am engaged — have been so for two days — and during that time I have been in such a state of exhilaration that I have been spinning about at a breakneck pace on my D. H. F., working off steam. At present I feel as if I could give Keen half a dozen laps in fifty miles and beat him clean.

"I took Bessie out for a stroll on Tuesday night, and after skirmishing about the subject for a considerable time, I managed at last to make the fateful query in what, in spite of all my courage and manliness, was a very sheepish way. Bessie was as nervous as I was, but she managed to reply in the affirmative, and the thing was done.

"Now, Jim, go you and do likewise. Screw up your courage to the 'popping' point, and go in and win. . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I was very glad to hear of your happy condition, and tender you my hearty congratulations. Your path appears before you — a bright and smiling one; mine at present is somewhat overclouded.

"You know the state of my feelings toward a certain young lady, and as I have already told you, I have all along felt certain that she had a previous history different from what might be imagined from her present position. I have just found out a little of it, but not from herself.

"Last Friday, being free from all engagements, I started at an early hour for a day's ride. I was in capital spirits; the weather, though cold, was calm and bright, and I anticipated a day's thorough enjoyment.

"My forenoon's ride I need not describe to you, for you know the district well. Suffice it to say that at one o'clock I dismounted before the only inn in the little Highland village of Shaighsheen, and ordered dinner.

"I had just finished, and was turning round to toast my toes at the roaring fire — half peat, half coal — when two men entered, evidently farmers or cattle dealers. The one spoke with a broad Scotch accent, the other was decidedly Highland. Their conversation was at first occupied with nothing but 'beasts,' 'cattle,' 'sheep,' 'wool,' state of the market, and other kindred subjects which monopolized their minds and tongues, but after the second 'haufmutchkin' the conversation took a turn.

"Any words o' Sir Robert reducin' his rents this tairn? Times has been sae bad

o' late that something o' that sort wad need to be dune.'

"Nane whateffer. Indeed, he 's been less about Tweedielands this last three or four months than he has been for some years whateffer. An' he'll leave the whole management to the factor — an' you know what sort o' a man *he* is."

"Whaur did he gang tae?'

"Nopody knows. Mrs. Phershon — that 's the housekeeper — says he 's never been himsel' sin' his niece left the place.'

"This niece, I learned from their conversation, had been the favorite of the whole district, and her leaving the place was evidently looked upon as a great misfortune. Why she had left, was a matter of doubt, the only thing definitely known being, that Sir Robert and she had had some difference.

"Feeling interested by this time, I chimed in after the manner of Dickens' young man, 'wanting to know, you know.' I elicited the fact that this Sir Robert Pengrew was a fire-eating old admiral, retired from service, as hot in temper as capsicum berries — that he was the richest proprietor in the county; that the whole of the village in which I then was, belonged to him; that his mansion was four miles distant; that his motions at present were most erratic; that he seemed possessed of some demon of unrest; that he often rode into Glasgow at a pace which half killed his horses; and that this state of matters had been, in the opinion of the people, caused by the estrangement of his niece, who had always been, up till her late departure, as the apple of his eye.

"By the time I had drawn out this information, we had become very friendly, and I ordered a round of whiskey for my friends and a glass of beer for myself.

"I was holding the glass in my hand, looking meditatively through the rich brown fluid into the fire, when I carelessly asked, by way of keeping up the conversation, —

"And this Miss Pengrow, she had been a great favorite of Sir Robert's before this quarrel took place?'

"Her name 's no Pengrew. You see, Sir Robert had nae brithers an' only ae sister, an' he was terribly fond o' her. When she deed, a short time efter her husband, he took the wee dochter — a' the faimily they had — an' brocht her up as his ain. So that she doesna bear the name o' her uncle — her faither's name was Lester.'

"My glass fell with a crash and broke in pieces on the fender.

"For one brief moment I was completely stunned, but the queries of my companions as to what was wrong, and the hurried entrance of the landlord, brought me to my senses, and I passed the thing off as best I could.

"This little *contretemps* interrupted the conversation for a little, but I resumed inquiries in a seemingly careless, off-hand way. I managed to get a description of Sir Robert's niece, and was confirmed beyond doubt that my sweet little governess of Glasgow was none other than the heiress to the broad acres of Tweedielands.

"My dear Bob, my feelings at present won't bear analysis — bewilderment pervades my whole being; but I feel in a dim sort of a way that this day's revelation has snatched Miss Lester from my grasp, and placed her on a pinnacle to which I can never attain.

"I left Shaighsheen Inn and rode out of my way to gain a glimpse of Tweedielands Mansion. It is evidently the county-seat of a man of great wealth, and as I turned away from it sadly, I felt as if I had left my happiness behind me.

"I rode steadily all the afternoon through an increasing fall of snow, and put up in Suildhu for the night.

"I write this part of my letter from this place, but will not finish it till I reach home to-morrow night. I expect a stiff ride to-morrow, as the ground is now completely covered with snow, and the wind howls dismally round the building. Everything is cold and dreary and miserable, like my heart and hopes, now that I know whom I have been worshipping. . . ."

Agnes Lester, Glasgow, to a friend abroad.

". . . You are surprised, no doubt, that I should date this letter from Glasgow, and not from Tweedielands, but the fact is I have left the old spot, and have taken furnished lodgings in a quiet street of this city, having no one with me but dear old Margaret, who, as you know, dandled and nursed me when a child, and who has cared for me ever since the time when, left without father or mother, I came under the guardianship of my uncle.

"You are acquainted with uncle's headstrong, unreasonable temper, and how, when he takes a thing into his head, he will carry it out in spite of all opposition. And you are also aware of the fact that he has looked forward for years to the possible union of the estates of Tweedielands and Cricklade through the alliance of Frederick Spoddely with your humble servant. This has been his ambitious dream, and Frederick, at his frequent invitation, stayed at Tweedielands for months at a time, much to my disgust, for I have no liking for the son of our neighboring proprietor. Sir Robert viewed with ever-increasing impatience and anger my evident dislike for Frederick, and several times spoke to me on the subject. At first I said very little, but, as it became more irritated and unreasonable, I plucked up courage to speak my mind, calmly and determinedly.

"I can never feel anything but gratitude to my dear uncle (though we are at present completely estranged) for his thoughtfulness and tenderness in bringing me up as he did; but I cannot, let the consequences be what they may, agree to his wishes in this matter. He has a warm heart, as you know, but his infirmity of temper leads him to say and do things which, however sorry for afterwards, he will in nowise retract.

"When I had conveyed my determination to him his anger completely gained the mastery, and he told me that as long as I persisted in it there could be no communication between us, and that some other residence than Tweedielands must be looked out for me.

"How I did suffer all that week! And I have suffered a great deal since. I loved the old place so much — every room, every nook in it and round it had some tender remembrance connected with it, and I loved uncle so much in spite his infirmities. When I drove away he merely gave me a stiff bow. I could see that he, however, as well as I, felt the pang of separation, but I knew too

well his stubbornness would not allow him to show it.

"He allowed Margaret to accompany me and sends her salary regularly every quarter. As for myself, the interest of the money left me by poor father is more than sufficient for my wants. In order to occupy my time, and keep me in a busy frame of mind, I receive one or two pupils for the pianoforte.

"So, Nelly, you must cease to think of me as an heiress; but do not, I beseech you, cease to think of me as a very loving, though distant, friend. . . ."

James Penner to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

(Continuation of former letter.)

"From Suildhu there stretches southward a long, bleak expanse of moor, and this morning, when I looked out across it from my bedroom window, I half formed the determination to ride to the nearest railway station, ten miles off, and take the train home. But second thoughts came, over my hot and steaming breakfast-cup, and I made up my mind to push my way home in spite of all obstacles.

"It was quite calm when I started — everything lay very still and white. Only the sky looked preternaturally black against the snow-covered mountain-tops.

"I rode manfully for more than two hours, making one or two involuntary dismounts during that time. About noon the wind came whistling down from the north, scattering in its way an ever-increasing fall of snow. Fortunately the wind was straight behind me, and for some time I made pretty good speed. By one o'clock I was on the lookout for a place called Tomniul, but as time went on, I saw that somehow or other I had strayed from my way. The storm was increasing, and the wind came in gusts that made my riding of a most uncertain character. I tried to obtain information of my whereabouts from my pocket map, but I could only make a random guess. No house was within sight, and all the comfort I had was that I was upon a road, and that the road must lead somewhere.

"I took once more to the saddle, and, coming to a long slope, I put my legs over the handles and kept a bright lookout ahead. A horse came in sight, standing alone shivering, with his back to the blast. About twenty yards before I came to him, and while looking at him, and not at the roadway, my machine bounded against some obstacle in the snow, and I went flying over the handles. I landed on my feet, but the impetus was so great that I fell forward on the road.

"On regaining my feet I examined both myself and my steed, and found nothing wrong. I went back to discover the cause of my sudden dismount, and found to my horror a man lying half-hidden in the drifting snow. I lost not a minute in laying my machine on its side, in catching the man by the shoulders, and in pulling him into a half-sitting, half-lying position against the low sod fence by the roadside.

"He was quite unconscious, and the extreme pallor of his face made me think for a moment he was dead. On examination, however, I found that he was still alive, but that he had evidently lost a considerable amount of blood from a wound in the leg.

Fearing that his life might drip away with the blood, I took my handkerchief, rolled it lengthwise and tied it into a loop around his leg, and twisted it as tightly as possible by means of my spanners, making, in this way, not a bad substitute for a tourniquet.

"Near at hand was a small turf hut, used for I know not what, and having entered it, I found the floor covered with very damp rushes mixed with hay. I made up my mind to place the unfortunate man inside, and so shelter him from the keen blast until such time as I could procure help. A few minutes sufficed to do this, and then the problem presented itself—Where should I ride for help?—back the way I came, or straight on? While deliberating, I surveyed my patient. He was evidently a gentleman of some means; his appearance, in spite of a very rugged, self-willed countenance, proclaimed this. I then remembered his horse, and I knew that I would have a much better chance were I on his back instead of on my bicycle. I therefore made an attempt to catch him, but the animal shied when I approached and trotted off downhill, disappearing in a short time.

"After a minute's further consideration, I mounted and rode straight back in the teeth of the storm. As far as I could see, I stood a better chance of meeting with help by going back than by proceeding. I remembered passing a farmhouse an hour and a half previous, and I determined to make for it.

"The blast was keen and bitter, the snow blinded me, my machine staggered about like an intoxicated spider; but the thought of the man lying on the damp rushes of the hut, with the life nearly out of him, nerved me to efforts I could not otherwise have made. Before I had ridden a quarter of an hour, I was perspiring profusely, in spite of the freezing wind that did its utmost to keep me from going ahead.

"A furious gust coming down a narrow glen, the mouth of which I was passing, laid my steed and myself prone in the ditch. I found it impossible to remount in the face of the gale, so, turning my back on it, I mounted going with the wind, and once fairly in the saddle, faced round again. I clenched my teeth, pulled vigorously at the handles, and laid myself on the top of the front wheel, managing thus to keep going, but that was all. The fierce sweep of the snow-laden tempest bit my face and ears most painfully, and I gasped for breath, tottered, and fell. This was repeated time after time, till I was almost in despair. I felt faint and giddy, my hands were benumbed and bleeding from numerous cuts, both the near handle and crank were badly bent, and I had to take to walking, pushing the machine before me. Farther on, at the head of a slope, I remounted and faced the blast once more.

"I went at it in a dull, dogged, half-despairing fashion, tumbled, remounted again, and lay for several minutes amidst the snow in a strangely indifferent, drowsy condition.

"How I reached the farmhouse I have no distinct idea, but I remember knocking at the door in a very benumbed and dazed condition, and in staggering in at the door on its being opened without saying a single word.

"There was no need, for my appearance proclaimed my necessity, and I was hurried into the warm kitchen, deposited in a large

arm-chair, and forced to swallow some hot whiskey and water.

"I recovered immediately and told the people why I had come, urging them to set out at once if they did not wish to bring back a corpse instead of a living man. I described the place—the farmer recognized it at once—and in a few minutes he had set off in his gig, with a man-servant, a pair of blankets, and a flask of brandy. I felt so weak that, after getting my hands sponged and cleaned, I ensconced myself between the blankets, and in a few minutes slept the profound sleep of utter exhaustion.

"I am still in the farmhouse. I write this before the big kitchen fireplace, using the folding leaf of the capacious arm-chair as a writing desk. Donald MacGregor, my kind-hearted, large-limbed host, sits opposite smoking, with a large collie basking in the heat of the fire at his feet. The 'guidwife' is busy with the household affairs, and occasionally peeps into a small bedroom, leading off the kitchen, with a very sympathetic look, for the man whose life I have been the means of saving is lying there.

"And who do you think he is, Bob? None other than Sir Robert Pengrew, the uncle of Miss Lester...."

(To be continued.)

CYCLES.

NOVEMBER days this year may well be called fall days. The rain has been falling almost constantly.

DAISIE missed one chance at a jokelet. The young man she writes about proved himself an apt scholar and also a good tooter.

STANDARD records are very scarce this year. The Racing Board has accepted a few. The best times made are not records.

A MIXED run of bicyclers, tricyclers, and tricyclers is on the tapis for Thanksgiving Day in Chelsea.

When our runs the ladies grace
They should always make the pace.

THE Ramblers of Chelsea held a social assembly on the 10th inst. Some seventy-five couple were present. The club honored our fair correspondent "Daisie" by dedicating a schottische to her.

LOOK out for our Christmas story.

"How can I prevent my lamp from going out?" said a cyclist. "Why, stay at home," said a friend. "Your lamp will not go out if you don't."

THE matter of a track is being agitated in New Orleans.

A TRICYCLER came out of the reservoir and turned too suddenly. His machine went over and became a wreck. "Nothing like a good break," said he, as he viewed the wreck. The moral of this is that speeding around corners can be avoided by applying the brake.

THE following joke has been sent into us. It is so very bad that we use it as a horrible example of what a man can do if he sets out to. Why should n't wheelmen take to tobogganing in winter? They are used to bargaining for wheels in summer.

HILLIER has been trying the "Swift" safety bicycle made by the Coventry machinists, and he pronounces very decidedly in its favor. Gaskell will have one on view at a very early date.

THE Massachusetts Club gave its first entertainment of the season at its clubhouse Saturday evening. The affair proved very enjoyable, and it is intended to have some sort of an entertainment every Saturday evening during the non-riding season.

IT is a question in Washington whether or not Mrs. Cleveland is learning to ride a tricycle. Certain it is a tricycle has been taken to the White House; the gates of the grounds have been locked, and mysterious laughter has been laughed. It may be that the President is taking this form of active exercise to reduce his extra weight; but it is generally expected that Mrs. Cleveland is the one interested, and her appearance outside on the machine, which is fashionable in Washington, is waited with a good deal of curiosity. — *Record*.

THE *American Wheelman* has sent requests to one hundred of the most prominent racing men for their opinion on the question of abolishing the amateur rule, and will next month publish the result.

A CORRESPONDENT writes of a new tricycle to the *Cyclist* as follows: "It outstrips all I have ever seen. I could not have conceived it possible to make a tricycle run with such ease. *It is like moving my feet up and down in a cask of butter.*"

THE annual "draw," or lottery, which interests English cyclists, will take place this year at Boulogne, France. Tickets sell for a shilling each, and the prizes are tandems, tricycles, and bicycles. The English laws against lotteries compel the transference of the lottery to French soil, though the prominent cyclists of England, including the leading newspaper men, are interested in and will supervise the drawing.

THE St. Louis wheelmen were not successful in getting through the proposed amendment to the State constitution providing for a road tax of fifteen cents on every one hundred dollars valuation. The vote went very strong against it.

JOHN O. BLAKE has resigned the chief consulship of Illinois, and Burley B. Ayers has been appointed. In a case like this the president can well afford to put on Ayers.

FOR wilful and gross libels on George Lacy Hillier, "The Bard," the English correspondent of the *Bicycling World*, cannot be surpassed. — *Cyclist*.

MR. HILLIER has not had fair play on this side of the water. He is not altogether bad as some journals would have us believe.

THE Citizens, of New York, will hold a ladies' reception on Monday evening, 22 November. There will be an entertainment and refreshments in addition to the social features of the occasion.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company will move on 1 Jan., to the corner of Arch and Franklin streets. The company has leased the entire building.

THE New York wheelmen cast their influence at the last election in favor of Henry

R. Beekman, democratic candidate for the office of president of the Board of Aldermen, who pledged himself in favor of equal rights for the horsemen and wheelmen in New York. He was elected, and much good may come to wheelmen in consequence.

STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER rode twenty miles in the hour, at Crawfordsville, Ind., on 3 Nov. He started at the twenty-five-mile point on the Potato Creek Road, and finished at the five-mile stake. Three Waltham chronographs were used, and the start was made at two o'clock precisely, and he finished twenty miles in 59.35 $\frac{1}{2}$.

A. J. BENTLEY, of Brown University, starting from Providence at 4.30 A. M., has ridden to Everett and returned to Providence at 8.30 P. M. He went through Boston in both directions, the total distance being 116 miles. Three years ago, F. W. Reynolds, a Brown student, made the round trip in ten hours.

THE Union County wheelmen will pay two hundred dollars toward building a cinder path from New York to Philadelphia.

ALL exertion is accompanied by the waste of our muscular system. The more exertion the more waste. Record breakers always appreciate the truth of the saying: "Haste makes waste."

WE want a copy of the *C. T. C. Gazette* for September. Can any person supply us with one without sacrifice to themselves? If so, please forward to our address.

THE Chelsea Cycle Club met Tuesday evening and apportioned the work of preparing slips for Consul Hayes' road book. They propose to have the Chelsea roads well described and the distances correct.

CHARLEY FRAZIER was seen on Monday trudging homeward with a gun over his shoulder, two opossums in one hand and three rabbits in the other, a number of hunting dogs trotting after him completing the picture. Star Charley does like hunting. — *Recreation.*

THE Columbia tandem promises to be one of the leading machines of 1887.

SHOULD N'T wonder if we saw Stevens before we saw Karl's book. The colonel will have one more machine in his collection of curiosities at the warerooms.

G. P. MILLS, of Liverpool, has covered 6,157 miles in eighty-two rides, from 1 Jan. to 9 Oct.

FRANK HACKSTAFF is just back from the East, and says he noticed during his stay one important difference between the Eastern and the Western cyclist. Around Boston, when strange wheelmen meet on the road, they salute. Here, in nine cases out of ten, they either go by silent as statues, or, if one nods and waves his hand sociably, the other boorishly makes no response. — *Spectator.*

THE Pope Manufacturing Company is to leave its old quarters and come down town.

PRESIDENT Ducker says that he doubts if Whittaker's record will stand, owing to the lack of pacemakers. It does n't much matter now, for McCurdy took the most effective means to dispose of it.

LIST of late cycling patents compiled by N. L. Collamer, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. : F. B. Jeffery, Chicago, Ill. (2), bicycle and lantern-hanger; J. A. Lamplugh, Birmingham, England, luggage carrier; Theo. Zanger, Buffalo, N. Y., velocipede.

A NEW wrinkle in advertising has been shown. "Furnish us with engagement cards for our dance and you may put an advertisement on them." Several clubs have got their cards for nothing this year.

MASSACHUSETTS Club officials are compiling records, and they hope to show a very large mileage for 1886. They have got a man down in Philadelphia who rides all over America, and runs up a very large mileage. Perhaps a Philadelphia club can show larger figures than the Massachusetts Club. We'll risk our judgment on the latter.

AND now the gymnasiums will attract wheelmen. We have put one up in our office and propose to devote the spare minutes this winter in getting ready to win the editor's race next summer. We want to get up muscle enough to ride a wheel geared up to about a hundred, and then look out for us.

AND now they tell us that the Ahl Bros. are going out of cycling. We can't believe cycling will go out of them. Ralph was the first American to break the three-minute record for a mile, and Leonard has given us some pretty work on the road. The cycling fever does n't ooze out at the finger-ends of such enthusiasts as they have been. We believe they will be found *Ahl* right on the cycling question.

IT is said that the Pope Manufacturing Company will have nothing more to do with promateurs. We believe it. There will be no promateurs next year.

TWENTY men applied for membership in the League last week. This is a pretty good showing for so late in the year.

THIS year will soon go out. It lives now only among the embers, and soon both the Dec.- and Nov.-embers will be extinguished.

THEY used to tell us that a circle had no end. And yet Stevens' circle around the globe will soon have an end.

A. L. ATKINS received a handsome ulster from his fellow-clerks at the Pope Manufacturing Company, as a present before his departure for California.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe* says that since he took to cycling he has gained twenty-five pounds. Gracious! How lucky it is that not all of us are affected that way by riding.

FAED has sent us his latest work, which is entitled "Two Trips to the Emerald Isle." It includes "A Racing Trip to Dublin" and "A Touring Trip to Killarney." The book is in pamphlet form and sells for a shilling. Faed contributes the text, which tells the story of the two trips in an exceedingly interesting manner, and Geo. Moore has added a large number of very good illustrations which help out the story amazingly well. Published by Iliffe & Son, London.

A NUMBER of the Boston Club found the ride from Boston to Gloucester too much for them, and they took the train at Lynn. And now they are claiming that the ride is

too hard a one for ladies. And yet every lady pushed through in the recent run to the North Shore, not one of them took a train, and not one of them was unduly tired. Moreover, two of the ladies rode from Newburyport to Boston on a bitter cold day, the last one of the tour.

WITH reference to the vile word recently appearing to define the new species — promateur — the sooner it is gone the better. The word amateur comes from the sense of loving a pursuit for its sake, and the new definition should be built up in the same way. The root of the word is lost now. Either "amapro," "profama," or "profam" seems better, and I prefer the first, for it seems to indicate a love of the profession, without the pluck, may it be said, to join their ranks. — *Cor. Cyclist.*

THE New Orleans Bicycle Club has nearly completed the arrangements for the erection of a clubhouse. It will be two stories high, containing wheel, billiard, and reading rooms, and all other conveniences needed to make the place attractive to the members. It is proposed to have the front constructed of pressed brick, and indeed if the present plans are carried out it will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

WE have received from Finlay A. Macrae, Hon. Sec. of the Records Committee, N. C. U., an official certification of the records made by G. Lacy Hillier for 51, 52, 53, and 54 miles. The fact that other figures were published in the first accounts is explained by attributing them to mistakes that are always incident to hurried reportorial work.

WE have been reading, this week, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's little book with the following title: "Two Pilgrims' Progress from Fair Florence to the Eternal City of Rome. Delivered under the Similitude of a Ride, Wherein is Discovered the Manner of Their Setting Out, Their Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired City." Mrs. Pennell tells the story of the ride in a very interesting way, and Jo uses his pencil to the best advantage in illustrating it. The various incidents of the journey are set down in graphic language, and the descriptions of places along the route are very entertaining. Charles Godfrey Leland furnishes a charming poetical introduction, and to him the book is dedicated. The book is published by Roberts Bros., Boston, and sells for \$2.00.

Outing is going to send another man around the world. This time it is Captain F. A. Claudman, of Newburyport, and he will travel in a thirty-foot yawl. He is now preparing his boat for the voyage, and will start in about ten days for Panama. He will cross the isthmus with his boat on a freight car, and will proceed thence up the whole west coast of North America, and so on, crossing Behring's Strait, down to the Asiatic continent, around to Suez, through the Mediterranean to Gibraltar. He will return home by way of the Shetland Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, occupying at least two years and possibly three in his journey.

B. R. AKE called in to see us the other day, and told us about a dream that he had. He dreamed that he was dead and standing at St. Peter's gate waiting to get into heaven.

There was a large crowd in waiting, for St. Peter was very particular, and propounded a series of questions to each applicant. As Ake came nearer, he heard some of these questions, and they interested him not a little. His immediate predecessor claimed that he was a wheelman, and therefore entitled to enter.

"Have you been a good fellow, and have you made any records?" said St. Peter.

"Yes."

"Did you belong to the League?"

"Yes."

"Did you subscribe to all the cycling papers?"

"I did; that's what brought me here."

"Then you can go in. But stop a minute. Did you ride on the sidewalks?"

"Occasionally, when there was no one around."

"Then you have no business here. Go to my neighbor across the way, and get a position with the goats."

This was enough for Ake. He turned on his heel and started for earth to tell wheelmen what would be expected from them. But he woke up on the way back, and so he wanted us to tell wheelmen to be careful where they ride.

IT is of course evident to every bicycle rider that it is much easier to ride a mile than to walk same distance. Now, the real explanation of this fact is that in walking the body is raised by the legs one inch in every step. In riding, the weight of the body is carried by the machine, and also assists in its propulsion. The legs direct the weight, and at the same time add their muscular force to the weight of the body, the conditions of the test being a comparatively level track. In case of making ascents of more or less inclinations, the above conditions are reversed, as the weight of the body must be lifted — the weight being in proportion to the elevation — with the muscles at greater disadvantage than in walking. — *Cor. Globe.*

A. A. McCURDY, the Lynn bicyclist, who rode 304½ miles within twenty-four hours last Friday and Saturday over the Boston Bicycle Club course, was in town last evening to secure the approval of his records by W. H. Selvey, who is a member of the A. C. U. Racing Board for district No. 1. McCurdy brought with him certificates from the officials who had charge of the event, and claims records from 150 to 305 miles inclusive, also the twenty and twenty-five-mile road records. The signature of Mr. Selvey was obtained, and Mr. McCurdy returned to Boston to lay his certificates before J. S. Dean (chairman), of Boston, and A. A. Glines, of Newtonville, the other members of the Board. McCurdy is now a professional, owing to having been paced in the recent event by Wiswell, who will be remembered as Hendee's former trainer. The A. C. U. will soon take action on the matter, and declare McCurdy a professional. It is said that McCurdy is to attempt right away the subjugation of the one-hundred-mile track record on the Glenmere track at Lynn. He expects to be successful. — *Springfield Union.*

RIDERS of Kangaroos and Safeties can have one consolation, they can keep on good terms with themselves. Professor Stone

tells a story that ought to prove this. He was taking a party the other day over the "Tesson Road," described in last week's *Spectator*. Coasting down a hill they came to a mule team. When Hawkins, who was leading, went by on his fifty-inch. Mr. Mule just pricked up his off ear a little, but when the Professor followed on his fifty-two both ears went up, and on Andrews suddenly appearing on a fifty-four His Muleship waltzed to the other side of the road, but was prepared to advance until Joe Williamson loomed up on a fifty-six, when the mule, with a loud bray, as if to ask, "What in thunder's coming next?" disappeared into the ditch, and when last seen was trying to persuade the driver to let him go over the fence. — *Spectator.*

WE commented briefly a few months ago, upon the new uniform of the L. A. W., and, more out of curiosity than aught else, submitted it to some well-known experts for their opinion. This we append, seeing that our American readers may be glad of the unbiased views of critics who even now have no conception of the identity of the article upon which they were asked to pass judgment. Their final remark, if we are rightly informed, has already been verified to the letter: "We have carefully examined the pattern sent, and are of opinion that it is an ordinary Yorkshire or low Scotch tweed, its value being four shillings per yard (it fetches two dollars per yard in the States.—ED.) if fifty-six inches wide. As a tourist or traveling suiting we think it would wear well and be strong, but we do not think it well adapted for cycling. Being an entirely different article, it cannot be compared with the C. T. C. cloth, a pattern of which you enclose. It will, we think, stand the friction of the saddle but poorly, and it will not retain its color well." — *C. T. C. Gazette.*

THE Massachusetts Division officers will dine at Young's on the evening of 4 December, and while around the festive board they will discuss questions of interest in League matters.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

A DEAR friend of mine has told me a little story that might be used to advantage as the basis of a novel, but I am not gifted with novel-writing ability if Violet Lorne can be believed, and so I will give you the narrative in all its simple details.

HE was a wheelman and she worked in a telegraph office. I wish that I could say she rode a tricycle, but the truth must be told at all hazards. She did not ride and she had no inclination so to do. He and she were devoted to each other, but the parents of the young lady objected to a marriage between them and soon forbade them to see each other. But love laughs at locksmiths, and it smiles at all attempts to defeat the consummation of its purpose. There were clandestine meetings and many subterfuges were resorted to.

BUT there was no law to prevent his riding by her house, and no parental mandate could forbid him to blow his whistle that she might know that he was near her. Scarcely a night passed that she did not hear the "toot, toot" of his whistle, and her little

heart leaped within her as she received the signal. But, alas! there are many wheelmen and all whistles sound alike, and she found that she was often deceived and led to believe that some cyclist signalling to a pedestrian to look out for him was the particular wheelman of her affections. This would not do. She set her little wits to work and soon met the difficulty and mastered it.

THEY met soon afterwards and then she unfolded her plan. "It's very provoking, Harry, that I can't tell your whistle from those of the other bicyclers, and I want to arrange a code of signals with you."

"That'll be nice. Shall I give three, four, or five short blasts?"

"Oh, that will never do. They'll all suspect it is a signal of some kind, but if you vary the length of the blasts, no one will think you are doing anything more than warning people out of your path. Now if you should do this, I should know you were near me." So saying she blew upon the whistle and made it speak in long and short blasts, that may be represented as follows: —

"That sounds all right, but I will have hard work to remember the order of the short and long blasts. How shall I learn the signal?"

"You can learn it well enough when I tell you what it means. First a long blow, then a short and then a long, that means 'K.' Then a short and long, that means 'A.' Then one long, that means 'T.' Then a short one, that means 'E.' And now you have

K — — — A — — T — E —

Don't you see? It's the Morse alphabet that we use on the telegraph."

"Oh! let me learn that by heart. You must write it down for me."

"I'll write it for you, Harry, and then when I hear the signal I shall know that you are sending it."

" — — — — — "

CAME the signal a few nights after this. The family were gathered about the evening lamp and doubtless heard the whistling, but to them it meant no more than the frantic efforts of some passing wheelman to make people aware of his presence. But one heart fluttered as the message came to her, and that evening was endowed with more pleasure for one at least of the company.

" — — — — — "

CAME later, and then she knew that he had returned from his run. How sweet the notes seemed to her. She had never known before that there was so much music in a wheelman's whistle.

THAT evening found its fellow in many others. If it occurred to the elder people that there was a deal of whistling by the passing cyclers, it did not weigh with them and they thought no more of it. One evening a friend of Kate's, who was also an operator on the telegraph, was spending the night with her and the secret was nearly exposed. As the signal came through the night air the young lady caught it and cried, "Kate! Why who's calling Kate in that way?"

"I don't hear any one calling Kate," said

paterfamilias, but, as he said it, a look was interchanged between the young ladies and the secret was saved.

"I thought I heard some one calling from down-stairs, but I think I must be mistaken," said the newly-made confidant, and the matter was dismissed. Kate had to tell the whole story that night after they had gone to bed, and they listened together for the signal as it came later when the wheelman returned. It faithfully came and then "Good-nights" were said, but not till Kate was told that she was the dearest girl in the world and her scheme the cutest.

SOON the scheme was elaborated, and Kate arranged a set of signals which she mailed to her true lover, and, these being duly committed, there came through the air of night numberless little endearing terms translatable only by the one for whom they were intended. "Good-night" was said by blowing "G" in the telegraphic code; "I am waiting for you at the old place," was easily carried with the dots and dashes representing "W." Thus they kept up constant communication, though they met at rare intervals.

It was not long after this that Harry succeeded in removing all the objections held against him by Kate's parents, and the two are going to be married next month. To this day the secret of the signals has not been exposed, and the old people cannot see why the two did not forget their love after so long a separation.

DAISIE.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HERRING'S SOLUTION.

Editor Cycle: As offering a solution to the present difficulties of the amateur question, I beg to submit the following proposition, viz.:

That the parts of the present definition of an amateur which prohibit his competing with a professional be stricken out, and the rest of the definition be retained.

When I first conceived the above idea, I contemplated writing a somewhat lengthy argument, in which I intended to show, that the part of the definition which I propose to strike out, is but a survival of the old theory of amateurism, as exemplified by the "Mechanic and Artisan" clause in the English amateur definition of some years ago, which would doubtless, had it not been timely abolished, have molycoddled the amateur from the face of the earth. I also intended discussing all the objections to the adoption of my plan which might occur to me, and pointing out the advantages to be gained by it. I am probably not the best person to object to my own proposition, therefore I shall await the objections of others which, if based upon reason and brought to my notice, I shall endeavor to answer. Therefore the only thing remaining for me to do is to point out the advantages to be gained, which I shall endeavor to do as briefly as possible, restricting myself to the most obvious and important.

1. Public interest in cycle races will be much greater. This is obvious, as it has

been proven that the more classes we separate riders into the less interesting the racing; *ergo*, for racing to attain its greatest popularity, we must do away with all subdivision. This will enable the promoters of race meets to give more races and better prizes, an advantage to the amateur, the professional, the makers, and the public.

2. This proposition does not abolish the amateur (no proposition can), but places him in the same position as the amateur in cricket, foot-ball, lacrosse, base-ball, and various other sports where the amateur question does not continually thrust itself forward as a destroyer of harmony, personal liberty, and good sport. The amateur, under the revised definition, gets the credit which he deserves for being an amateur, which is all he wants.

I think, in this connection, it would be well if the custom prevalent in English reports of cricket matches, of prefixing "Mr." before the names of amateurs, and omitting the same before that of professionals, were adopted in programmes and reports of cycle races.

3. This would also do away with the temptation which now besets makers' amateurs to set sail under false colors, and will, I think, induce them to throw off the mask and become openly what they really are, professionals, as they would gain nothing by dissembling, except a little credit from those who did not know them and would probably lose a good deal of lucre, and to a professional at heart the former would be valueless as compared with the latter.

4. As for there being any degradation in competing with a professional, the idea is absurd. There may be some degradation in being a professional bicycle rider, but I fail to see where he occupies a position to be looked upon more askance than that of an other entertainer of the public. The position, it is true, does not call for very high intellectual abilities, and many of our professionals are not at the top of the social scale; but I opine that they will average quite as high a social test as the majority of our so-called amateurs. No man need treat a competitor in a bicycle race as a companion and an associate, unless he chooses; and I think we will find that other things will weigh besides speed on a bicycle when a man makes such a choice. The truest and purest amateur, I think, is the man who is always willing to throw aside all social prejudice when he enters a race, and accept a defeat, if necessary, gracefully, even from his own valet. If he wishes special advantages accorded to him on account of his wealth or family, beyond what these give him anyway, then he is not an amateur, but a hog. Under this definition clubs may still give events "open to amateurs only," and those ultra-exclusives who cannot debase themselves by riding against a "common professional fellow," may still have the opportunity afforded them of disporting their manly forms before their lady friends.

I will add that in the case of an amateur competing where money prizes were offered, he should, under penalty of losing his status, be required to show to the satisfaction of the L. A. W. Racing Board, or the N. C. U. Executive:

1. That he communicated his intention of competing as an amateur to the proper

authority before the race. The proper authority would be, I presume, in the case of the L. A. W., the chairman of the Racing Board; and in the case of the N. C. U., the secretary of the same.

2. That he did not receive the money offered as a prize, and that he did not receive a trophy of greater value than might be fixed as the limit of value for amateur prizes. I will now close by saying that I intend sending a copy of this letter to every cycling paper known to me in this country and England, and requesting that you, whether you find space to publish it or not, will at least express your approval or disapproval of the proposition propounded, and if the latter, the reasons for the same. Yours fraternally,

W. C. HERRING,

Ixion B. C., L. A. W., and C. T. C.

NEW YORK, 13 Nov. 1886.

PENCILLED JOTTINGS.

THE cold, snappy breezes, forerunners of Thanksgiving, blowing down Newbury street, have caught up and deposited upon the secretary's desk three resignations to the Massachusetts Club.

Two of these, old riders will notice with regret, are Ralph and Leonard Ahl, veterans who date back prominently to the racing days of Lewis T. Fry.

THE other is A. L. Atkins also an old seventy-niner, who goes to California for his health.

TALKING of Lewis T. Fry reminds me that when the amateur times at the Springfield races were published, it raised a desire in him to re-enter the ranks and make the pure amateurs travel a good deal faster than they were going.

OWING to a change of mount from a Star to a crank, President McCausland, of the Jamaica Plain Club, who was looked upon as a sure winner in his club's road race, did not enter, as his unfamiliarity with the crank machine might lead to his defeat.

THE London Bi. Club decided not to invite a representative of *Wheeling* to its annual dinner, because that paper takes a different view of the amateur question from that held by the club.

THE above action only places the L. B. C. open to ridicule and derision, for the honor of dining with the club was not sought after by the paper, and it was a matter of great indifference to them whether or not such an invitation was extended.

APROPOS of the amateur question, does it ever occur to the readers of this paper that the easiest way for the League to protect its amateurs, would be for it to request them to suppress the eagerness with which they snap up promateur jobs?

THE Jamaica Plain Bicycle Club will soon be augmented by the addition of the West Roxbury Club, which will join in body. The

WORLD'S RECORDS.

NOW, GENTLEMEN:— We fail to see why Records made on a 38-pound road Racing Wheel, and on an exceedingly smooth racing surface — we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a real Roadster (a differently constructed machine), even though the latter be made by the same Company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be SIGNIFICANT.

THE AMERICAN STAR

to-day holds the World's Record on the road above 100 miles to 305 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **ALFRED A. McCURDY**, near Boston, Nov. 5 and 6. The run was made on a 50-mile surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the Times:

Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
50	3	04	00
100	6	28	25
150	10	24	30
200	14	35	00
250	18	58	00
300	23	38	00
305	23	57	45

The latter magnificent record is about 46 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. Record by Munger; about 24 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 18 miles better than McCurdy's own record, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however; and 5 miles better than Whittaker's record, made on straightaway sandpapered roads.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER** in the World, you must come to us. The STAR has beaten the World on the Road every time it has competed

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AGENT FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY.

club, in order to accommodate its increasing numbers, will enlarge its club rooms.

THE East Cambridge Cycle Club will hold another of its enjoyable progressive euchre parties, Wednesday evening, 1 Dec.

THE Pope Mfg. Co., who have been cramped for room in their present building for the last two years, has decided to move, the probable location being Franklin street, cor. of Arch.

THE Chelsea Bi. Club will run a special car to Scollay Square, at the conclusion of their dance, for the benefit of visiting wheelmen.

THE Columbia calendar for '87 will in general style be similar to that of last year, but the designing and lithographing will be a decided improvement.

IN the March number of *Outing*, Joe Pennell entertains the readers of that magazine with a bright sketch of his Italian tour.

THIS morning an Italian artist, a friend of mine, who had been reading a copy of the magazine containing the above sketch, came in and expressed himself as utterly disgusted with it. He says that Pennell describes Lucca as a place of retired hand-organ grinders, which would no more apply, than to call Massachusetts the home of the cow-boy. There are also other points which he says are open to contradiction, and he speaks on the authority of being a native.

R. I. DYRRH.

RECORDS ACCEPTED.

THE Racing Board L. A. W. has accepted the following records:—

HARTFORD, 9 SEPT. 1886.

Tandem Tricycle.

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile, Bidwell and Jackson, 44 $\frac{3}{4}$

SPRINGFIELD, 14 SEPT. 1886.

Tandem Tricycle.

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile, W. E. Crist and P. S. Brown, 41 $\frac{1}{5}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ " " " " 1.26

$\frac{3}{4}$ " " " " 2.05 $\frac{1}{5}$

1 " " " " 2.46

SPRINGFIELD, 18 SEPT. 1886.

Tandem Tricycle.

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile, W. E. Crist and P. S. Brown, 40 $\frac{2}{5}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ " " " " 1.19

ROSEVILLE, N. J., 21 OCT.

Tandem Tricycle.

4 miles, L. H. Johnson & H. A. Walcott, 13.19 $\frac{2}{5}$

5 " " " " 16.46 $\frac{2}{5}$

6 " " " " 20.35 $\frac{4}{5}$

7 " " " " 23.45 $\frac{5}{5}$

8 " " " " 27.13

9 " " " " 31.01 $\frac{2}{5}$

10 " " " " 33.59 $\frac{5}{5}$

THE PATH.

F. DE CIVRY has been making new tricycle records for France as follows:—seven kilo-

meters, 5.55; five kilometers, 9.55; seven kilometers, 13.57; ten kilometers, 19.56.

IN the annual fifty-mile road ride of the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, G. F. C. Searle beat G. Gatehouse by about five yards. These two men rode side by side till within two hundred yards, when Searle spurted and finished as above, in 3h. 50m. Gatehouse rode the last part of the distance suffering agonies from cramp. On stopping he had to be assisted from his machine.

SAYS W. J. Morgan: The failure of Mr. Woodside and myself to receive definite news from Mr. J. W. Atkinson, London *Sporting Life*, regarding the leasing of Agricultural Hall, London, for a six days' contest may, however, postpone our visit probably two or three months, as we understand the Mammoth Paris Hippodrome now shows daily for an indefinite period in the old six-day bicycle building.

ON the first day of the Minneapolis six-day race, eight hours, Morgan covered 127 miles 4 laps; Merrill, 127 miles 1 lap; Hingham, 126 miles 3 laps; Schock, 125 miles 3 laps; Dingley, 126 miles 1 lap. Eck retired after the second hour. Morgan broke the one-hundred-mile record of Prince by twelve minutes, making it 6.12.42 $\frac{1}{4}$. Morgan won the race, making 740 miles and one lap. Schock came in second, ten miles behind.

PRINCE has at last beaten Schock, for, on 30 Oct., he undertook to cover fifty miles at Omaha to less than 49 for Schock, and succeeded in winning by a fifth of a lap.

THE CLUB.

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Vermont Wheel Club at Brattleboro, recently, O. A. Marshall was elected president; F. L. Shaw, vice-president; Leslie Scott, secretary and treasurer; Fred Reed, captain; C. R. Crosby, first lieutenant; Ed. Gordon, color bearer; O. R. Leonard, S. W. Kirkland, and F. H. Houghton, club committee.

THE East Hartford Wheel Club has elected officers as follows: J. D. Candee, president; H. H. Smith, vice-president; J. J. Grace, secretary; William H. Rhodes, financial secretary; L. A. Tracy, treasurer; William Harding, captain; E. A. DeBlois, first lieutenant; H. H. Chapman, second lieutenant; George Pratt, color bearer. Mr. Charles G. Lincoln was chosen president on the first ballot, but declined to serve a second term. The club committee appointed was: L. A. Tracy, R. P. Judson, F. E. Eaton, H. H. Chapman, Charles Gorman.

THE Nonantum Cycling Club of Newtonville is to give six sociables in Cycle Hall, 17 Nov., 1, 15, 31 Dec., 12, 26 Jan. A mock trial is also to be held.

THE Marblehead Ramblers were organized last week. The officers are: President, B. C. Roads; captain, C. W. Ware; secretary and treasurer, J. D. Paine. Headquarters in Puritan Hall.

ACTIVE club men are now engaged in trading tickets for dances. You come to our dance and I'll go to yours. This leads to an interchange of courtesies that is very pleasant.

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THE REPUBLICAN is an earnest advocate of temperance, of social simplicity and purity, and of all the good causes that help to make life better. It is not merely a journal of news, but undertakes to instruct and entertain its readers by the publication of a rich variety of literary and miscellaneous matter, embracing home and foreign correspondence, stories, poetry, book reviews and notices, religious selections and discussions, special articles and compilations for the farmer and the mechanic, for women and children, dramatic, art and society notes, etc.

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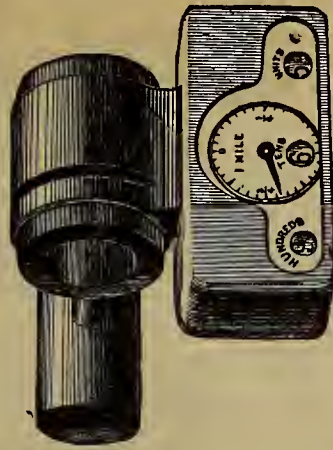
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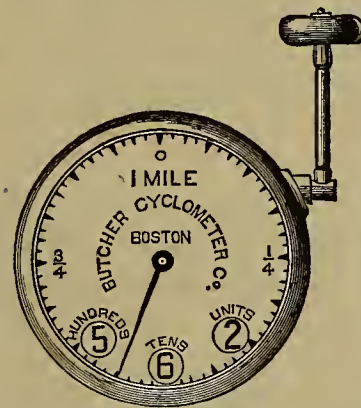
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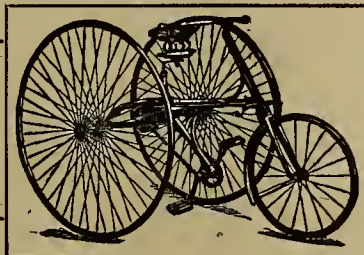
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

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The Cycle.

Vol. II, No. 9.

BOSTON, MASS., 26 NOVEMBER, 1886.

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THE AMERICAN CHAMPION

to-day holds every World's Record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles, the latter enormous mileage being done within the 24 hours, by **STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 18th and 19th. The run was made on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road, under A. C. U. rules, and not on a carefully selected 10-mile stretch. The following are the times:—

		Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds
50	(About 4 minutes behind his previous World's Record.)	2	59	50 ² / ₅
100	(25 minutes ahead of the World's Record, and over a minute better than Ives's Springfield Track Record.)	6	1	15
150	10	28	52
200	15	13	30
300	(About 24 minutes better than the best World's Track Record.)	23	46	16 ³ / ₅

The latter magnificent record is about 41 MILES better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by Munger, about 19 miles better than Hollingsworth's performance, and 13 miles better than McCurdy's, neither of which latter two are accepted records, however.

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BOSTON, MASS., 26 NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 9.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

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THE day selected by the authorized authorities to be devoted to an acknowledgment to God of the many favors and blessings vouchsafed to us, as individuals and as a nation, has come and gone. It was not unlike its predecessors in the various modes of celebration, the churches being slimly attended, while the theatres were crowded; and the mazy dance invited and received its full share of public favor. Families, long separated, were gathered around the familiar hearth, happy reminiscences aroused, and joyous associations revived.

THERE is more occasion for the exercise of charity than is usual, toward those of our fellow-men who recognize solemnity as the only test of Christian conduct; and while those who frequented churches on Thanksgiving day did *well*, if they went and returned in a right spirit, and did not wrap themselves in garments of self-righteousness, saying, virtually, "Stand by, I am holier than thou"; yet those who sought pleasures elsewhere were possibly quite as sincere in their thankfulness to Heaven for the health, peace, and comparative prosperity of the year, as if they had been more formal in their worship.

WHEELMEN have a way peculiar to them-

selves in the celebration of Thanksgiving. If Nature smiles, she finds them truly grateful; and although their thanks may be unuttered, they are felt as sincerely as those of the most devout worshipper in the sanctuary.

FOR many wheelmen the riding season has closed. There are delights in winter riding that many riders would not be without, but the great majority feel that the discomforts more than make up for the pleasures, and the wheel is carefully laid aside for another season.

THE officials of the A. C. U. are out with letters on the "Corey case," and they tell us that Mr. Corey broke no law of that organization when he ran for a tandem record on the road with a promateur, and also accepted pace from a promateur.

MR. BURT, of the A. C. U. Racing Board, says that it was only a private ride, and that he has ridden with professionals on the road a number of times, and therefore is as guilty as was Mr. Corey. This is rank sophistry. When Mr. Burt rode with professionals on the road, he did not publicly announce that he was going to do so; he did not announce to the officials of the A. C. U. that he was going to run for a record; he did not appoint timekeepers and checkers, and, moreover, he did not afterward send notices to the papers that he had ridden faster than any one else ever did, and was entitled to a record.

MR. BURT says that Mr. Corey *was not riding for a record*. Mr. Burt has been sadly misled. The writer of this saw Mr. Corey the day before his attempt, and was told that he was going to make a record. We warned him that riding with Huntley would disqualify him, and we urged him not to do it. We told him that he would have to give up the L. A. W., the C. T. C., the Massachusetts Club, and the Boston Club. Mr. Corey told us that he understood all this, but he wanted the record and was going to have it at any cost. The vice-president of the A. C. U. saw Mr. Corey at the start, and told him that riding with Huntley would lead to his disqualification. Mr. Corey said he was well aware of this, and was prepared to meet the consequences.

THE following extract is from the *World* of 27 August:—

"About ten days ago Harry Corey, of the Massachusetts Club, *thought it would be a good idea to make a 24-hour tandem tricycle record on the road*, and Mr. Ducker, president of the A. C. U., was notified that an attempt would be made by Messrs. Corey and Huntley of the Nantantum Cycling Club of Newton. Neither of the above-named gentlemen trained for the event, with the exception of three days' practice on a Rudge Humber Tandem, the machine which they intended to use. *It was their idea simply to make a record for the time being, and if it was beaten, to try it again later on.*"

We have good reason to believe that the above was written by Mr. Corey. It is identical, word for word, with what appeared in the CYCLE of the same date, and our article was written by Mr. Corey. And yet Mr. Burt tells us that Mr. Corey was not riding for a record.

MR. BURT says no record would have been allowed if he were riding for such, because he did not comply with the A. C. U. rules. In one thing only did he fail to comply with A. C. U. rules: the course was not of the prescribed length. Under this system of reasoning, Springfield could cut off three feet of its track and then hold a race meeting, at which professionals, amateurs, and promateurs could race together *ad lib.* The course would not be the right length. No record could be allowed, and therefore no rule of the A. C. U. would be broken, and no one would lose his status. Mr. Burt's position is very absurd.

MR. DEAN, another member of the board, makes an explanation about as satisfactory as that of his associate. He says:—

"The question which the board considered, and which was the only one raised, was whether or not the riding of an amateur with a promateur on a tandem, and having the pace set by a promateur, *during a private attempt to lower a road record*, was an infringement of Clause "A" of Sect. 7 of Article V of the A. C. U. rules."

MR. BURT says that Mr. Corey was not riding for a record. Mr. Dean admits that he was, and that the board so considered. He further says that the board found that Mr. Corey rode for a record. Mr. Dean squarely contradicts Mr. Burt.

MR. DEAN says: "The riding was on the road, and there was no evidence that there was a prize depending on the result. The board therefore decided that as there was

no prize or gate money, the rule was not infringed, and no case was reported." Of all stupid decisions, this seems to us the most stupid.

AT none of the record-breaking meetings held at Springfield has a prize or gate money depended on the result. Hendee and Rowe had no need to turn professionals, for the Racing Board would have let them take pace from Woodside or Crocker and retain their status. No prize or gate money depended on McCurdy's success, and yet it is claimed that he made himself a professional by accepting pace from a professional.

THE decision of the A. C. U. Racing Board officials is in effect this:—

A man may run for a record on the path or on the road (the rules are the same for both), and if the course be short, it matters not with whom he contests or who makes the pace.

A MAN may run for a record on the path or on the road, and if there be no gate money or prize depending on the result, it matters not who makes the pace.

IT remains to be seen whether the officials of the A. C. U., who review this action of the District Board, will sustain such an absurd position.

A WRITER in an exchange goes into an elaborate argument to show that the editor of this paper, who is also the Chairman of the Racing Board, is "just as bad" as the men whom he has in his official capacity declared to be professionals, because, forsooth, "he makes his living out of cycling." We are willing to admit all that he says, and to grant that many of the men who have been disqualified are even better fellows than we are. We have been laboring for several years to have the cycling associations recognize men on their merits, irrespective of their relations to the racing path. We believe professionals should be admitted to Club and to League fellowship. This we consider the best solution of the amateur question. When it is brought about, we shall not object to be classed as a professional. It is absurd to say that a journalist is a professional under any amateur rule now in existence; but when the League gets ready to admit that a man can be a professional, and at the same time a gentleman, it will be time to make a rule that will put into the professional ranks everybody who directly or indirectly makes a dollar out of cycling. When that time comes we shall gladly be a professional.

AT present, a stigma rests on profession-

alism. Remove that stigma, and we shall see removed much of the trouble now caused by the much discussed rule. Retain the stigma, and constant friction is inevitable. We stood alone at Buffalo, to maintain this point. Since then many have come to believe as we do. The day will come when a man will be no more ashamed to say that he is a professional wheelman, than he is now to say that he is a professional journalist. We make our living out of cycling, and it is just as proper that we should be called a professional wheelman, as it is that those who race under salary should be called professionals. The rule now in existence does not make us a professional, but it ought to, and it ought to put into that class every manufacturer, dealer and agent. We are a firm believer in the "Germantown idea," but before it is carried out the League should take steps to make it possible for men to come forward and take their proper places. When this is done, it will make no difference to us, who do not go on the racing path, whether we are amateurs or professionals, and the status of a man being immaterial to him, it will cause no friction when the League classifies him.

MR. HERRING presents what he calls the best solution of the amateur question. To our minds he proposes to take away the essential feature of a good amateur law. The underlying idea of all amateur rules is that it is unfair to place in competition the man who makes a business of a sport, and the man who engages in it for love of it. The one has an advantage over the other, which is unfair and unsportsmanlike. Mr. Herring would place the two together, and he says this solves the whole question. We do not think so.

MR. HERRING went to the trouble of copying his "solution of the amateur question," and sending it to the cycling press. The work of copying was altogether superfluous, for he gave it to a New York paper of the previous week, and the other papers could just as well have "lifted" it. When the press is asked for space to allow any one to ventilate his ideas, they have the right to demand that the appearance of the article shall be on the same date in all the papers. We may now look for a claim on the part of the *Wheel* that the other papers took the article without credit, and that they are entitled to especial praise for journalistic enterprise in publishing it first. They could make out a very good case.

THE Boston authorities are enforcing the Sunday law, and all the shops are obliged to have closed doors. This does not affect wheelmen much, for they don't stay in the city when the roads are good. The trees are allowed to grow and the springs are still allowed to run on Sunday in Massachusetts.

OVER THE HANDLES: A TALE OF TWO WHEELS.

BY W. MCILWRAITH.

(From *Cyclists' Year Book*. Begun in issue for 12 Nov)

James Penner, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

" . . . I AM once more back in Glasgow, pursuing the dull routine of ordinary existence, duller now than ever. You can, dear Bob, I dare say, guess why.

"To take up my late adventure at the point where I left off: I remained at Donald MacGregor's farm, in the heart of the Rob Roy country, for five days. I would have left sooner, but was literally snowed up—the roads were impassable. Sir Robert was perforce also a prisoner, and we spent our time together. In this way I had ample means of studying his character, and a strange compound of unreasoning perversity and impulsive warm-heartedness I found him. Accustomed to rule on board his vessel with an almost absolute power, his manner was at all times bold, brusque, and imperative. When he wanted anything done, he sang out as if he were shouting to the man at the mast head. In spite of these peculiarities, however, it did not take long to discover that a good warm heart beat beneath his stormy exterior.

"Our evenings were spent in a very enjoyable manner round the roaring fire. We formed an interesting circle, and had any stranger chanced to peep in at the window in passing, he would have had food for much conjecture. In the arm-chair at the one side was the red-faced, vigorous old admiral, not sitting still in one position for more than half a minute, and wincing now and then as he unconsciously slapped his wounded leg. In another arm chair opposite sat our worthy host, a splendid specimen of a Highlander, as vigorous and sturdy-looking as an oak, in spite of the many gray hairs that peeped out among his sable locks. The intermediate circle was formed of the 'guidwife,' her two sons, one daughter, your humble servant, two collies, and an enormous tom-cat."

"On the fourth day, Sir Robert took his first walk out, leaning on my shoulder. We went slowly down the garden walk, and seated ourselves on a rude bench.

"I had mentioned that, seeing the roads were somewhat improved, I would start homeward the next day, and Sir Robert overwhelmed me with repeated invitations to come to Tweedlands. He would give me any amount of shooting, fishing, riding, and driving, and would do all in his power to make my visit an enjoyable one.

"While he was descanting on the beauties and excellences of his mansion and estate, my mind was continually reverting to a quietly furnished parlor in a dull street of Glasgow, and to a pretty little woman with a touch of sadness in her demeanor, dreamily thrumming at the piano, with her mind filled, I have no doubt, with memories of this very place to which I was being so warmly invited. My pensiveness seemed catching, for Sir Robert's stream of language suddenly ceased, and he sat for some minutes perfectly silent and preoccupied—and some secret intuition told me that our thoughts were of the same person. He roused him-

self directly, however, and in his discursive fashion went off at a tangent to politics.

"On our way back he stopped, and in a very cordial manner, and with such delicacy that I could not feel offended, said he wished to present me with some mark of his regard and gratitude, not as a reward, but simply as a remembrance of what I had done to save his life, and that being ignorant of my special tastes or desires, he would feel favored if I would suggest anything.

"My thoughts were very busy for the next two minutes.

"Well, Sir Robert," I said, in a somewhat agitated voice, "I shall make bold to prefer a request, but it is not for myself. For myself I do not require anything. What I have done is very little, and your kind expressions of gratitude are a sufficient reward—more than sufficient—but you will excuse me if I speak very plainly?"

"Yes," he said, with some curiosity. "Go on."

"What I am going to say may offend you very much, but I ask you to hear me patiently to the end."

"Some months ago I made the acquaintance, in Glasgow, of a young lady whom I supposed to be a governess. This lady has strong claims upon my gratitude, and there is nothing I would not do to return in some way or other her kindness and sympathy. She was, as I judged, suffering from some secret sorrow that weighed heavily upon her. I was admitted to her friendship, but never intruded upon her grief, and it was only last Friday that I accidentally gathered from the conversation of two men in the public parlor of Shaighsheen Inn, that she is none other than your niece."

"Sir Robert started violently, withdrew his hand from my shoulder, and placed himself against the fence, looking startled, angry, and suspicious all at once.

"Yes," he ejaculated, impatiently, "and your request is—?"

"I shall come to that directly. From the conversation of these two men, I gathered that, from some cause or other, of which I assure you I am totally ignorant, there had been a separation between you and her. Now, Sir Robert, I am going to speak *very* plainly. From what I have seen of Miss Lester, I am certain that a kinder, gentler woman does not breathe, and that, whatever may have been the cause of the difference between you, *she* could not have been to blame. My request, therefore, is, and I present it because I know your niece is unhappy in her present condition,—that you adopt some means to bring about a reconciliation, and restore Miss Lester to the position she is so well fitted to adorn."

"You mentioned just now that my niece had some claim upon your gratitude. May I ask what the nature of that claim is?"

"I narrated to him the circumstances very shortly, his manner having become extremely cold and stiff.

"And you have been in the habit of visiting Miss Lester?"

"I replied in the affirmative.

"Then, sir," he ejaculated, "you must prove to me that, in making this request, which savors a little of impertinence,—I look it over on account of the service you have rendered me,—you must prove to me that you have no selfish end in view."

"As I caught his meaning, I flushed and was about to speak, when he stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"One moment. You must be aware that your request is an odd one, and that it is open to question as regards its motive. You may, for all I know, have stolen the affections of my niece, may have bound her by some foolish engagement, and may make this request with the ulterior view of profiting by her high social position. I do not say you have done that, but I do say that that is one explanation which can be applied to the preferring of such a request as that you have made."

"For a minute or so I could not speak.

"I forgot, Sir Robert, for the moment that, practically, we are complete strangers, and that you do not know me or my character. When I became acquainted with your niece, and during the time I visited her house, I had not the slightest knowledge of her real position, and I will not disguise from you the fact that I did admire and respect Miss Lester with my whole heart. I do so still; but the request I have made has been formed from the most unselfish motives. We are not bound by any engagement, I shall not even say that we love each other, but I know that our respect and esteem are mutual. Your niece, Sir Robert, is free, so far as I am concerned."

"You have not convinced me, sir," he said coldly, "of your entire disinterestedness,—if anything, you have confirmed my suspicion."

"Well, Sir Robert, if you have any suspicion that I am capable of acting from any such motive, you are completely mistaken. I am not a candidate for the hand of your niece. Miss Lester, the heiress, was not the lady whom I felt it to be my highest privilege to claim as my friend,—it was Miss Lester, the governess. The difference between our social positions alone would make me hesitate ever to lay claim to her hand, and this imputation of yours settles the matter definitely and forever. Whether your niece, Sir Robert, remains in Glasgow or returns to Tweedielands, I shall not go near her, nor hold communication of any kind with her, unless with your full knowledge and consent. You may act in the matter as you choose."

"My anger for the moment smothered my feelings of attachment to Miss Lester, but the latter returned with a hopeless pang as soon as I was left alone to brood over my hastily spoken words and the joyless determination they involved. . . ."

Agnes Lester, Tweedielands, to Bessie Drummond, Dumfries.

" . . . As I write this, dear Bessie, I am seated once more in my own little 'snuggery' at Tweedielands. The old familiar objects surround me, the dear old rugged landscape, that I have watched under every phase of successive change, but always grand, meets my view once more. My uncle is again his old kind-hearted self; wiser counsels have prevailed with him, and he is, I can see well, very happy and pleased at my return. Everything now is as it used to be,—only I myself am out of harmony with all that surrounds me. The charms of these old associations seem to have gone,—at least, I have lost the power of appreciating them.

"It is exactly a fortnight since I received in Glasgow such a penitent, pleading letter from dear uncle, asking me to return to Tweedielands, that after indulging in a hearty cry, I wrote my consent to return to this, the dearest spot on earth to me. And now that I have returned, I am not happy.

"It is more than a month since I last saw Mr. Penner. He had called as usual, and was in great glee over a two days' bicycle tour he intended taking. I hope nothing has befallen him. I left word in Glasgow that my address should be given him when he called, but no letter has ever resulted—in deed, he has never called.

"I cannot understand it, for we were such good friends that I feel assured, unless something unusual had occurred, he would have called. I am very restless and uncomfortable, and would give anything to have some definite knowledge as to what has become of him. I am afraid my uneasiness shows itself in my manner, for uncle several times has asked me if there is anything annoying me, I get so absent-minded, he says, at times; and I have caught him studying my face in an earnest, questioning way, which is something altogether new to him. Regarding the cause of my disquietude, he, of course, can know nothing, but his manner at times confuses me.

"This, of course, dear Bessie, is strictly *sub rosa*. Could you not advise me as to what I should do? . . ."

Bessie Drummond, Dumfries, to Agnes Lester, Tweedielands.

" . . . I have delayed answering your last for a day or two, owing to a most unexpected event.

"Your letter was simply an expansion and paraphrase of the old Highland song, 'Oh, where, tell me where, has my Heelan' laddie gane!'

"My dear Agnes, I have found your Heelan' laddie.

"Bob called about half-past seven last Friday evening, but did not make a lengthened stay. He was on his way to the station to meet an old schoolmate of his, who was going to stay till Monday, and he promised that he would bring him along for my inspection and edification.

"I looked out about half-past eight, and was rewarded by the sight of Bob and his 'old chum' strolling along the road, Bob, as usual, puffing like a miniature furnace. Shortly before coming to the gate, the pipe was put out, and a box of *cachoux* produced, and not long after, the two were ushered into the drawing-room. On my entering, Bob stepped forward and introduced his companion.

"My consternation was so great, and my behavior in consequence so absurd, and to the gentlemen so unaccountable, that I have no doubt they both thought for a minute or so that I had taken leave of my senses.

"Bob had mentioned several things regarding his friend, without telling me his name, and as soon as he said 'Mr. Penner,' these things flashed at once into my recollection as tallying with the various details you have confided to me in your letters, and for the moment I was oblivious to everything but the fact that your lost 'friend' stood before me.

"What I said, or rather stammered out, I don't remember, but I know that I was regarded with curious and astonished eyes.

"My dear Agnes, I approve of your taste. Mr. Penner I found a most agreeable, sensible, and well-informed gentleman. If he had perceived how closely I watched his every movement and studied his every word, he would have been puzzled to account for it. Certainly he never dreamt for one moment of the cause of my interest in him. I kept my knowledge of him and his doings strictly to myself.

"As they departed, I managed to whisper to Bob, 'Come early to-morrow forenoon, alone. I wish particularly to see you.' Bob stared a little, but nodded in reply.

"When he made his appearance next day, I made him acquainted with the state of affairs, and after he had somewhat recovered from his surprise, we put our heads together and deliberated as to what should be done.

"I got some very interesting information from Rob regarding your *votre ami*, but that I shall keep to myself at present. Meanwhile, just let me say that I accept your invitation to spend a week or two at Tweedie-lands, and shall write in a few days, saying definitely when I shall come. . . ."

Bessie Drummond, Tweedie-lands, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

". . . Don't feel any more lonely than you can help, but let your pipe console you till I return, which will be in another week.

"I have been dreadfully alive and fearfully busy during my stay here, and all for the sake of two poor love-stricken mortals who are pining away sadly, apart from each other. Agnes looks the ghost of herself, and I suppose Mr. Penner is losing flesh daily. All this, I feel confident, will be put an end to shortly.

"I have, through the wiles and ways that come naturally to the gentler sex, become an immense favorite with old Sir Robert. Agnes says she never saw her uncle take to anybody so kindly and readily as to me. I should think not, for I am sure no woman ever exerted herself so constantly to humor such a perverse old embodiment of impulse as Sir Robert.

"Last night I surprised him, while Agnes was visiting in the village, by commencing to talk about Mr. Penner. I can't enter into details at present, Bobby dear, you will have them all soon from my own lips, but I did my best to show him the true state of matters, and acquainted him with the particulars which placed Mr. Penner's motives above suspicion. I was careful to impress upon him the fact that neither Agnes nor Mr. Penner had the slightest knowledge of what I was then doing. He asked a great many questions, but, contrary to my expectations, did not 'flare up,' and I left him deep in a brown study.

"What will come out of it, I do not know, but I hope for a favorable result.

"Agnes had a great many questions to ask regarding Mr. Penner, but I answered only as many as I thought proper. I have assured her, however, that his silence does not mean indifference, but she is far from being satisfied. Poor lassie, I sympathize deeply with her, for I know that if anything were to separate a certain big Bobby from me, I should become inconsolable. . . ."

James Penner, Glasgow, to Robert Lithgow, Dumfries.

". . . Yesterday was, and ever will be, a red letter day in the calendar of my existence, for it brought news from Tweedie-lands.

"This is the shape of a short letter from Sir Robert, the contents of which sounded more sweetly to me than I had ever read. Need I tell you its purport? It contained a half apology, a whole-hearted invitation, and was for my dreary soul the 'open sesame' of an earthly paradise.

"To-day I have spent an hour or two over my machine. I have polished it till I can see my face in the spring, and catch the twinkle of my eyes in the Stanley head. Every spoke is shining like a moonbeam, and when the wheel revolves they glitter and flash like broken sunlight. Not a speck dims the blue and amber paint — my steed is in its gala dress, for the journey it is about to take to-day is the most joyous of its existence. . . ."

THE END.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

FROM a feminine point of view the interest in cycling is narrowing down to a very small point. There is not much riding after Thanksgiving Day, and we gaze mournfully at our wheels as we house them for the winter. Our thanks as wheelmen must be for what we have received, and we cannot join the Frenchman who will tell you with a subacidulous cynicism that all gratitude is no more than a lively sense of benefits to come.

THANKSGIVING is the home festival of the American people, and its coming brings the scattered households together and revives family recollections, and makes those who have no home wish they had one. The old Jews kept the harvest feast of tabernacles together in booths made of branches of palm and other trees, and Greek festivals were celebrated in places set apart for the purpose. It marks the progress of civilization that, while they went away from home for enjoyment, to see friends and strangers, to engage in sports and pastimes, and to hear poets and historians recite their works, we find enjoyment and recreation and literary stimulants in our own houses, and the newspaper reports the doings of the whole world at the breakfast table. Homer and Herodotus and the intellectual lights of all times are domesticated in their works in every well-furnished household, and every year new amusements are invented to add to the pleasures of home life. And one of the things Thanksgiving should remind us all of is the new elements of comfort and attractiveness which modern civilization has added to the homes of our people. For home is the central institution, the unit of society; its preservation is safety and health, and its improvement is progress in virtue and refinement.

I AM very much pained to see reports in the papers to the effect that many of the ladies on the late North Shore trip were unduly fatigued, and that there were several so-called "scorching" matches. Both reports are without foundation in fact. I did not hear a lady on the whole trip complain of fatigue,

and in no one instance was the pace of the party slackened on behalf of a fatigued rider.

NEITHER did I see nor hear of a "scorching match." It is inevitable that some riders in a large party like that under discussion, will ride faster than others, but there were waiting stations all along the route, and at these all waited till the entire party came up. The slower riders rode with confidence that they would not be run away from, and were not at all disturbed when they found themselves left behind.

I WANT to inspire an interest among the ladies who are my readers in the column of this paper to set aside in their interest. It is no easy task to find interesting topics for discussion every week of the fifty-two which the year is divided into, and I am frequently at a loss what to say. There must come to every rider something well worth recording in the course of a season's riding, and it is just these things that I desire to set down.

ROSE MEADOWS says: "Some people say adventures never come to them. Don't you believe it; it's only a case of 'eyes and no eyes.' I have often gone out with the settled determination to find something of interest to talk about when I returned, and I have *never* yet failed in doing so. It is utterly impossible, I take it, in a bustling world like this, teeming with life, not to find subjects of real interest at every turn with open eyes."

THE editor tells me that I am getting a very large congregation. I am glad of it, and I hope to hear occasionally from them. I was talking with a wheelman the other day, and I asked him about his wheel experiences during the year. He told me that he had a very delightful season, and that there was but one thing necessary to complete his happiness. Last year he was riding past a farmhouse when a turkey started to run across the road just in front of him. His wheel struck the turkey and he went over. The turkey escaped. "There was no young lady in sight," said he, "to bathe my brow after the manner of girls in the cycling stories, and no one came from the farmhouse to help me. I had to get up as best I could, and push a broken wheel home. Now," said he, "if I could have that turkey served up for my Thanksgiving dinner, there would be an added charm to the feast, especially if I could do the carving. The absence of that turkey under my carving-knife takes away from the prospective joy of the day.

DAISIE.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.

THE following letter has been addressed to the Executive Committee L. A. W. by the New York Club. From time to time newspaper scribes located in New York have delighted in making slurring remarks against the New York Club, and the average New Yorker seems to like it not, that the club religiously attends to its own affairs. The club is one of the best in the country. It was at the suggestion of this club, and by invitation of its officers, that the meeting at

Newport was held to form a National League. In all League matters it comes to the front with a decided opinion, and its members have the respect and confidence of all wheelmen who know what good stuff they are made of, and therefore they will have a great deal of sympathy in the claim they set up.

To the Executive Committee of L. A. W.

Dear Sirs, — I have been instructed by the Executive Committee of this club to call your attention to a scurrilous paragraph in the New York letter to the *Bulletin*, last issue, which reflected on our organization; and to request that, in justice to others as well as ourselves, you discharge the author from the service of the League, and rule that in future no such matter shall appear in the *Bulletin*. We cannot help feeling that as to our club is due chief credit for the initiative in founding the League, we are, if anything, entitled to special consideration on the part of its officers; but we base our complaint, not on this claim, but on the right of every member in good standing to respectful treatment in the columns of our official organ, and certainly to protection from unprovoked and malicious attacks by its paid correspondents.

Respectfully,

EDWARD J. SHRIVER,
Secretary New York Bi. Club.

NEW YORK, 18 Nov. 1886.

THE ROWING TRICYCLE.

WE have been riding the new rowing tricycle, and we find it a much better machine than we had any idea it would prove to be. We circled around a large hall a great many times, and found that the machine responded to the pull of our arms very freely, and was capable of great speed. It has the sliding seat, and one gets just the motion that he does in a boat. In a hall or on a smooth track, the tricycle can be used to good advantage, but we have our doubts about it for road work. It has attracted no little attention from rowing men, and a race between the leading oarsmen of the country on these machines is now on the tapis. The machine has two fifty-inch drivers, which run independently. The axle is dropped, and on it rests the frame for the sliding seat. An arm extends backward and upward from the axle on either side, and to this is joined a tube, which comes forward to meet the end of an arm extending from the steering head. On these side tubes run the handles, which one grasps as he does an oar, and to them is attached a wire cord which runs over pulleys on the hub of the driver, and over small pulleys at each end of the side tubes. The feet are strapped into rests, from the ends of which rods run to projections from the fork of the small wheel, and by moving the feet the steering is done. As a complement to cycling this wheel would be just the thing. In no better way could a man develop the upper parts of his body than on a machine like this. It approaches our sport more nearly than sparring, sculling, or any other athletic exercise does. Given a good indoor track, we can imagine no better agent for keeping oneself in trim through the winter than this machine presents to us. The machine is now on view in Boston, and can be seen by any one who cares to investigate a novelty.

CYCLET'S.

CYCLING WHIST.

I FREQUENTLY think, as my "cycles" I twist,
That wheeling resembles a "rubber" of whist;
We ride with a club for a few hundred yards,
And find it composed of many rare "cards."
The "lead of our partner" we follow, of course,
And if we should "miss," feel a "deal" of remorse.
No fellow can ride who is minus a "heart,"
And "clubs" start and flourish in every part.
The "diamonds" sparkled last year in the "sun,"
And so shall again, — there 's a horrible pun.
The "spade" I don't know as the name of a club,
But all know some fellow, who's paid up his sub!
How bicyclists manage on saddle to stick
To folks who don't ride, always seems like a "trick."
His "single" or "double" each rider defends,
While much of our joy on our "rubber" depends.
Some clubs formed of nothing but officers seem
So truly that 's "honors divided," I deem.
In every club there 's some fellow called "Jack,"
But "Knives" form a very small part of our "pack."
Our sport with the "beau monde" has gained such repute
That even our "Kings" and our "Queens" follow suit.
Some racers, like "sharpers," I say it with pain,
For honor care nothing; their sole thought is gain.
For money they'll "shuffle," and "cut" round a track,
But find in the long run, they're on the wrong tack.
In racing or "play," mind one can't always "win,"
A "trump" may be beaten; to lose is no sin.
So prove you're a "trump," keep your temper and grin,
And bid for success the next time you go in.

—Wheeling.

THANKSGIVING.

DAY of Piety, Poultry, and Pudding.

ABOUT one chance in ten to get good riding weather.

RIDE before dinner, for when dinner is done, man does not care to exercise.

WE met a man the other day who told us that he was glad of Thanksgiving Day, and he celebrated it by giving thanks that the cycles would disappear from the road. He owns a fast horse, and is of the genus "road hog." Let all wheelmen pray for the conversion of the road hog.

CYCLERS who are interested in dancing should remember that the social rules prescribe but two shirt studs this year. Three of a kind will not do in shirt studs.

TALKING with a wheelman recently, he told us that he had made ten trips recently to Gloucester without a header. Does n't this look paradoxical? Ten trips, and no trip yet.

CHELSEA girls are investing their pin money in orange ribbon. They want to wear the Cycle Club colors at the ball on the eighth of December. Chelsea is now an Orange district.

B. R. AKE tells us that he is beginning to grow through his hair. He is rather sensitive about his bald head, but he is very free to boast of the balled head on his Apollo.

"I DON'T like dropped handle-bars," said a wheelman; "it's too much trouble to pick them up."

A MAN with a foresight worthy of a better cause, when out for a day's ride on a tandem, with a fascinating young lady as his compan-

ion, popped the question; and now the bashful maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence an action in for breach of promise.

HE ran into a black fellow on the road the other day and knocked him over. "Excuse me," the wheeler remarked politely, "I did n't knock you down on purpose." "No, sah, you knock me down on the road. I'll 'scuze you dis time but don't git in de habit of it, sah."

SINGER & Co. are getting a good deal of gratuitous advertising from a patent medicine man who is posting "S. S. S." on the dead walls.

THE Racing Board L. A. W. has reinstated as amateurs, W. L. Lewis and C. G. Whitney, of Lynn.

THE Crawfordsville road lies under three inches or more of snow, and as a racing path it has no longer any attraction.

SPRINGFIELD has now a club, the members of which ride the Star.

THE Nonantum Cycling Club, of Newtonville, is to give six sociables in Cycle Hall during December and January.

BOTSON is just now the record city. It has provided us with the heaviest "slugger," the "fastest" yacht, the "greatest" scandal, the "deepest" blackmail case; and to all these it may add the most atrocious punster. — *Wheel.*

Why did n't he say the best bicycle paper? It would have been good for a quarter of a column notice from the *Bulletin's* editor.

JOHN S. PRINCE says he isn't afraid of any man living. We don't believe that he is. We were at Springfield and Hartford, and we noticed that they all ran away from him.

CAN it be that Columbias do not need repairing? Else why do the makers give up their repair shop?

THERE were twenty-three new names added to the L. A. W. membership rolls last week.

W. L. ROSS, of W. B. Everett & Co., is on a several weeks' business trip through the Middle States.

THE *Wheel* is out with a claim that it is the best paper in America, because the English papers clip items from it. What a mistake. An editor does n't cut up a paper that he values. We know it to be a fact that the English editors bind the CYCLE in turkey morocco, gild the edges, and keep the numbers in a glass case.

THE Massachusetts Club will begin its regular winter series of athletic entertainments at the clubhouse on Saturday evening.

A NEWARK mechanic has been experimenting for several months on a sectional rubber tire for bicycle wheels. He claims that it will outlast a dozen ordinary rubber tires, and will be superior in every way.

LADIES' night at the Massachusetts Club was observed Saturday. A concert, in which the Misses Childs, pianists, Mr. Schroeder, zither soloist, Miss Florence

W. W. STALL,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

509 TREMONT STREET - - - 4 WARREN AVENUE,
BOSTON, MASS.

SOLE AGENT *FOR THE* STAR BICYCLE.

Bicycles and Tricycles of all kinds, New and Second-Hand,
Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

MACHINES TO LET BY HOUR, DAY OR WEEK

RIDING TAUGHT ON ANY STYLE WHEEL.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. The most intricate work successfully performed.

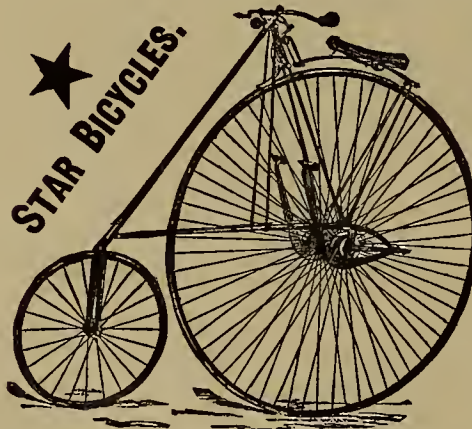
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THE BOSTON BICYCLE SHOE.

The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

STRICKLAND & PIERCE,
156 and 156½ Summer Street,
BOSTON.



SAFE, PRACTICAL *and* FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.
Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discount to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

MURRAY'S, 100 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The Road Book of Boston and Vicinity

CONTAINS all important routes around Boston, details of road surface and turnings, copious and interesting notes, many new points reached.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

A. L. ATKINS, care of Pope Mfg. Co., Boston.

LYRA * BICYCLICA:

SIXTY POETS ON THE WHEEL.

By J. G. DALTON.

Much enlarged second edition. One hundred and sixty filled pages, elegantly bound. In boards, 75 cents; flexible, 40 cents; sent post-paid. This is the standard and only book of thorough-going cycling verse, and comparable in art to none but the first-rate poets. No reading cyclist should overlook it. Old edition, 20 cents. For sale at CYCLE office.

PATENTS

Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and *legally* drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

N. L. COLLAMER - - - Patent Attorney,

Room 47, St. Cloud Building,

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BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN
AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



Peck, pianist, Miss Oliver, vocalist, and Mr. C. H. Davis, humorist, took part, was followed by a dance, the whole forming a very attractive programme.

OUR thanks are due to many friends who have sent in copies of the *C. T. C. Gazette* that we were in want of. We wanted one and we have received several.

THE *Tricycling Journal* has been purchased by A. J. Wilson (Faed) and H. A. Judd (late London agent for Iliffe & Son). A. G. Morrison, who assisted Faed in getting out the *Cyclist* Christmas numbers, will be on the staff.

W. GORDON, a professional racer of Sydney, Australia, stands six feet four inches high. A sixty-five-inch racing machine has been made for him, and despite its large size, it weighs only thirty-one pounds.

Mr. HARRY T. PRATT, of the Chelsea Cycle Club, will locate in Los Angeles, Cal. That city will soon be able to show us a club with a large Eastern contingent.

THE Somerville Club has got the clubhouse fever now. See here! Why don't some of you give Papa Weston a chance to build your clubhouses. He has n't paid us for an advertisement, but we want you to know that he is now an architect, and he knows just what a club ought to have.

No one has attempted to estimate the size of bicycle Mrs. Liberty, of New York, would ride, were she to come down from her pedestal. They have made calculations on her sealskin sack, and her shoes, but the bicycle is still a mystery. We do not undertake to say that she would ride a bicycle, but if she did come down, she would certainly give us an example of the largest Liberty.

THE death of Ex-President Arthur must bring back to the minds of many wheelmen the day that he received the wheelmen in the White House, at Washington. It was at the time of the Washington meet, and we shook hands with him in the library, and were shown about the house.

THE Chelsea Club has adopted orange for its club color. When they were talking colors the vice-president suggested black and blue as the most appropriate cyclers' color.

THE rider who has ridden a bicycle this year and taken no header, deserves to go on record. If any such will send in his name, we will publish it. Riders with records under five hundred miles don't count.

RICHARD HOWELL has challenged Rowe to ride a race for one mile to twenty for from £100 to £500. Lynn would find the money to back her favorite if the season would allow. Wait till the snow rolls by, Richard; wait till the snow rolls by!

A BICYCLE shoe, recently invented by Thomas J. Strickland, of Randolph, Mass., is thus described by the *Scientific American*: "The insole has an intermediate or shank portion of greater flexibility than the end portions, and the outer sole is composed of an inner and an outer layer of greater flexibility than the inner layer, making the shoes more flexible and better adapted to resist the jar or vibration of the machine." This is the Boston shoe advertised in our columns

A STAR rider tried the roller coaster course at Revere Beach the other day. He went down the decline well enough, but he could n't quite master the up grade. He tried several times and gave it up, but he said he would do it before snow fell. To a determined man almost anything is possible.

IT is reported that the Pope Manufacturing Company will discontinue its repair shop when it goes into its new quarters.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company will have a dead wall at the side of their Franklin-street entrance that can be seen from Washington street. It will allow Drew to paint "Columbia Bicycles" in letters fifty feet long.

WHEN Philadelphia wheelmen have a jolly good row, they wind up matters at a dinner, and with a treaty of peace. The dinner puts the men in good humor to sign a treaty, and several quarrels have been ended in this way. Editor Aaron always takes part in these dinners, and Philadelphia men hint that he stirs up the quarrels in order to get the dinner. We wish he would tell us how to work the thing, for we are pretty hungry.

WE said "Good-by" to Arthur L. Atkins last week with many regrets. He goes to Los Angeles to regain his lost health. He is one of the old-timers, and has many friends in wheeling circles who sympathize with him in his misfortune. The edge is taken off his troubles to a great extent by the generous action of the Pope Manufacturing Company, who keep him upon their salary list. It is very probable that he will make his permanent home on the Pacific coast. Our best wishes go with him.

THE Massachusetts Division officers will dine at Young's on 4 December. Don't be alarmed, young man, for they pay their own bills, and the Division treasury is safe. Around the festive board they will discuss the gastronomic delights of the table, and amid the fumes of post-prandial cigars they will discuss questions of interest in the prosecution of League work.

The Camera Club has been organized in Newton. It includes a number of wheelmen who pursue photography in connection with wheeling. A. D. Clafin is president, and W. W. Stall is one of the executive committee.

THE Boston Club projected a novel race for Thanksgiving Day, but it had to be abandoned for lack of time to complete arrangements. Any kind of a vehicle was to be allowed to compete for the prizes offered. If nothing else, the race would have had the merit of originality. One could enter with a bicycle, tricycle, safety, wheelbarrow, or even a horse and buggy. The worst kind of roads that could be found were to be selected for the course, so that the speedy bicyclists might have no undue advantage. The route was to take in Corey Hill and as many other steep hills as could be found.

SOMEBODY has been counting the British cyclers, and he makes the number 315,000. It must be 5,000 better than that by this time. America has got 100,000. We have n't stopped to count them, but our guess is as good as anybody else's. It's a kind of no 'count business, anyway.

A CORRUGATED wire tire is the latest English notion. It is made by Otto, who gave us the dicycle of that name—dicycle is what they call it—and also the wavy spokes.

AND so our Mr. Stevens was not allowed to ride his bicycle through Afghanistan. Perhaps Afghanistan folks have never heard of our Mr. Bayard. One of these days Mr. Stevens will get home, and then perhaps his bicycle will be seen leaning up against the door of the State department, while he tells his story within. And if the secretary should conclude to notice the affair, there will be an Eastern crisis beside which all previous crisis will fade into insignificance. This Government is not so very sensitive about fishing vessels, but our bicycles must be respected the world over. — *Record*.

CLIFFORD, of Clarksville, has an unconquerable faith in the ability of the St. Louis wheelmen to beat the world. The other day when he was in the city he said: "I'll bet I can pick out from among St. Louis cyclists ten men who can worst any other picked ten from any other city of the world, on the road, on the path, and in hill-climbing; that is, have them meet in a series embracing the three varieties of riding, and count points at the finish." I believe Clifford is not far from correct, and not a bit too enthusiastic. — *Spectator*.

THE board of officers of the New Jersey L. A. W. Division, of which Dr. E. W. Johnson is chief consul, and F. R. Bonnett is secretary and treasurer, are actively canvassing for subscriptions for the proposed cinder track from New York to Philadelphia. Estimates are being made now to ascertain the probable cost. The intention is to form a good path as nearly following the Pennsylvania Railroad as possible. Several of the clubs in Pennsylvania have subscribed toward the expense of the road, sums varying from \$200 to \$300. There are about fifty clubs in the State, and each will have an opportunity to subscribe. The clubs in New York and Philadelphia may be invited to subscribe also. The path will be of use to residents along the line, because it will afford a direct line and a good footpath.

THE New Zealand *Referee* of 24 September has the following: "Referring to Mr. Langdown's visit to the Springfield tournament, which was to have been held on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th inst., it is scarcely likely, if he started for any event, that he has been successful, as the proprietors of this journal, had he been victorious, had arranged to get the news cabled. As no cable news has reached us, I conclude, therefore, that our champion has found the English and American riders 'too many' for him. Mr. Langdown, Sr., received a letter by the 'Frisco mail, in which his son stated that he was suffering from dysentery, but wrote nothing of importance concerning the Springfield tournament."

MR. DUCKER, the American, who asserts that English amateur cyclists were sent over to America by manufacturing firms, offers to place letters, proving his statement, in the hands of Mr. Wilson, but he takes care to lay down unreasonable conditions. We will make Mr. Ducker an offer. If he will send the injurious letters to Mr. A. J. Wilson, of London (provided that gentleman is willing

to receive them), and authorize him to show them to us *and two other responsible persons*, we will pledge our word that the names of the writers and the amounts to be paid shall be held in *sacred confidence*, and will, in the next ensuing issue of this journal, make a definite statement concerning the accuracy or otherwise of the matter under discussion. — *G. L. Hillier, in News.*

WE have been shown a new balance-gear which has been invented and patented by Mr. James Starley (Starley Bros.), the special feature of which is that no wheels whatever enter into its construction. The axle is divided centrally, and the ends inserted in the ends of a cylindrical box. The ends terminate in flat projections, which, practically, form short cranks. These have short forks or secondary cranks jointed to them, and these latter are provided at their other extremities with ball and socket joints. Right across the centre of the gear-box is a rod which works up and down in cylinders at each of its ends. To the centre of this rod, and at right angles to it, is another rod, the ends of which are fastened into the balls of the ball and socket joints referred to. This pivoted rod thus connects the ends of the axle together, and is free both to move across from side to side of the gear-box, as well as to swivel or rock upon its pin. The result of this combination is to produce a perfectly acting and by no means clumsy balance-gear. Mr. Starley will, we believe, exhibit its working at the Stanley Show, and is open to license its use on royalty, or sell it outright. — *Cyclist.*

It was at a club meeting in a neighboring city. Jones was there, and so was Brown. The secretary was there also, but the president was absent. There was no provision in the constitution for a quorum, so it was perfectly proper for the three men to organize and transact business. The secretary called the assembly to order, and announced that it would be necessary to choose a chairman. Just here there was a dilemma. Jones and Brown were rivals, and each wanted to preside. Neither would nominate himself nor his rival. The wheels of business were clogged. The secretary pleaded in vain for a motion. No motion was made. For an hour they sat there in a deadlock. No mule ever showed a more stubborn disposition. At last Robinson came in. He would cut the Gordian knot, but who would he nominate? Both Jones and Brown looked at him with bowie-knives in their eyes. "Mr. Secretary, I nominate Mr. Jones for chairman." A look of sublime satisfaction from Jones. Pistols were added to bowie-knives in Brown's eyes. But there was no one to second the motion. The secretary was equal to the occasion; he put the motion without a second. Robinson voted "Yes," Brown voted "No." The secretary gave the casting vote, and the momentous question was settled.

THE Springfield Roadster will be on the market next spring, and will sell for \$75. Truly 1887 will be a great year for lever machines and low prices.

"MINIMUM" will have a short sketch in our columns next week.

E. P. BURNHAM is supposed to know what a good tricycle is. He evidences his

faith in the Elliott tricycle by taking a financial interest in the company. He has ridden the wheel, and he knows that it is not merely an experiment.

FRED STEARNS, clerk for Stearns Brothers, delivers groceries to a large number of his customers every day, on a Columbia bicycle. It is a familiar sight to see him gliding past our office, with his basket of groceries in one hand and guiding his machine with the other hand. We can also recall to mind Henry and Frank Fales and Frank Lincoln carrying strips of lumber and tools about on their bicycles. A. Fales & Sons, builders, have seven men in their employ who ride to their work on bicycles, and are thus able to enjoy a hot dinner every day, though working a mile or more away from home. Three riders of Columbias in town, Messrs. Andrews, McPherson, and Valentine, all members of the L. A. W., have travelled over two thousand miles this summer on their machines, which is not an unusual occurrence among wheelmen. These few facts, however, prove how useful bicycles are becoming. At first they were found to be health giving machines, and now, besides this, are coming into use among business men, and found to be very useful, and readily pay for themselves in a short time. — *Framingham Tribune.*

THE PATH.

THE announcement that J. Rolfe, the champion professional cyclist of Australia, was to contend against F. S. Rollinson, from America, for the professional championship of the colonies, had the effect of attracting several thousands of spectators to the Association Grounds, Sydney, N. S. W., 11 September, though the high wind prevailing was anything but favorable to the enjoyment of out-door sport. The contest included two races, at one mile and five miles, respectively, and Rolf easily won both, taking the first in 3.25½, and the second in 19.9½.

CHARLES FRAZIER has challenged Grant Bell, the champion of Minneapolis, to race five miles in any rink in the country, for \$2500 a side. Bell defeated Frazier at Minneapolis, some time ago, and the challenge just issued is for a return race. Frazier, as a guarantee of faith, has deposited a \$100 forfeit.

THE CLUB.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. — Star Wheel Club. President, T. W. Coburn; captain, V. M. Cooke; secretary and treasurer, A. B. Case.

CUT PRICES!

Our contemporaries are cutting down the price of "For Sale" advertisements. We notice the "cut," and go them one better.

Any subscriber of ours who has a machine to sell, may advertise it in our columns for NOTHING, provided his advertisement does not exceed five lines. If he wants it to go in more than once, he must pay us TEN CENTS for each insertion after the first.

"The Ideal New England Newspaper."

SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

FOR 1887.

Daily, \$8.00. } Sunday, \$2.00.
Weekly, \$1.00.

THE REPUBLICAN aims to be a newspaper in the broadest and highest sense. It prints all the legitimate news of the day without fear or favor, unembarrassed by personal or partisan obligations, and in compact, well-arranged form. Its facilities for gathering and publishing the news are unsurpassed outside of the largest cities, and are constantly improving.

THE REPUBLICAN is distinctively a New England newspaper, although its reputation is national. It faithfully reports the life of this region, and represents its intelligent spirit.

In its political attitude THE REPUBLICAN maintains a thorough independence, — giving a fair hearing to all reasonable men and parties in its columns, but asserting its own convictions on public issues with vigor and clearness. It is opposed to unjust monopoly in every form, to oppressive and unnecessary taxation, to any misuse of public trusts. It favors tariff reform in the interest especially of the poor man, civil-service reform in the broadest measure, suspension of silver coinage, and the acceptance of the commercial world's money standard, and the promotion of American interests by natural and sound methods.

THE REPUBLICAN is an earnest advocate of temperance, of social simplicity and purity, and of all the good causes that help to make life better. It is not merely a journal of news, but undertakes to instruct and entertain its readers by the publication of a rich variety of literary and miscellaneous matter, embracing home and foreign correspondence, stories, poetry, book reviews and notices, religious selections and discussions, special articles and compilations for the farmer and the mechanic, for women and children, dramatic, art and society notes, etc.

A new and valuable feature of THE REPUBLICAN is its

SERIES OF WAR MEMORIES,

being interesting reminiscences of the Rebellion, written expressly for its columns chiefly by Western Massachusetts veterans, both officers and privates. These articles appear in Monday's Daily and in THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN each week.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

contains the cream of the seven Daily issues, carefully edited and arranged in compact form. It is an admirable family newspaper for all who are unable to read a daily paper or who desire to follow New England life and thought, and costs only

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Or 10 cents a month for shorter periods; 3 cents a copy.

New subscribers to THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN for 1887 will receive the paper for the month of December, 1886, without extra charge.

All subscriptions are payable in advance and sample copies are sent free.

Address

THE REPUBLICAN,
Springfield, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, customer for Wright & Ditson bicycle, 46-inch, nearly new, \$15; also Victor tricycle, good condition, \$55; correspondence solicited. Address, COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.

BICYCLE FOR SALE.—Columbia Expert, Full Nickelled 1886 pattern, 48 inch. Very little used, and in perfect condition. Will sell low for cash only. Address P. O. Box 87, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A Europa Convertible Sociable, with two speed gear; price, \$130. W. B. EVERETT & CO., 6 Berkeley street, Boston.

FOR SALE.—A 54-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge (Safety) nearly new; price, \$100. W. B. EVERETT & CO., 6 Berkeley street, Boston.

FOR SALE.—A few Experts, Victors, Ridges, and Royal Mails, second hand, but in good condition, for cash or on instalments. W. B. EVERETT & CO., 6 Berkeley street, Boston.

MARLBORO CLUB TRICYCLE.—Has been ridden but little, and is in good repair. Will sell at a reasonable figure. COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY, 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

MARLBORO CLUB TANDEM.—Used but little. Call and see it. Will sell low. COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY, 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

ASPHALT PAVEMENTS are the best to ride on. We are near the asphalt, and you can try our machines before buying. COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY, 239 Columbus avenue, Boston.

STARS AND COLUMBIAS.—New and second hand, always in stock. W. W. STALL, 509 Tremont street, Boston.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE MILES ON THE ROAD.—Who made it? Read the answer in the Stars, and then say, if you can, that the Star is not a good long-distance machine. W. W. STALL, 509 Tremont street, Boston.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste.—Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nicked or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 596, Fall River, Mass.

THE IMPROVED

Z. & S. HOSE SUPPORTER

Made Lighter and Closer Fitting around the Shoulders.

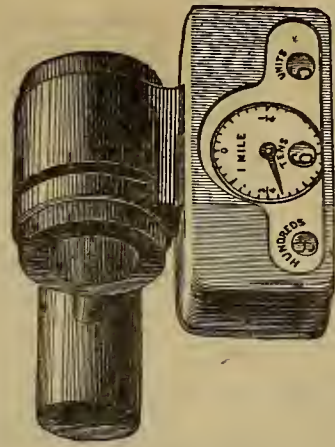
Every one who wears the Z. & S. Supporter are pleased with it, hence its popularity.

Price Per Pair, 65 Cents.

HOWARD A. SMITH & CO.

Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.

BRANCH STORE, ORANGE, N. J.



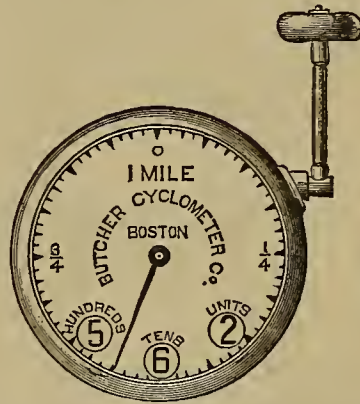
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

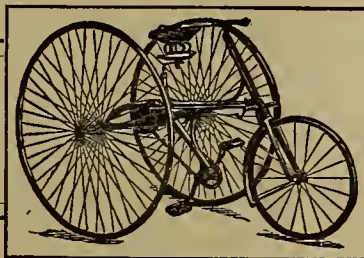
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

RIDERS OF COLUMBIAS

— **HOLD** —

World's Records

— FROM —

$\frac{1}{4}$ MILE TO 24 MILES, INCLUSIVE,

— AND THE —

GREATEST DISTANCE EVER MADE WITHIN AN HOUR

22 MILES, 150 YARDS.

CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

THE POPE MFG. CO.

597 Washington Street, Boston.

BRANCH HOUSES, — 12 Warren St., New York.
115 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

The Cycle.

VOL. II, No. 10.

BOSTON, MASS., 3 DECEMBER, 1886.

THREE CEN

World's Tandem Record

— ❧ FOR 24 HOURS ❧ —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— ❧ RIDDEN ON A ❧ —

* **MARLBORO'** * **TANDEM** *

— ❧ BY A ❧ —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— ❧ Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. ❧ —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING! DOWN.

THE

AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

20 * MILES * ON * A * STRAIGHTAWAY * COUNTRY * ROAD

— IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF —

59 MINUTES 35 $\frac{4}{5}$ SECONDS.

A WORLD'S RECORD,

50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS,

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

— AND —

100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTES.

A WORLD RECORD, AND BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN TRACK RECORD.

All the above by S.^{SR}G. WHITTAKER on an ordinary roadster, excepting a somewhat lighter rim, and the course an ordinary surveyed country road.

If Road Records Talk, then the AMERICAN CYCLES are the Easiest Running Machines in the World.

— MANUFACTURED BY —

GORMULLY & JEFFERY,

CHICAGO - - - - ILL.

CATALOGUE FREE.

THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 3 DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 10.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, by mail, post-paid.....\$0.75
Six Months..... .50
Single Copies..... .03
Specimen Copies free.

Every bicycle dealer is agent for the CYCLE and authorized to receive subscriptions at regular rates. The paper can be found on sale at the following places:—

Boston, CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., cor. Washington and School Streets. Tremont House news stand. At every cycle warehouse.

Philadelphia, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street.

ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to ensure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

WE wonder if he of School street will reproduce the table of comparison we print this week? We have not the least hesitancy in saying he will, as he seems fond of statistics. — *World*.

WHY certainly we will, and we will give it the same amount of thought and study that we always give to such things. Here it is:

The CYCLE very foolishly reproduces a table of comparison of the size of cycling papers published, and the amount of reading matter in same. We won't enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of the *World* and the *Cycle*, we are content to let the papers rest on their respective merits, but we want to give a few cold statistics for that honest editor to digest with his Thanksgiving turkey. The figures given are for all issues of each paper from 2 April to 12 Nov., inclusive:—

Paper.	Price.	No. Pages Reading.
<i>World</i> .	1.00.	277.
CYCLE.	1.50.	241.

The above figures are page for page, but it should be remembered that a large number of pages of the *World* have been in nonpareil, which if they had been in type the same as the *Cycle* would have made at least six to ten pages more, so we can claim forty-six more pages than the *Cycle*, to say nothing of the price and the few extras we have thrown in. We find also, that we have given some thirty pages more reading matter than the *Bulletin* outside the official notices and reports.

THE table is very interesting. It looks as if we were not giving as much to our readers for the same money as the *World* is giving. We are glad that our contemporary did not enter into a discussion of the merits of the two papers, for perhaps he might fail to show why wheelmen have paid us \$1.50 for a paper that has fewer pages than one that sells for \$1.00.

BUT we are very much disturbed to feel that perhaps some one will think that we are doing less for our patrons than our older neighbor is. We shall not be able to sleep nights till this thing is righted.

ON and after this date the price of the CYCLE will be

75 CENTS A YEAR.

It's worth more than that, but we do not aspire to be a millionaire. We are laboring for the good of wheelmen. Our friends who are now with us shall have their subscriptions extended far enough to reap the benefit of this reduction. We do not intend to give to new subscribers any favor that we do not extend to the old.

Mr. J. R. Hogg's articles on the amateur question in *Wheeling* have nearly drawn to a close, and it is unlikely that any reply will be forthcoming worthy of the name. *Logic is so entirely on the side of those who would abolish the amateur definition that it is impossible for the most ingenious to grapple with the reductiones ad absurdum* which Mr. Hogg has launched at the head of his opponents, and the hope of those who would retain the definition was simply in the influence of carefully timed threats to break up the union if the abolitionist policy prevails. It is estimated by the leaders of the reform party that if all the promises of support given are carried out at the council meeting, at least fifty votes will be recorded in favor of Mr. Hogg's motion, which is a significant advance upon the solitary vote registered last year. — *English Correspondent of Bulletin*.

WE submit that the *League Bulletin* should not be prostituted to the purposes of the little faction on the other side of the water which is endeavoring to break down the amateur law. The English correspondent of the *Bulletin* is one of this faction, and he is using the *League's* paper to create the impression that the sentiment against the amateur law in England is very strong. The *League*, rank and file, is very firmly committed to the amateur rule. Every vote shows that, and those who would break down the rule will find a hard task before them. In this connection we submit an extract from a private letter received by us a few days ago from a very prominent English wheelman who is well calculated to judge of the sentiments held by English cyclers:—

"In *Bicycling World* and *Bulletin* I notice very incorrect ideas of cycling opinion in this country. Do not be led away by this clap-trap. The best proof of the correctness of these opinions or otherwise is this: *Wheeling* here has been howling for abolition of amateurism, and shouting down the N. C. U. executive on the suspensions. At the last meeting of council, despite the loud assertions that these sentiments were echoed all over the country, only twelve out of nearly one hundred voted against the executive, and this dozen consisted of McCandlish, Low, Lloyd, Etherington, and Blackman (all in *Wheeling* office), Craig ("Thames Troutlet" in *Wheeling*), Nicholas (a particular pal of McC.), Nairn and Swindley (Ripley Road Club), Letchford and Irons (who objected because more have n't been suspended), and Larrette. Judge for yourself whether or no it

is n't a case of 'the three tailors of Tooley street' once more."

The *Bulletin* is unfortunate in its correspondents. It allows a New York writer to malign the oldest club in the *League*, and now it is playing into the hands of a few men in England, who are trying to break down the amateur law; men who are antagonistic to ideas held by a very large majority of *League* members, and men who will find no great following on the other side of the water. We protest against this thing.

REGULARLY made or not, the records from a quarter to twenty-two miles made by Rowe will be generally alluded to in conversation as best on record, and in most cases it will make but little difference whether the L. A. W. and A. C. U. adopt them or not. It would seem as if these organizations should liberalize their rules so that records, which will be generally accepted by the public, may appear on their tables, or else their tables will be of but little value or interest to general readers. — *Bulletin*.

We beg leave to remind the *Bulletin* that the *League* does not accept professional records, nor can it do so until it takes jurisdiction over professional cycling. The *League* is an association of amateur wheelmen. Professionals are not admitted to its ranks nor recognized in any way. The *Bulletin* says in effect that professionals should be admitted to the *League* and their records accepted. It has been stated that the Executive Committee approves all that goes into the *Bulletin*. If this is so, the above extract means much.

AN evidence of the inferior road-riding abilities of the Eastern wheelmen was furnished me in a rather unexpected way, the other day, when a well-known member of the *Missouris* was telling of a visit of a Boston lady at his house this summer. As she is reported young and pretty, I can go on with my story without any fear that I will be contradicted in New England. Well, she was out viewing the city one day, and returning, remarked: "How well your wheelmen all ride here; they never get off when they come to street-car tracks." And she might have added also, "nor when they come to nine-inch curbs, either." — *Spectator*.

THE effect of climate is remarkable. We can believe that the young lady while in Boston, was a model for truth and veracity, but one summer in St. Louis has been too much for her. Probably she got too much soft soap from the St. Louis wheelmen and became permeated with lye.

A PECULIAR STORY.

BY MINIMUM.

I WAS walking with my friend Volney a few days ago, through a secluded way in the Middlesex Fells, when he asked me if I believed much in modern supernaturalism. I am something of a student of men, as a suburban rector may be in a quiet way, and I asked him a pair of questions for his one, knowing very well that Volney had something on his mind which he wished to tell me.

"Why? Do you?" I asked.

At this moment we emerged from our hidden pathway through the pines, and came out suddenly upon the Ravine Road in its most picturesque part, where the shade of the large trees is densest upon the ground.

I have forgotten to say that it was election day, and that Volney had therefore taken a half-holiday to come out from Boston to vote in our home precinct, and that we had improved this rare opportunity for a leisurely walk together. I am very fond of walking in the Fells, but it is not often that I have the pleasure of an invitation to walk with Volney, and he is, I think, the most appreciative of the visible world among my parishioners. As we came out upon the Ravine Road I felt the beauty and peace of the lovely November afternoon with a keener delight, as I thought of the crowd of half-contented people we had left behind us at the voting place in the village. I should have spoken of this, but I was expecting Volney's supernatural confidence, and listened instead of speaking.

"Yes, I do believe a good deal in these things. I have had some strange experiences, and I believe we are entering upon an era of discovery in these matters," Volney began; then stopped short, looking up the road with those peculiar drawn lines about the lips and chin, that mark a man's face with a sort of terror in surprise. I looked too, but saw nothing except a half-grown boy coming slowly around a bend in the road on a bicycle, with a very small boy standing up on the step behind him and holding fast to the elder one's coat. They came on very cautiously, and passed us without looking at us, proceeding on their way absorbed in their risky ride.

"That little fellow is having a good time," I said, affecting not to see the melodramatic way in which Volney turned and stared after them. He drew a long breath as they passed safely out of sight, but looked again up the road with an immediate resumption of his expression of interest.

"Let us stand here for five minutes," he said; "within that time a very pretty woman will come by riding on a tandem with an elderly man."

"Are you a clairvoyant?" I said laughing, "or did you try some Hallowe'en spell the other night in the rain? No? Ah, I have it? You've been bewitched by that dainty little poem of Richards Dodge's, 'Sweet Jenny on a tandem.'"

"Chaff away, old fellow," returned my friend. "You'll see the pretty woman directly. She isn't a girl either; she's a lovely young woman, with a woman's grace instead of a girl's."

"Is she a widow? Did her spookily spouse reveal this meeting to you? You seem a little nervous, Volney."

"I am. I'm not ashamed to confess it. Only a few days ago—See! there she comes."

I was almost as much excited at this moment as Volney himself, for it was certainly a very pretty woman who came whirling rapidly down the road, steering the machine whose brake was in the hand of the elderly gentleman Volney had predicted. As they passed us, I was amazed to see Volney lift his hat with slow, unwilling recognition, and still more amazed to see the lady glance at him and away from him quickly, in a way that showed she knew him, though she cut him very pointedly. I had lifted my hat, following my friend's courtesy, and I received a cordial and hearty bow and smile from the fair apparition, whose companion nodded indiscriminately to both Volney and me. A moment later and they were out of sight. I turned upon Volney with a laugh.

"This is quite an adventure," I said.

"I don't enjoy it," he returned. He was actually pale.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Why did you bow?"

"Because I met this astral young person a few days ago, and she made this appointment to see me."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. I have been dabbling in the science of that sort of materialization which has to do with the appearance of people in the body in different parts of the world."

"Without reference to trains and steamboats? I advise you not to meddle with the black art, my friend," I said.

"When you put on that ecclesiastical air, I declare I should like to cuff you, as Meredith says before Lemuel Barker," returned Volney.

"Consider me a seeker, then. I certainly want to know what you know about this interesting creature."

"Well, I met her over near Maplewood on a single machine not long ago," said Volney. "I was on a bicycle, and had to get off to help her. Her gown was chewed up in her machine."

"She will ride without a dress shield, then, at times, just like a charming mortal woman," I said.

"Oh, she is mortal, but she lives in India," said Volney. "She told me that she is English, and materializes here to enjoy the good roads about Boston. Her father is Lord Somebody in government employ. She told me she would ask him to materialize with her on a tandem over here to-day if I cared to be on the Ravine Road at three o'clock. She said her coming would be preceded by two boys on one bicycle. We saw the feat accomplished—and she came."

Volney's breath came rather quickly, and I noticed, as I slipped my hand through his arm, that he was trembling. But I did not spare him.

"Why did she bow to me and neglect you?" I asked.

Volney sighed.

"It's fate, I suppose. Astral people are privileged to do as they like, and you are a rector, good enough for any nobleman's daughter, and I am only an ignominious banker."

"You are too old for this sort of folly," I said. "You are nearly forty years old, Volney."

"She is not young," he returned.

"She is twenty-nine," I said. "I'll take you over and introduce you regularly any time you say so. She lives about three miles from here with her father. She is a charming young woman, and you are a fool."

"The devil," said Volney, cheerfully, "What is her name? How long have you known her? What made her tell me all that nonsense?"

"Because you are such a fool," I returned, affectionately. "You could not expect a well-bred young woman to get up an acquaintance even with a handsome man like you out on the wheel."

"But the apparition of the two boys on the one bicycle," urged Volney.

"That's beyond me. I can't pretend to explain everything," I said. "Something must be left mysterious. It's always so in real life."

THE NEW MEMBER'S STORY.

BY SECRETARY BEE.

"Go on, George; it's your turn now." "But I—"

"No excuse, Mr. Fairley, it's your turn; so you might as well go ahead with your story."

"But really, gentlemen, I don't know anything worth telling. Why, I've only been riding two months, and could hardly have had any sort of an adventure in so short a time."

"We can't take any such excuse as that. Why make up something, if you can't do any better."

This conversation took place not long since, in our club parlor. There were six in our party, including George Fairley, a new member. We were all gathered around the fireplace recounting personal adventures a-wheel, as men will do when they get together with an abundance of time to spare. Fairley, having met several of the boys for the first time that evening, was naturally a little backward, and had very little to say; but, as one after another we exhausted our stock of anecdotes, we finally brought our persuasive powers to bear on him. Part of the conversation is recorded above; and Fairley, seeing that there was no other way out of it, began.

"Well, boys, as you seem determined not to let me off, I'll make an attempt to interest you, though I cannot say that my story is strictly a wheeling adventure; still it happened right here in the clubhouse."

"Let me see! I think it was the third or fourth night after I had joined the club, that I was around here playing billiards with Fred Gordon. We finished about ten o'clock, and being the last ones to leave, closed the windows and put out the light. I left Fred at the corner and reached home about ten minutes later. I had hardly gotten in doors, when I remembered having left a couple of opened letters, which had fallen out of my pocket, on the billiard-room mantel, and as I did not care about having them read, determined to go back and get them. I reached here very quickly, opened the hall-door, and in the darkness fell over a chair. I believe I uttered a very forcible exclamation, but recovering in a few moments I struck a light and turned on the gas, but just

THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE.

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Single Copies, THREE Cents.

as I was about to apply it the confounded thing went out. I was n't disturbed in the least, but felt in my pocket, where I usually carried matches, only to find none there. A search of all my pockets proved likewise fruitless. Having no matches, I determined to try to reach the parlor mantel, where I supposed there would be some. I had n't quite got the location of each article of furniture in my mind, just yet, so feeling rather timid I entered the parlor, and after falling over one chair only, I found the mantel, but nary a match. With a feeling of disgust at my own stupidity, I turned and groped my way in the direction of the door, intending to go home and return early in the morning for the letters. My right arm was extended in front of me to guard against any more bruised shins or damaged furniture. In this way I groped around for perhaps a minute, when — great Scott! my outstretched hand came in contact with something that made my head swim, the blood rushed through my veins, and I grew hot, then cold; but I paused, but for a second, undecided whether to strike, or to cry aloud. It was an awful moment, I tell you, but I did not lose my wits, and with a determination to do or die, I struck, and — ”

Here our new member paused to clear his throat. So far, his story had been told in a manner that interested and excited us all, and this pause, right in the midst of the most thrilling part, made us impatient to hear the rest. Fairley paused so long, that one of us reminded him impatiently, —

“Go on, Fairley; we're waiting.”

This was just what he was waiting for, as, after scanning our interested and unsuspecting-looking countenances for a moment, he smiled a knowing smile, and in the most provoking manner possible, remarked, —

“Yes, boys, I struck viciously, and the match *actually burned*”

The new member stopped again to see the effect of his remark.

We all looked at each other, then seeing that we were sold, burst into a laugh that

made the walls resound, and brought several of the boys from the adjoining rooms (where they were playing billiards) to ascertain the cause of the uproar.

The new member chuckled contentedly, as, amid the hubbub, he attempted to explain to us how, in the dark, his hand had run against the match-case containing a solitary lucifer, which hangs on the wall, just inside the parlor door, and of which he knew nothing.

We heard enough to satisfy us and adjourned, all voting the new member a veteran in the art of story telling, or otherwise.

CYCLES.

Fly Leaves from the Visitors' Book.

[THE Visitors' Book at English inns is very often used by touring wheelmen to write down the impressions of the moment. A wheelman sends the following excerpts to “Wheeling Annual.”]

I LIKE this house, I must declare,
I've all I really need,
The fare is very fairly fare,
The waitress fair indeed;
The longer I prolong my stay,
More pleasant 't is, I find,
And when I tear myself away,
I leave my heart behind.

FROM John o' Groat's to the Land's End,
I'm on the scorch and I intend
To beat all previous records hollow,
And make it hot for all who follow.

I MET a very funny boy —
Such funny boys abound,
They mostly grin like Cheshire cats,
But he looked quite profound;
He hailed me in a squeaky voice,
I wondered what he'd found,
And when I turned he squeaked again —
“I say, your wheel 's going round.”

HERE 's a visitor's book
And a bottle of ink :
All around me I look,
And what do you think
Snakes alive! not a pen,
Or even a holder!

So I rang for Jane, then,
Intending to scold her.
“If you please, sir, ahem!
Master blusters and curses
If I gives pens to them
As writes these here verses.”

♦THIS is not my first visit here;
I like the house and like the beer,
And like its good and homely cheer,
And like its whiskey too, I fear;
And some one I am often near,
Whose merry voice is very dear;
No music is so sweet and clear,
But like on like my note enlarges.
P. S. — I like the modest charges.

LOST my way coming over,
And after much plodging,
By a big stack of clover,
I got a night's lodging.
With the lark rose to ponder,
Had breakfast with Hodge in
That old cottage out yonder,
So ended my dodging.

BOUND to Bournemouth, but the wind
Rages fiercely as Old Harry;
Downhill stiffish work I find,
Uphill my machine I carry;
On the level, too, I tramp it.
Might be worse? — not much —

I JAMMED down ten pieces of new bread and butter,
And drank enough tea to float a small cutter,
Since which I have had a hot supper, old chappie;
Can't eat any more, and still “I'm not happy.”

BANSTEAD Downs is worse than awful,
The Epsom road is just as bad;
Riding on the path 's unlawful,
Enough to drive a wheelist mad.

I CAME here on a new Humber tri.,
And here I am like to remain.
There 's a head wind outrageously high,
And twice I've put back with the rain;
But I cannot stick here till I die,
And must I suppose tri. again.

I RODE down from town without a dismount,
Past thirty-two pubs — I kept an account;
But if I return the same way to town,
I'll drink at them all, or my name is not Brown

RODE sixteen miles within the hour,
Ploughed up Clayhill after a shower,
And now I'll bet a champion medal,
To ride ten miles with but one treadle.

BEAUTIFUL roads and beautiful air,
Beautiful scenery everywhere.
Beautiful breezes blow you along
Joyously as a beautiful song.
Beautiful beer at this hotel,
And Phœbe is a beautiful belle.

CAME to dine here last year;—
Had the same leg of mutton,
It would not shed a tear,
'T was as hard as a button,
A tinned leg of the ram
That came out of the ark.
Once again here I am,
But I can't make a mark,
A case-hardened fossil
And as tough as a Turk;
Make an anvil to jostle
With heavy steel work.
Many years have rolled by
Since its fleece was last clipped,
Many ages will fly
Ere its surface gets chipped.
The *pièce de résistance*
It serves year after year,
With the assistance
Of potatoes and beer.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

FOR fifty-two numbers.

THAT'S what we will do for you!

AND we don't intend to cut down in
the quality either.

THE CYCLE proposes to give a man just
as much for his money as any other paper
does.

WE think we have done that in the past.
In the future we will do even more.

THE man who does n't subscribe with us
now must have very strange notions of the
value of money.

THANKSGIVING was disappointing. The
rain kept many within doors who would other-
wise have gone out upon the road.

TWO rainy Thanksgiving Days in succes-
sion tend to cool our ardor for the day.

NOW comes December, when we ride sel-
dom, if at all.

CAPT. A. D. PECK started a subscription
paper among local wheelman and raised
\$26, which sum was presented to the lady
upon whose grounds the old well is located
at the reservoir. Cyclers have received
many favors at her hands, and the subscrib-
ers were very glad to show their apprecia-
tion in this substantial way.

THE West Roxbury Club will take its
Jamaica plain after this. We are told that
the West Roxbury Club and the Jamaica
Plain Club will consolidate.

HON. ION KEITH FALCONER, one of Eng-
land's most prominent amateur cyclists, is
about to depart for China to engage in mis-
sionary work.

IN the Superior Criminal Court, Friday, at
East Cambridge, Clarence G. Cobb, found
guilty upon an indictment for stealing a

bicycle at Melrose, was sentenced to the
house of correction for six months.

THE picture of Senator Morgan looks out
from the pages of last week's *Sporting
Journal*.

THE *Tri Journal* is down on lotteries, and
condemns the Boulogne "draw" in the
strongest terms.

DAVE STANTON wants to race Rowe. He
will be accommodated.

A FRIEND of mine recently invited Burley
Ayers and Abbot Bassett to dine with him,
and asked me to propose something for the
menu that would prove complimentary and
suggestive of the cities of Chicago and Bos-
ton. I made a suggestion, and he accepted
it; and, in consequence thereof, the most
prominent dish at the dinner was pork and
beans. — *Egan, in Bulletin*.

THE suggestion was a most excellent one,
but we regret that Burley has been once
more imposed upon, and that some fellow
got a dinner intended for us.

THE Minnesota Division, L. A. W., has
issued the first number of a monthly paper,
which will be conducted under the super-
vision of the division executive committee.
E. C. Smith, of Winona, Minn., is editor
and manager. The paper starts off well,
and promises to be an important adjunct in
the work of the division.

"OLD FILE" is again sending his filings
to the *Tricycling Journal*. "Give the drum
a one-r!" is again brought out. Faed and
Morrison will give us a good paper.

M. F. B. HAWKINS, of the Brooklyn Bi.
Club, has been making a twenty-four-hour
record. He left the clubroom at 6.17 P. M.,
15 Nov., and rode 207½ miles in 23.52.00.
Hawkins made a record of 201 miles, 11
Sept., and A. B. Barkman topped it with
205¼ miles, 11 Oct., and now Hawkins takes
it again.

HILLIER has given us a new word. He
speaks of "injurious" letters. It is n't in the
dictionary. "It's English, you know."

WHEELMEN don't like December. It's
snow kind of a month.

THANKSGIVING has gone, but no book has
come from Karl Kron. Now wait till
Christmas.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents a year for the CYCLE
and all that it contains.

BOSTON is enforcing the Sunday law, but
it has n't touched the beans yet. When
they shut down on Boston beans, look out
for a jolly row.

THE Boscobel has closed its doors.

ROWE will race Howell if Howell will
come to America. So Rowe says.

SOME one asked Lacy Hillier if it would
imperil a man's status to waltz with a pro-
fessional, and Lacy has n't finished his laugh
yet.

THE N. C. U. says that it makes no dif-
ference if it be on road or path that a rider
makes pace for a professional. He will be
disqualified just the same.

FRIDAY evening, 3 Dec., the Philadelphia
Bicycle Club will warm its new house,

and particularly warm seats at the fireside
will be reserved for friends. We have to
acknowledge an invitation to be present, but
shall be obliged to remain outside in the
cold.

FIFTEEN members of the Ramblers' Club,
of St. Louis, made a one-hundred-mile run
Sunday in 11.34, actual riding time. The
course was over three different roads, each
seventeen miles long.

THE Michigan division has issued a hand-
book.

CAPTAIN F. A. CLOUDMAN, of Rondout,
N. Y., started from Savannah 28 Nov., in
the twenty-four-foot sloop yacht "Outing"
on a trip around the world. Before going
ten miles he ran aground and did not get off
until midnight. He goes in the interest of
Outing and as its special correspondent.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY have sent us a vest
pocket card case in alligator leather, which
they supply with cards, the top one of which
is exposed to view. These cards contain
important information which are ready for
instant reference. It will prove serviceable
as well as ornamental.

THE New York Division talks of a camp
next summer at Cooperstown. They'll have
barrels of fun.

AND now the professionals say they will
sail for England 13 January. Woodside
offers to meet Howell at any distance.

WHILE out riding on Newton street last
Friday, W. W. Stall was attacked by several
dogs. In endeavoring to ward off a large
Newfoundland, he fell from his machine and
tore his clothing. A visit was made to the
owner of the animal, and pecuniary damages
were satisfactorily negotiated.

A NEW pony Star will be put on the
market next year, with enlarged small
wheel.

W. B. EVERETT & Co. have an Apollo
Safety on view.

CHARLES R. ZACHARIAS, formerly of the
firm of Zacharias & Smith, has gone to
Birmingham, Ala., where he has engaged to
take the management of one of the Western
Union telegraph offices.

C. E. DAVIS, JR., of the Massachusetts
Bicycle Club, has covered over 5,000 miles
this season.

MCCURDY has entered the employ of
the H. B. Machine Company, Smithville,
N. J.

IT is stated on good authority that a
well-known gentleman will take with him to
England in the spring, W. A. Rowe, George
M. Hendee, William M. Woodside, and
Horace G. Crocker. They will leave in
time for the Easter handicaps. — *Herald*.

"I WISH you would take me up," said a
wheelman to a policeman. They were
going up a steep hill, the one on a wheel,
the other on foot. This illustrates the fact
that words have more than one meaning.

THE CYCLE goes for a year to any wheel-
man for 75 cents.

THE Jamaica Bicycle Club postponed its
morning hare-and-hounds chase on Thanks-

giving on account of the inclement weather, and the Massachusetts Bicycle Club was compelled to abandon its afternoon run for the same reason.

A CORRESPONDENT from Halifax advocates the addition of a small screw-plug at the bottom of the bearing-cases of tricycles, to admit the escape of accumulated dirt when a current of oil or paraffin is forced into the bearings with the object of cleaning them. This is an admirable suggestion, which could be adopted with very little trouble. We believe Messrs. Rucker and Co. used to drill just such a hole in the bottom of their bicycle bearings, with a screw-plug to close it when the oil was wanted in the bearing. Such outlets for superfluous oil would be doubly beneficial, enabling the rider to relieve his bearings of the fluid when—as frequently happens—they are flooded with more oil than is required for lubrication.—*Tri. Journal.*

THERE are fast bicycles and there are slow bicycles. Any amount of evidence can be brought forward to prove this. And they are as freaky as an unbroken colt. One racing man tells us that his machine is very fast for a mile, but beyond that it slows down; another tells us that his wheel always goes fast in the direction of his home, especially when it is near to the dinner hour; still another has told us that his bicycle never goes so fast at other times as it does when he rides in the direction of the home of his best girl, and he says that from her house it always goes slowly. Truly our wheels are full of whims.

"K. B.," of Chicago, thus delivered himself: "There is at present a fat stock show here in the Exposition Building, and the granger aboundeth in the land. He bringeth his fast nag with him, and taketh on the wheelman on the boulevards. And the wheelman humoreth him and increaseth his speed. And the country nag humpeth itself. Likewise the wheelman hustleth. But the hustle of the wheelman surpasseth the hump of the country nag by twenty-and-one times. Then the granger sadly betaketh himself unto his rural abode, and thereafter, when the humble bicyclist cometh his way, he looketh not toward him, but softly muttereth to himself, 'Them 's the gol darndest things!' and passeth by on the other side."

THE Secretary of the San Francisco Bicycle Club writes to the editor of *Outing* that his club has appointed a committee to receive Thomas Stevens on his arrival from Yokohama, which committee is instructed to see that his visit is made generally pleasant. *Outing* is offering a whole set of bound volumes as a prize to any one guessing the date of Stevens' arrival in Yokohama. Here is a chance to pick up some books without much trouble.

THE last letter received at the office of *Outing* from Stevens is dated on board the steamer "Wing Sang," 4 October, in which the famous wheelman says in regard to the last stretch of his journey: "I will not be able to find out anything definite as to my journey through China until I meet the consul at Canton, so cannot tell you anything now. I will, however, send full particulars to *Outing* from Canton as to the result of my interview with the consul. I

am led to expect considerable difficulties about getting through China. Japan will, no doubt, be very delightful and interesting, providing I reach there before the winter makes it disagreeable travelling. This will, of course, depend upon my experiences in China. My next articles to you will be written whilst crossing the Pacific."

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to 'cycling to whom Letters Patent were granted: 23 Nov., 1886. Burbank, E. S., Dow City, Iowa, velocipede; Ingraham, A. W., Sherman, N. Y., railway velocipede; King, H. A., Springfield, Mass., velocipede for railways; McCarty, R. J., Kansas City, Mo., velocimeter. Reported by N. L. Collamer, attorney in patent causes, Washington, D. C.

AN English magazine proposes that instead of giving a name to every child it shall be given a number. Directories would, it thinks, be simplified, if, instead of being filled with endless duplications of the same name on the same page, they simply presented a catalogue of numbered citizens. Our letters, it argues, would not miscarry so often if addressed to "No. 9,243,769, Esq.," or whatever other number the person written to chanced to bear. That's it. England wants to steal another idea from the League.

THE Massachusetts Club had a hare and hounds run on Thanksgiving. W. S. Doane, of Dorchester, and J. C. Robinson, of the Massachusetts Club, were selected as the hares, and there were some dozen hounds, including members of the club and visiting wheelmen. The route lay through the Newtons and measured thirty miles. The hares started at 10.54 A. M., and finished at 12.58. The first hound to finish was H. H. Porter, who arrived at 1.6.20. He was immediately followed by Mr. B. W. Gould, and at intervals by Messrs. Sheen, Shockley, Lewis, and Williams, all of whom appeared to have accurately followed the trail.

THE theory is advanced that recent records from the States *must* be correct because no representative of a rival firm questions them. This is by no means a sound argument, for the rival firms, seeing how the thing is done, simply bide their time to play the same game themselves; and, be it noted, it is a lot easier to "make a record" of twenty-two miles in the hour than to ride the same on a track. R. Howell is out with a challenge to race Rowe, and we hope, if the latter's racing times are correct, that that challenge will be accepted, and when the race comes off we shall stand Richard Howell, of Coventry, to win, even if Rowe rides twenty-five miles in the hour before the race comes off, which, at the present rate of developments, seems not unlikely to be soon.—*Land and Water* (Eng.).

The gymnasium of the Massachusetts Club was well filled last Saturday evening, the occasion being the first athletic night of the season. The exercises consisted of club swinging by E. J. Ethier; dumb-bell drill by a squad from the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, consisting of L. F. Small, Edward Drew, J. B. Fitzgerald, J. J. Johnson, A. A. Weaver, J. F. Fallon, Charles

Rathbege, and Montgomery Parks. Then followed sparring, three bouts of two minutes each, with one minute intermission. The first pair were the Ethier brothers, and they gave a most enjoyable exhibition. The men were well matched, and their work was very scientific and graceful, and greeted with rounds of applause. The second bout was between N. True and N. Ethier. W. A. Shockley and John T. Williams, both members of the club, then waltzed around the boards in lively style for three rounds. They were well mated in size, skill, and strength. Williams' masterly guard was an equivalent for Shockley's great strength, and was the finest piece of work that this favorite amateur ever showed. Messrs. Danielson and Pomeroy gave the closing bout, both being lightweights.

THE *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* says: "On the Saturday before last M. S. M'Kay rode west on a two-track tricycle, and returning late on Sunday night, he found himself a victim to that bugbear of cyclists, a loosened rubber. Of cord he had none, so he utilized his pocket-handkerchief, and having cut it in slips, tied on the tire. Ten miles farther the rubber on the other wheel loosened, and as he had no second pocket-handkerchief he was preparing to take a slice or so off his shirt, when he descried in the moonlight two damsels ahead. Riding alongside them he pulled up, but with a becoming bashfulness, they screeched and ran away up a side lane. M. S. M'Kay, however, could run a bit too, so in pursuit he went, and overtaking them, implored of them to be quiet, and he proceeded to explain his difficulty, and to inquire from them, could they do anything for him? "Do for you? what is it you want?" they muttered nervously. "Only a pocket-handkerchief," M. S. replied, and the words were scarce spoken when the same was forthcoming. With this he secured the damaged wheel, and town was reached without further incident."

A NEW KIND OF MAP.—The "Anglo-Dutchman" writes: "Most of our readers will remember the discussion as to the scale our map should be when it comes out. Most of those who wrote on the subject objected to the inch-per-mile ordnance, because of its dimensions and unhandiness. The other day I learnt a wrinkle from a gentleman I met at Beaconsfield, who, with a friend of mine, was taking a walk round the neighborhood. The map he was using was, I should think, about three feet square, and yet any portion of it could be consulted by merely laying open a portion of not more than nine inches. The plan is one which was much in use among the officers in the German army during the Franco-German war. I will endeavor to describe it. Take an ordinary shilling ordnance map (unmounted), cut off the margin, and fold it lengthwise in three equal portions, face inwards. Again fold the upper and lower thirds in half, face in; ditto the middle portion. Cut it straight through from top to bottom, *except the upper and lower folds*, into four equal parts with a sharp knife, using a metal rule to guide the instrument. Fold the top and bottom portions, leaving the middle two open; then turn back to back by the middle cut, and bring the end flaps to face those in the middle, thus forming a sort of book. By this

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PATENTS

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means it will be only necessary to expose a surface of four inches by four inches at one time. Those who have struggled with a map of the smallest dimensions in a high wind or soaking rain will appreciate this plan considerably." — *News*.

"A LONDON Physician" forcibly points out there should be little or no riding under the age of fifteen. Before that age the joints of the body are not properly formed, and the bones are weak and liable to bend out of shape by continued strain. Deformities of the spine and of the feet are among some of the cheerful results likely to follow in the path of the little girl who is often in the saddle, and even those disastrous consequences are less terrible than the undermining of health and strength which may not improbably accompany them. Girls with weak hearts or chests should never be allowed to ride at all. They may outgrow any such weakness with proper care, but over-exertion would, in all likelihood, develop any tendency to disease in a manner which would be really serious. In these days of precocious juvenility people seem disposed to think that children may, with profit to themselves, join in all the occupations and employments of adults, and they are too apt altogether to lose sight of the fact that such a thing as a physical unfitness may exist. A friend of mine, a doctor, and a most ardent advocate of cycling for women, refuses to let any one of his large family of girls really take to constant riding till after they have reached the age of seventeen. Then he encourages them to take to cycling with an earnestness which bids fair to see them in the saddle every day of their lives. — *Violet Lorne in News*.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

NOT A PROFESSIONAL.

Editor Cycle: We note a misconception going the rounds by which McCurdy is accused of being a professional on account of being paced by young Wiswell, on his last twenty-four-hour ride. Now, McCurdy does n't care a rap whether he is a promoter or a professional, but we dislike to see assertions of this kind made without foundation.

The inference is that Wiswell was Hendee's trainer in the Columbia team, but we fear that Cornish, who trained and cared for Hendee during the season of '86, would take exceptions to the same. We might as well say that Atkins was trainer for somebody in the team, simply because he was with them during the year. Wiswell acted in an inferior capacity, and we fail to see why he should be called trainer, and dubbed professional under the rules. VET.

"VET" need not be disturbed. There was no gate money nor prize dependent upon the result of McCurdy's ride, and therefore it does n't matter who made the pace. We have an official decision from the A. C. U. Racing Board to this effect. — ED.]

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THANKSGIVING over, we look forward to Christmas; but alas! there is little that is attractive to a wheelman for wheelman's purposes in the mid-winter holiday. We rest

idly upon our wheels at that time, and our only delight is in the anticipation of the next season.

I WAS puzzling my brain for a subject to write about this week when there came to me a letter in response to my call for assistance in the last paper. It came from one who is an ardent cyclist, and one who thoroughly believes that there is much pleasure in "mixed" runs. He was with us on many of our trips, and he has done much to interest ladies in cycling. I will give you what he says just as he set it down.

Dear Daisie: Your invitation to lady riders to become lady writers in the last number makes me wish I was a woman. Alas I am not, and, therefore, must take a back seat (on a tandem). But I have an itching to write, even if I write for the waste basket, — not being a woman, — particularly as I want to tell you something about feminine tricycling in the city of Washington. First let me state two self-evident truths, — that Washington city is a veritable wheel-woman's paradise, and that the Nation's capital possesses more pretty girls to the square rod than any city in the country, Boston excepted, *of course*. Now, the inference would suggest itself that the magnificent streets of Washington must be dazzling panoramas of feminine loveliness on wheels at any hour of the day or evening. But alack and alas! the ladies of Washington are just about two years behind the times. They ride chiefly in the evening, because they are so precious afraid of incurring the displeasure of dyspeptic Mrs. Grundy. They ride in bad form, — those that I noticed, — partly because they know little of modern high grade machines, and partly because they do not ride enough in company to get "points" from each other. The advantage of distinctive wheel costumes — skirts and headwear — has never, apparently, presented itself. One used to touring with the strong lady riders of Eastern Massachusetts misses sadly the picturesqueness, beauty, and fitness of Eastern costumes. Then, too, lady and gentlemen tandem riders, at least as far as my observation went, do not seem to regard a correspondence in attire at all necessary, and there was such a riding-home-from-business air about the whole proceeding that I felt I had found the *prose* of feminine tricycling, after spending a blissful summer and autumn amid its poetry nearer the shores of old Massachusetts Bay. Likewise it seemed to me that it was an amusement for very young girls rather than for women, as the first-named class were in the ascendancy decidedly. Far be it from me to unjustly criticise in the premises, but I do think it a vast field for missionary labor, and I wish you would describe some actual wheel costumes that you and I have seen in some future issue, and, at the same time, encourage our pretty sisters in the District of Columbia to come out boldly on the wheeling question, and, if necessary, ride Mrs. Grundy down.

The Capital Club has lately built one of the most homelike and comfortable clubhouses that I have ever seen. The members are enthusiastic road riders, and, at the same time, are whole-souled, chivalrous fellows

who appreciate woman's society. Won't you just give them a hint, Daisie, regarding the advisability of booming feminine tricycling in the Capital next spring that their reward may be great. I think the girls only need encouragement, good wheels, and good teachers to enable them to lead the whole country in this form of healthful sport. Tell them to study upon the tricycle question, and discard the cumbersome old wheels of three or four years ago (even if the lighter, more modern affairs do cost a little more), when purchasing mounts for their ladies. Tell them that the girls should not ride *a la Belva Lockwood*, but should *stand over their work* with cranks just long enough for power, and without suspicion of a lack of grace in knee action. Tell them how *we* ride, and what rare good times *we* have, and how pretty *we* look when a dozen or more of us get out upon the road together bent upon health and recreation. But for heaven's sake don't tell them the name of your

CORRESPONDENT.

My correspondent has given me a text which I may talk to in another letter. Our friends the G—s who were with us on the North Shore trip are now located in Washington, and I believe no better missionaries could be found, if missionaries are wanted in the Capital. Mrs. G. is a strong rider, and she dresses in a way at once attractive and inconspicuous, if you will allow this seeming paradox.

DAISIE.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.

THE weather and roads for the past two months have been all that a cyclist could wish for, and the boys have not been slow to take advantage of this fact, and, as a consequence, rides to the adjacent towns have been much more frequent than usual. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there are many of our riders whose runs have been confined entirely to the six or eight miles of shell road and five or six miles of asphalt immediately in or around the city. This, however, may be due to the character of the country roads, which are, as is the system throughout the South, "worked" but once a year, and then left pretty much to themselves, so you can judge of their character; but, as I have said, this year genuine road rides have been much more frequent than is customary, and several runs of forty or fifty miles have been made, which, roads considered, are equal to sixty or seventy mile runs on good roads, such as are plentiful in the north and east.

C. M. FAIRCHILD, of the N. O. B. C., has probably done more actual road work than any other local rider. He is endeavoring to compile a road book for this State, and has explored a number of new roads since undertaking the task.

FAIRCHILD will in all probability capture the club medal for the member rolling up the greatest mileage during the year. Since his return he has done a great deal more riding than either of his companions on the late New Orleans to Boston tour, which ride placed them well ahead of almost all of our local wheelmen.

IT does seem as if fate has ordained that the Hill fifty-mile medal is never to be contested for. There has been a number of false alarms, and that is all. The latest, that one of the Crescent wheelmen was to accept Mr. Hill's challenge, also seems likely to come to naught, the fall rains having commenced, and the gentleman who was said to be about to accept the challenge unwell. And so it goes; but then we have learned to labor and to wait, so we will wait.

MR. FRANKLIN, I learn, is thinking of putting the Southern twenty-four-hour record up a notch or two. At present it is but 102 miles (really a twelve hours' ride), so it will not prove a very difficult task.

MR. R. LEE COONEY, a member of the Atlanta Wheelmen, and formerly of the N. O. B. C., "committed matrimony" in this city a week or two since. Suppose a tandem is now in order.

ONE thing more, Mr. Editor, and then I am done. What has become of your Memphis (Tenn.) correspondent? More than a month has passed since he has been last heard from, and then he promised to write at least once a month.

DI.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., 23 Nov. 1886.

PENCILLED JOTTINGS.

THE Everett Club held their first ball, Friday evening (19 Nov.), at Library Hall, and their efforts were attended with success.

REPRESENTATIVES from many local clubs attended, a very good supper was served, and the committee's hand-painted badges showed up to advantage.

A RECENT paragraph in the *Globe* remarking on the great number of dances or Cinderellas a prominent English wheelman would feel obliged to attend said, that around Boston, a person might enjoy a season's entertainments in a week, including a couple of days to recuperate.

NOW, I think the writer of that note a little absent-minded, for so far, we have had dances by the Melrose, Cambridge, Ramblers, Everett, and Somerville Clubs, not to mention the athletic entertainments held by the Massachusetts Club, and sociables and card parties held by the various clubs.

THE *Bi. World* wants some manufacturer to put on the market a bicycle with a larger rear wheel, to satisfy their curiosity as to whether such a machine would not be more comfortable, as well as safer than the present style.

THERE is little doubt but that such a machine would be an improvement, as far as comfort and safety goes, for, of course, the larger the rear wheel, the less the vibration, but it also hurts the graceful lines of a bicycle, and that has already proved to be so great an objection that the manufacturers will run no risks.

LEAGUE officers are requested to send a stamp to Frank Egan, New York, for particulars regarding how to get rich.

CHARLEY HOWARD, the Boston *Globe* bicycle editor, left last week per steamer, for Baltimore, where he will spend a few weeks vacation.

By official count, I am informed that a prominent cyclist in Boston wears a different pair of trowsers each day. Prizes offered as to his identity.

THE Bubones Rotandes, that club of the secret order, held an anniversary dinner last week, but the returns fail to state where.

CAN there be found, outside of those peculiarly interested in the business, a cyclist who, when the subject of large profits to the manufacturer and dealer is discussed, is not apt to expatiate on the gains?

PURCHASING of cycles has now practically stopped for the season, and a visit to the warerooms would show employees busy only on odds and ends which bring the concern no income. Yet the expenses are just as heavy as if they were doing a rushing business.

A RETROSPECT for the last five years might give an insight to the successful mode of conducting a cycle business in the future.

WHERE are the old familiar names once so prominent in the trade? The Cunningham Co., Chas. R. Percival, Wm. M. Wright, R. V. R. Schuyler, Richard Garvey, and others. Why, without enough capital, they depended on the large profits made in summer and used up in winter.

NOW notice Wm. Read & Sons, and Stoddard, Lovering & Co. Their bicycle department is run in connection with their regular business, and therein lies their success.

I WILL prophesy that in no long time, with the coming reduction of prices, all the dealers will, for the winter, branch out in a new line.

How funny it would sound to read in a report of a dance, by some local bicycle club, that the first part of the evening was taken up by a conjurer, and that eight waltzes out of seventeen dances were altogether too few. Yet, "that's English, yer know."

CHARLEY HOWARD of the *Globe* is spending a few weeks' vacation in Baltimore.

AND he evidently failed to make up his Sunday column before he left.

THE Bubones Rotandes, that club of the mystic order, celebrated its anniversary last week, and during the winter will form a to-boggan club.

HALLOA! everybody. Harry Corey has returned from England with his usual batch of reminiscences for the newspapers.

HE says that the Rudge bicyclette, patented in 1878, was, strange to say, the greatest novelty he saw, Mills on one of these machines doing 294½ miles in twenty-four hours.

IT is exceedingly strange to say that Mills rode a Rudge bicyclette, for the English papers unanimously agree that it was an Ivel safety.

NOTHING of importance was done at the last meeting of the Somerville Club with regard to a new clubhouse. Probably nothing will be done until spring.

I HEAR that Pierre Lallement has entered the employ of the Overman Wheel Co., and will go to Chicopee.

IN regard to the opinions of the four champion shooters of Wm. B. Everett & Co., the employees of the Pope Manufacturing Company say, that men with records of twelve bull's eyes, out of a possible ten, are scarce around their concern, but as they are organizing a foot-ball team, perhaps they can do something for them in that line. Address Chas. E. Walker.

IN Herring's solution of the amateur difficulty, he says, providing the amateur wins in a contest with a professional, let a trophy of a fixed, limited value, be purchased with the money prize.

NOW, a pure amateur, one of the real pure kind, who races for ribbons, could never think of accepting a trophy of the value of the whole money prize. Who takes the remainder?

FOR the benefit of public curiosity, I will say, that, provided sufficient inducements are held out to him, Billy Rowe will still continue to break records next year.

PENNSYLV.

A BANQUET TO THOMAS STEVENS.

Mr. Knight L. Clapp, the secretary of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, has written a letter to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the editor of *Outing*, tendering, on the part of his club, a complimentary banquet to the great wheelman, in the following words:—

"Recognizing the enterprise, ability, and courage of Mr. Stevens, whose trip 'Round the World on a Bicycle,' is worthy to rank among the most remarkable feats of modern or even more ancient times, the Citizens' Bicycle Club desires to express its appreciation of those manly qualities, and to congratulate this daring traveler, who has in so unique a manner shown the possibilities of the wheel, on the safe and successful completion of his arduous labors.

"We therefore tender to Mr. Stevens, through you, his metropolitan representative, a complimentary banquet, to be given upon his shortly anticipated arrival in this city."

THE CLUB.

THE new Brookline Cycle Club has the following executive officers : G. M. Stearns, president ; H. A. Cushman, vice-president ; F. M. Seamans, secretary ; F. A. Singleton, treasurer. W. K. Corey, Esq., is road captain.

THE PATH.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 25 Nov. ; Road race under auspices of the Memphis Cycle Club ; 3 1/2 miles and return over a hilly macadam road ; R. W. Slossen (1), 32.32 ; Wade Hampton (2), 32.32 1/2.

THE first bicycle race of wheelmen in New Bedford came off Thanksgiving morning, over the course around the Point road, for two prizes, — a silver medal and a tool box. The distance covered was four and a third miles, and the contestants finished as follows : Kempton Tripp, 19.10 ; Henry Ellison, 19.28 ; Walter Wade, 20.10 ; Albert Sazard, 20.20 ; Edgar Lincoln, time not taken.

MORGAN and Woodside have been matched to ride one hundred miles, at a dollar a mile. Fifty dollars a side are already up.

JACK PRINCE and Fred Shaw are to ride twenty-five miles, at Omaha, the latter receiving one quarter of a mile start.

MORGAN and Schock will start on a six-day race 10 Dec.

ALL sorts of races for all sorts of distances and all sorts of prizes may now be expected at Minneapolis.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE MILES ON THE ROAD. — Who made it? Read the answer in the Stars, and then say, if you can, that the Star is not a good long-distance machine. W. W. STALL, 509 Tremont street, Boston.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste. — Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nicked or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 598, Fall River, Mass.

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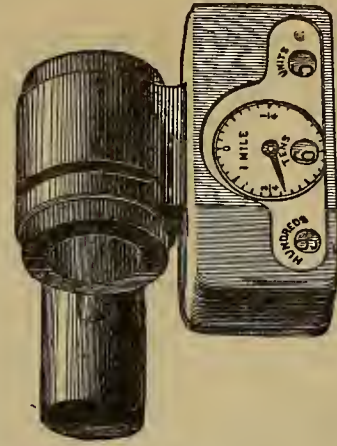
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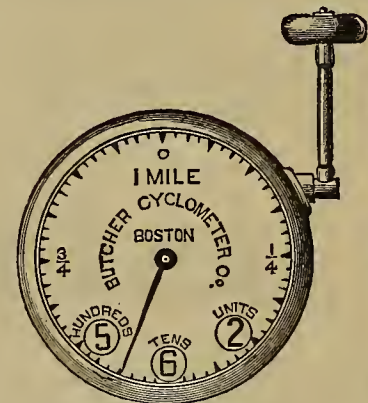
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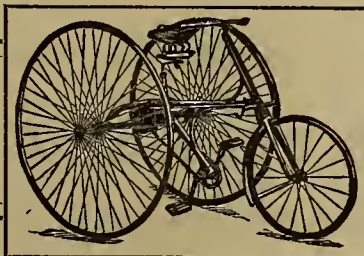
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86. To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy." Yours, etc., FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

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59 MINUTES 35 $\frac{4}{5}$ SECONDS.

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50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS,

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

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100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTES.

A WORLD RECORD, AND BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN TRACK RECORD.

All the above by S. G. WHITTAKER on an ordinary roadster, excepting a somewhat lighter rim, and the course an ordinary surveyed country road.

If Road Records Talk, then the AMERICAN CYCLES are the Easiest Running Machines in the World.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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WHAT is the mission of the League? We will not undertake to answer this in its entirety, but one thing we are certain of, and that is, that one of its objects is to do all in its power to promote the cause of wheeling. Now one of the most powerful agents in promoting the sport is the wheel press, and we believe that this should be fostered by the League. The policy of the *Bulletin* seems to be to cry down the cycling papers, and it does very much to shake the confidence of wheelmen in them. The *Bulletin* has done a deal of boasting about its large circulation, forgetting that a gratuitous circulation can be made very large with small endeavor, and it has in many ways cried itself up and all the papers down. We do not know that the wheel press has felt the effect of this policy, but this does not excuse it. We believe the League should do all in its power to encourage the cycling press, and it should even go so far as to send duplicates of all official notices to the papers. If the cycling papers were disposed to give a Roland for an Oliver we believe they could do a good deal to shake the confidence of wheelmen in the League.

FOLLOWING his usual custom of giving but one phase of any subject, Mr. Abbot Bassett carefully suppressed the rule under which the decision of the A. C. U. in the Corey case was made. But he did not neglect to call the decision stupid. No, indeed. — *World*.

Since we reproduced the decision in which the rule was referred to, we cannot see what was suppressed. If the A. C. U. has a rule that contraverts the amateur rule, we would like to know it, and we will make it public. We read in Article V, Sec. 8 of the A. C. U. rules, as follows:—

“An amateur or promateur forfeits his right to compete as such, and thereby becomes a professional, by:— (c) Competing with, or pace-making for, or having the pace made by, a professional in a public or a private event.”

This is very plain, and it bears but one construction. If the A. C. U. has a rule that reads otherwise, it becomes a question which shall stand. Mr. Dean admits that Mr. Corey accepted pace from a professional, and yet he says that no law of the A. C. U. was broken. Mr. Dean has very queer ideas regarding the meaning of words.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

I WANT, this week, to tell my lady friends what our sisters on the other side of the water are doing. I am able to do this, by favor of “Rose Meadows,” of *Wheeling*, who publishes in that journal what follows:—

ONE lady, Marion Arkwright, an enthusiast evidently, says: “I began riding early in March, and hope to continue as far into the winter as the weather will allow. I have *never* enjoyed such good health as during this my first cycling year. During March I managed to do just 100 miles. Of course, this is not much to boast of, but I was then a learner, and the weather was often very objectionable. In April I rode 210 miles; May and June, 600; July and August not so much, as I was travelling in Switzerland for some weeks. However, in September and October, I made up for past deficiencies by riding a good 1,000 in the two months, thus making my total for the year 2,166.”

ANOTHER lady, Emily Chatterton, says: “I have only ridden for three months this year, June, September and October, therefore my total is but small, but I send it, as you say, to encourage others. June, 80 miles; September, 105; and October, 200; making a total of 385. I took my sketch-book with me nearly always, and during the month of June, when I was in Wales, I found some charming spots for my brush.”

EDITH ALLEN, a young tricyclist of 16,

writes: “I always go to school on my machine, and strap my books on the handle bars. I live in Lincolnshire, and have four miles to ride to school. It's such fun, and the girls are awfully envious; one says her father is going to give her one on her birthday just like mine, then we can have races. I have counted up all my miles; I don't think I have left out one. It comes to just 1,304—do you think that is good for me? I am not allowed to go to school on it all the year, not nearly, but I sometimes go with father on his tandem, and I have counted those rides; but I like my own machine best, because I have the steering myself.”

MARIE HEINMANN says: “My total is not large; but as I live in Yorkshire, and the country is very hilly, it is not so easy to ride long distances, so this year I have ridden only four months, and just about 500 miles. I write as you ask, but it is not worth publishing to the world of riders.”

MAGGIE BRIERLY, an English lady living in Germany, sends me her total of 1,500, but gives no details of German scenery or any experiences.

NORA STANFORD, a little girl of 10 years, says: “I have ridden 150 miles in four months and a week. I mean to do ever so much more next year, if you will promise to print it in your column; my brother lets me read it every week. I send you one of my photographs; mamma said I might. I often wonder what you are like. Will my 150 miles be in the paper next week? I am longing to see it.”

GERTRUDE MASON writes: “I have ridden on my dear machine nearly 1,300 miles this summer; a good deal alone, but sometimes on a tandem with the gentleman I am going to marry in the spring; we hope, if possible, to make our wedding trip on it; if we do this, it will help my total for next year very much. I will write you a short account of it, if you think it would be interesting to other readers of *Wheeling*, and you would like it.”

ELIZABETH FLUDDER is the only lady who has ventured to begin her rides as early as January, and by the end of October has accomplished 1,434 miles. She says “220 of these have been done on a tandem in company with various friends, some of whom were novices, and the remainder on a single tricycle. I hope to continue riding all through the coming winter, as I did last.” This lady appears to have enjoyed a very pleasant little tour at Easter, in the localities of Petworth, Midhurst, Haslemere, Dorking, &c.

ONE more correspondent, Minnie Bond, writes: "Perhaps you may think my score very small for the season, the total being 405 miles; but, as my time is taken up with business, I have not many opportunities for long rides." She goes on to say: "I have thoroughly enjoyed all my rides except one," and then follows an account of a most uncomfortable day's experience on her machine, getting wet through, and with her serge dress clinging dismally to her ankles, the rider, thinking to take a short cut, lost her way, and succeeded in lengthening her journey very considerably. She adds: "The quickest riding I have done at present is 10 miles an hour; I could give you many accounts of rides that I have enjoyed myself, and also with the Silver Cross Cycling Club."

Marion Arkwright	2,166 miles
Maggie J. Brierly	1,500 "
Elizabeth S. Fludder	1,434 "
Edith E. S. Allen	1,304 "
Gertrude Mason	1,300 "
Marie K. Heinmann	500 "
Minnie B. F. Bond	405 "
Emily A. Chatterton	385 "
Nora Stanford	150 "

I LIKE the charming frankness with which some of these statements are put. Some of the records are not remarkable, but they are none the less interesting. I wish some of our lady writers would send to me just such records as this. I feel sure that Miss Meadows will republish them in England, and thus we will get an interchange of statements.

LAST year I had the pleasure to publish the remarkable records made by the ladies of Orange; and I hope soon to give what they have done for the past year. Will some of the eastern Massachusetts riders send in what they have done?

I WANT especially to hear from the Duchess of Wellington, the Countess of Merrimac, and the Baroness of Lynn, Miss Maplewood should also send figures, and if "Polly" will only employ her typewriter, aside from business, for a short time, I know she can send something relative to her trip to New Haven and other places.

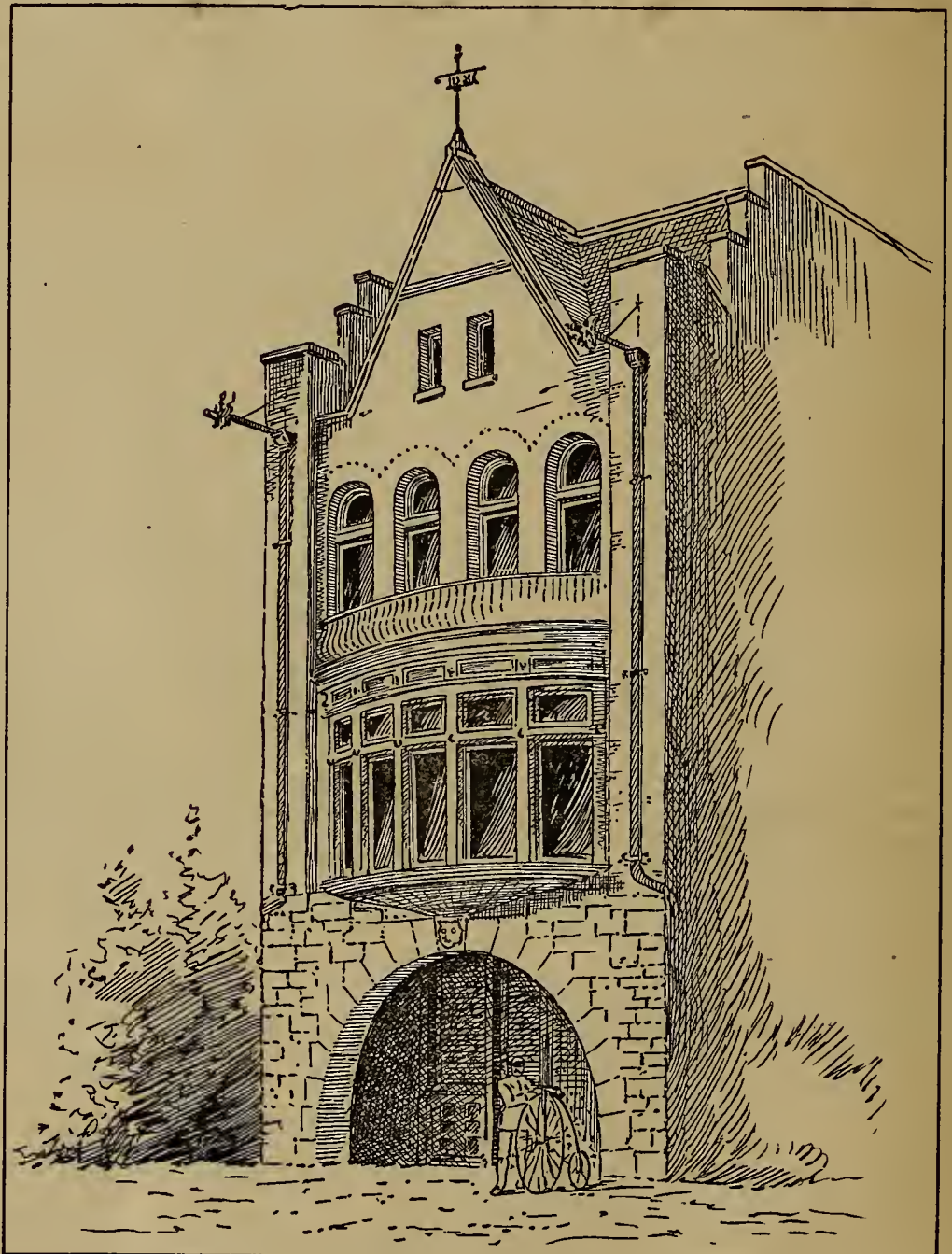
THE following, taken from a St. Louis paper, shows a condition of things in marked contrast to what we find in the east, for here the dealers pursue a very liberal policy towards lady riders and do not a little to encourage ladies to ride.

—E. R. STETTINUS is quoted in the papers as saying that ladies are timid about being seen riding a tricycle, and that that fear is an obstacle to the development of wheeling with the other sex. Probably Ed's criticism will apply in a few instances, but the main reason why tricycling among St. Louis ladies is in so backward a condition is because of the prejudice in the minds of the bicycle dealers against doing anything that will advance wheeling except

what will bring them immediate gain. A proof that this allegation is not too severe is found in the experience of a prominent society lady who, last spring, was desirous of giving a "tricycle party," an entertainment sufficiently novel to have attracted a great deal of attention. Her plan was to invite a number of ladies and gentlemen to her residence on Chestnut Street, and then get them out to ride up and down on the smooth paving in the moonlight. On going to the cycle dealers she got no encouragement, and none would loan her any tricycles for the occasion, although she tried to show how they and not she would gain everything by the success of the party. Finally one dealer made a great big, generous compromise. He said he would lend her some wheels provided

she would learn before the party so that the trikes would not be damaged during the evening. But the delay let the moonlight vanish unused. When it came again the society ladies had flown to the summer resorts, and now tricycling still languishes.

I DON'T know that I altogether blame a dealer who refuses to allow a number of novices to take new wheels and ride in company, for it would be a miracle if there were no breakages; but if such a proposition were brought to an eastern dealer, I think he would have discovered a way to accommodate the party, and to have given them not a little pleasure, and it would be strange if he did not get a customer. DAISIE.





CAPITAL CLUB HOUSE-WARMING.

Among the interesting social events of the week, was the "house-warming" of the Capital Bicycle Club, 4 Dec., the crack wheeling organization of Washington, and the second oldest in the country. The corner-stone of

the club building was laid with appropriate ceremonies and a run last May, and was completed at a cost of \$20,000. Its style is Americanized Norman, the superstructure of brick resting on a massive rough-hewn Ohio sandstone Norman arch, which forms the entrance, and basement utilized for a

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machine room. It fronts on the parks south of the Treasury Department and Executive Mansion, which afford admirable facilities for cycling independently of the eighty miles of concrete streets in the city. The interior of the building, which is admirably adapted not only to the uses in view, but for entertaining, is elegantly furnished, and supplied with three billiard tables and a piano. A number of beautiful articles of bric-a-brac, art and vertu, the gifts of admiring lady friends, embellish the mantels and brackets, while superb paintings in oil by Max Weyl and Meline, and water colors by W. H. Holmes, Delancy Gill, and Hatch, the gifts of those distinguished Washington artists, and numerous pen and ink sketches by members of the club adorn the walls.

About four hundred guests, ladies and gentlemen, comfortably filled the main suite on the second floor. The arriving guests were received in the principal drawing room by President John Killeets and Vice-President Rudolph Kaufman, who presented them to the receiving ladies, wives of the members, Mrs. Rudolph Kaufman, Mrs. George Keenan, Mrs. P. T. Dodge, Mrs. E. A. Bullock, Mrs. C. G. Allen, Mrs. W. B. Hibbs, and Mrs. J. B. Church.

At ten o'clock Floor Managers L. W. Seely, J. McK. Borden, and Dr. F. R. Lane, announced dancing. The fine orchestra changed its repertoire from operatic to terpsichorean airs, and the ladies and gentlemen entered with spirit into the graceful evolutions of the Lancers and the waltz. At twelve o'clock the guests withdrew to the machine hall, which had been temporarily fitted up for a refreshment room, and enjoyed a liberal repast.

A delegation of the Maryland Bicycle Club, consisting of E. P. Hayden, president, E. F. Le Cato, B. Steinmetz, Y. Penniman, and Halbert Mott, were present.

The beauty and toilettes of the ladies were exceptionally attractive, even for Washington. All members wore the club uniform of blue jackets and knee-breeches with steel buttons and buckles. It is proposed to inaugurate a series of germans for the winter under the auspices of the club, somewhat in the style of the socially celebrated army and navy germans. The membership of the club, which numbers one hundred and thirty actives, is made up of young men in all professions, and of social standing. Among the members a few years ago, was James G. Blaine, Jr. The Capital Bicycle Club has

become one of the permanent institutions of Washington, and promises to be quite an acquisition to the attractions of Washington social life.

THE waiter at a restaurant learns to discriminate, for while you are complacently devouring your food, he is casting up your mental accounts, and weighing your characteristics in the balance of his judgment. After a while he begins to gauge people at a glance. Have you never experienced this? I have an instance which shows the cosmopolitan discrimination of the waiter. Mr. Arthur L. Atkins, manager of the Pope team, is visiting the city, on his way to California to recuperate his health. He is from Boston. That fact must have been observed by the waiter of a restaurant which he entered with several friends the other day, for the man of the napkin and tray brought him baked beans and codfish balls without being ordered to do so. This is only one of many such circumstances. The waiter gastronomically measures you, sizes that against your probable amount of gratitude, and treats you accordingly. It is a correlative of the instruction, "live well," to say "conciliate your waiter." — *Spectator*.

Ye Lernityd Pilgrimme.

Itte was ane lernityd clerke I wis
 Whych progest onne ye roade,
 Towards ye Canterburie towne
 Yis festive boundere goed.

Synginge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Nowe why y-rode yis lernityd clerke
 Toe Canterburie towne?
 Ande whatte his name and familie,
 And whatte ye clerke's renoune?

Who sange "Tooral-li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande adeyde "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

He rode untoe ye towne becaus
 He followyd his nose,
 Ande who yatte organ fayne wolde keepe,
 Ye same directionne goes.

Chauntynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addinge "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

He had ne gotte a familie,
 Hys name was Billie Bynkes.
 He rode ane nagge whyche eaten notte
 Ne oates, ne haye, ne drynkes.

Chortlynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Yis lernityd clerke was lernityd clerke
 Toe Masteres Dunne and Deepe,
 And servyd them wythe zealusse care
 Alle in ye streete of Chepe.

Syngynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande sometymes, whenne bothe were awaye,
 He addyde "Di-doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Yese guvnores, Masteres Dunne and Deepe,
 Soe open-heartedlee,
 Ye whole yeare through kept open house
 For ye sale of draperce.

Syngynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Yis clerke hadde follow'd stille hys nose,
 Ande nevere caughte itte uppe,
 Had notte yere wandered on ye roaôe
 Ane active littel puppe.

Syngyne "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 (Ane novel remarke for ane hounde),
 Ande addyng "Di-doodle-dum-doodle,"
 (Being equallie doggie in sounde).

Hys nose didde scrape along ye roade,
 Bye cropper on ye puppe,
 He 'd follow'd itte from Londonne towne,
 Ande nowe he caughte itte uppe.

Chauntynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng thynges stronger yanne yatte,
 As he picked oute ye spokes fromme hys
 coate-tailles,
 Ande sortyd hys teethe in hys hatte.

— Nym, in *Wheel World*.

MR. FOWLER, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, has given us a very pretty deciduous calendar for 1887. Why does n't some one write a song with the refrain, "Pull off the Leaves."

ENTRE NOUS.

BY HOMO.

I WONDER if I ever told you that story of my ride on a tandem with a strange young lady? No. Well, then you shall hear it; but remember it must go no farther. Let it be strictly *entre nous*. I don't brag much about it, but it's too good to keep, and I must let some one know of it, even if it is rather rough on me. It happened over in Chelsea, where, you will remember, I used very frequently to go. I will confess it. I was attracted by a bright eye, a curling ringlet, and a rosy cheek. I met her on the road frequently, and exercised a wheelman's privilege of raising my cap to her. She rode a tandem, with her father on the back seat.

She was indeed a beauty, and I lost my heart to her at once. I made inquiries about her, and I found that her name was Margery Doane; that she was the apple of her father's eye; and that her affections were not pledged.

I determined to woo and win her, and I resolved to get acquainted as quickly as possible. I met them on the road one day, and it occurred to me, as I drew near to them, that it would be a good idea to have a tumble and be picked up by the young lady. She would hold my head in her lap, and would send her father for a physician. But alas! for the plans of men. I took a header, indeed, right in front of them, but I struck in a soft place, and was not at all hurt. They saw that easily enough, and rode on without stopping. I thought I heard a suppressed laugh from the young lady, and I picked myself up in no amiable frame of mind. The header business did not work as it generally does in cycling stories.

I rode by their house very frequently, and tried to get a glimpse at my fair charmer, but I saw her not at all. I did not see her, but I saw something that drove me nearly wild. A dapper young gentleman went in and out frequently. This acquisition to my fair one's abode somewhat troubled me. There was an unmistakable buoyancy and light-hearted merry twinkling of the eye about this young man that galled me excessively. Was he a rival? I am not in the habit of jumping at conclusions in the beginning like this, but I chewed the cud of my disquiet as only a true lover could.

It was in the golden month of August when I rode over to Chelsea one night and stabled my wheel in a livery stable, determined to besiege the mansion of my fair one on foot. I lighted a cigar, and sauntered past her abode. The tandem was at the door with lamps all lighted. They were going out for an evening run. I resolved to follow them, and I ran quickly to the stable for my wheel. I came back just in time. She was just taking her place on the front seat, and, oh horror of horrors! the dapper young gentleman was mounting behind. But "faint heart ne'er won fair lady yet," said I, and I looked beyond him to her. I cared not for him, though I think I should have discussed something besides the weather if I could have had a minute's conversation with him.

How her rich brown riding-suit became her! I should know her among a thousand. That graceful form showed to advantage in

the plain suit, and no ball-room belle, bedizened and adorned, could have outvied my little beauty in her becoming dress.

They started off; Beauty in front, the Beast behind. Would he let her pedal? In his place I would draw the line at even the possibility of that alabaster brow being diamonded with spots of perspiration, and would under the blissful circumstances lower record after record — and perhaps myself into the bargain.

They moved off, little thinking that the jaundiced eye of jealousy hovered near. I kept discreetly in their wake. Away we spun over the paving-stones of the city to the trees and the fields beyond, and beyond these to the margin of the sea at Crescent Beach. It was a run to the seashore. She wooed the cooling breezes of the ocean that she might bring back the roses to her cheeks driven away by the heat of the city.

They halted at the Vue de l'Eau, dismounted, and the young man led the fair rider to the house, where they both disappeared within the portal. I followed, and saw a servant showing the young lady to a room above stairs, while my rival talked glibly to some friends in the office. All is fair in love and war. I joined the group, asked some commonplace questions, and was soon one of them. It is not a difficult matter to make friends at the seaside. I turned my attention to my rival, and I soon had him fixed. I lured him to the bar, and paid for bottle after bottle of champagne and an unlimited number of cigars. He drank heavily, and I very little, and the consequence was that he soon became helplessly intoxicated. I left him to inquire after Margery, who, I learned, was explaining the mysteries of the tandem to some of the guests of the hotel who had gathered about it. I left her to her lecture, and engaged myself about the young man who was now in a drunken sleep on a sofa. It was very evident that he was in no condition to ride home, and so I arranged with the landlord to keep him over night, and take charge of my bicycle also. I told him that I knew the young lady's people very well, and I wanted to do her a service.

Then, hastening to where Margery was, I explained to her, as delicately as possible, the state of affairs, and proffered my services. The veil of night was on her cheek, but yet I noticed a confused look as I said she must know me, living as I did near to her home, and having frequently met her with her father on the tandem. She was alarmed, and her tiny handkerchief hid her face from me. This sympathy for my rival nettled me a little, and I was ready to break my neck or do anything rash to awaken a pity akin to that. She would go and see him, after which she expressed her thanks in broken tones, and gladly accepted my offer. How my heart danced with delight at the word "accept." I lost no time, and soon we were flying along on the return journey. I implored her to rest and let me do the work. I talked calmly at first, and then beautifully sentimental, but I got nothing in response. I talked to her on wheeling subjects, but still she was wonderfully reticent. I touched on all the wonders of the wheeling world, and again she was bashfully backward in coming forward. I did once try to fetch her out by sage remarks on the

latest Paris fashions, and I must have bungled alarmingly here, for I hastily got back to my old subject. But where was the silvery laughter that rippled over the rough and ready wit of her facetious father? We were fast approaching her father's house, and I was in a dreamland of doubt, wondering whether to be pleased or angry, when I blurted out, "O, that we might always ride in company." It was another dismal failure. She didn't seem to see the force of my remark, or else she was too much excited to reply.

I was so absorbed in my dilemma that I had not noticed we had reached her residence, the gate to which was open, and we treadled up the drive, where I helped her to dismount, and in broken tones she told me her — thanks! I assured her of the pleasure I had received, but feared she did not share it, and in an undertone whispered that this "bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, would prove a beauteous flower when next we met," when I was amazed to hear a gruff voice hysterically shout —

"Why, d—n it, here's Bridget! Margery, darling, here's Bridget with your dress on, spreeing it about with her young man on our tandem."

It needs no pen to describe my bewilderment, as it flashed across my mind that I had been courting the servant girl in the guise of the young mistress, who I learned afterwards had been out of town with her father, and returned unexpectedly; and now I looked at them I could not help noticing how near their heights and figures agreed, and the face—well, I saw very little of Bridget's face. I was disturbed in my cogitations by the amiable old gentleman rushing towards me, flourishing his stick and yelling "Damme, sir, what d'yer mean —?" I waited for no more, but acted on the theory that discretion is the better part of valor.

I don't smoke my cigars in that neighborhood now, and my club fellows often wonder why I don't come out in superlatives whenever we meet on the road any of the fair riders of the wheel.

Now, don't tell of this. It's very ridiculous, but makes me cut such a blasted ugly figure that I want it to be *entre nous*.

At the rooms of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, on Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, last week, Mr. Wm. F. Miller delivered a lecture on wheeling. His address, which was illustrated with stereopticon views, was in the form of a story, with "Timeas Timkins" as the hero. The earliest part of young Timkins' life was graphically described, after which Mr. Miller broke out with a most ludicrous description of the young man's endeavors to ride a bicycle. Pictures were given showing the various attitudes assumed by the luckless hero. The first attempt to mount, the start, the "header," and the rest against a tree, all served to show the audience what difficulties a "cyclor" has to undergo before he becomes an expert speeder. Mr. Miller's plates were all original, being the work of a summer tour which he devoted to catching wheelmen in queer positions. The familiar figures of Lieutenant Farr, Howard Mettler, C. H. Dennison, E. L. Hall, Howard Green and Captain Savoy all appeared on the canvas in various postures. — *Turf*.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION OFFICERS.

THE officers of the Massachusetts Division held a meeting around the festive board at Young's Hotel on Saturday evening last. There were present: Chief Consul Herbert W. Hayes, representatives J. S. Dean, E. G. Whitney, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. I. Harris, Dr. W. H. Emery and Charles E. Pratt, of Boston; Abbot Bassett, of Chelsea; Sanford Lawton, of Springfield; J. Fred Adams, of Haverhill; John Ameer, of Cambridge; W. S. Slocum, of Newton; E. H. Foote, of Somerville; and Messrs. J. H. Grimes and F. Alcott Pratt of the road-book committee.

The earlier part of the evening was spent in discussing some of the fruit of Mr. Whipple's larder, and the results were so satisfactory that the diners were of the opinion that they had hit upon a very happy idea; and when the question of another meeting came up, a vote to meet in one month was easily obtained.

After clearing the board, the Chief Consul's mallet, improvised from a champagne bottle, rapped the company to order, and he briefly stated the objects of the meeting. The subjects he desired to bring before the members were, first, how to hold or increase the membership for the coming year. The present large membership he felt was due in part, perhaps, to the League meet being held in Boston last year, and he hoped that some means would be devised to retain them; second, whether or not it was advisable to incorporate in the forthcoming road-book of Massachusetts a plan of the roads of Rhode Island; third, whether some better sign-boards, especially for danger signals, cannot be constructed; fourth, what action the division would take regarding an encampment at Cottage City during the coming summer; and fifth, to consider the expediency of adopting a new and better constitution and by-laws.

The secretary-treasurer was called upon for a financial statement, and he submitted it in brief. This showed that from 27 August to date the total receipts were \$939 76, and the total disbursements, \$114.89, leaving a balance on hand of \$824.87.

Mr. Lawton congratulated the Division on having a larger surplus than the League.

The various matters were informally discussed.

Regarding the measures for holding the present membership, it was decided to issue an appeal through the *Bulletin* to urge personal solicitation on the part of influential members of League clubs, and to send a circular to members who do not renew early.

Regarding the road-book, it was stated that the cost, roughly estimated, would be between \$700 and \$800, and that the same would be issued during the riding season of 1887. The estimate contemplated an edition of sixteen hundred electrotyped copies of the same general nature and size as is the Pennsylvania book. The matter of allowing Rhode Island a place was referred to the committee on the book, with instructions to confer with the Rhode Island officials. On motion, it was voted that each member who is in good standing when the book is published be given a copy of the road-book, and that no book be sold to any one not a member of the League. The committee was instructed to carefully consider the matter of

inserting advertisements, and to do so if they thought it expedient, but to limit the advertising pages to ten.

In the matter of danger signs, the committee was instructed to consider the expediency of procuring some of iron, and they were especially instructed to place some kind of cautionary signal on the hill where Mr. Cunningham fell.

Regarding the annual encampment at Cottage City, it was stated that propositions had come from the bicycle club of that place to furnish some sort of entertainment for the wheelmen if they should decide to come. A committee, consisting of Chief Consul Hayes, J. S. Dean, W. I. Harris, E. G. Whitney, and Sanford Lawton, was appointed to consider and report on this matter.

The subject of appointment of consuls coming up, Chief Consul Hayes incidentally remarked that while a majority of the appointees were more than fulfilling expectations, there were several who were exceedingly derelict in their duties; and as he wanted none but workers, he contemplated soon decapitating a few. The consuls were willing to serve when no work was to be done, but as soon as the work on the road-book was given them, the resignations began to come in.

The meeting was very successful, and others of a like kind are very sure to follow.

ROAD RECORDS.

THE contest of 1886 for the gold cyclometer offered by the Lakin Cyclometer Company to the bicycle rider in the United States covering the greatest number of miles by road riding between 1 Jan. and 1 Dec. closed last week. There have been hundreds of bicyclists, covering almost every state in the Union, riding for the prize, but it looks as though the local contestants will win, for their scores are phenomenal. The gold cyclometer offered under like conditions last year was carried off by Bank Clerk Goodnow, captain of the Westfield Wheelman's Club, with a record of 5056 miles. He had a score of outside but no home competitors. This season three Westfield riders entered, and their aggregate scores foot up 34,206. By the terms of the contest the figures have to be certified to by two competent witnesses, and affidavits made of their correctness before a magistrate. Much to the other contestants' and the public's surprise, when the lists were given in last week at Westfield, Gilbert J. Loomis, a high school lad of 15, had a record of 13,408 miles, made on a 52-inch machine. He began riding in the snow and slush last January, and had nearly 1,000 miles to his credit before the riding season fairly opened. His longest ride in one day was 122 miles, made during the summer vacation, and his average per day for the 11 months, including Sundays, was 40 miles. Telephone Manager Norton covered 130 miles in a single day, and a grand total of 10,706 miles, on a 48-inch Star. But perhaps the most phenomenal work of the trio was accomplished by Emerson Burt, a bright little newsboy under 15 years of age. He had an amateur 42-inch Ideal machine, and on it he rode 10,002 miles outside the hours he is employed in Connor's news-rooms. Much of each rider's work has been done evenings, and all within

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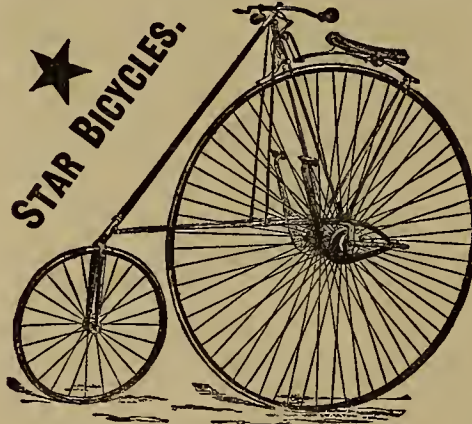
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Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.
First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles
within the Hour.

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the limits of Hampden county. It is probable that each rider has beaten the best previous records, as well as all outside contestants for the prize, but this will not be determined until all lists are in, which may not be for a month or more.

It should be said that these records were not made over give-and-take roads, but on a very hard and smooth roadway around a park in Westfield. It is no better than track work, and the highest record is not so creditable as many of half this mileage.

KNEE-BREECHES.

BECAUSE knee-breeches are the best thing for cycling, there are many who go so far as to wish they were the prevailing style for every-day wear. We do not think so. The *News* echoes our sentiments in the following: Our remarks concerning the wearing of knee-breeches in every-day life gives rise to a long paragraph in *The Irish Cyclist*, in which Mecredy raises a big wail against the immovable laws of fashion in the world generally, and in London particularly. We confess, without hesitation, that we are all cowards, and are afraid to appear extraordinary in the eyes of the world; but that is not the principal reason of our objecting to the wearing of knee-breeches in business. Knee-breeches are more artistic, more becoming, and, perhaps, more economical than trousers; but we cannot agree with Mecredy in thinking they are more comfortable, for a certain amount of tightness is necessary about the knees, while trousers are the very essence of ease and comfort. Much as we like cycling costume, we are ready to get out of it after wearing it a few days at a stretch, and hail the "bottomless bags" with delight, in spite of the lurking chills they are said to harbor. *The Irish Cyclist* is terribly down upon us here in London, because we wear top-hats every day, "because it's the thing, don't you know?" We again confess our cowardness, but in all humility we ask, Is not this weak excuse in vogue everywhere? Does not a man in starting riding get a cycling suit "because it's the thing, don't you know?" Does not the man who wears a flannel shirt every day from preference don a stiff, starched linen one when in evening dress "because it's the thing, don't you know?" Yes, and he will do so to the end of the chapter.

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SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

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AND we don't intend to cut down in the quality, either.

THE CYCLE proposes to give a man just as much for his money as any other paper does.

WE think we have done that in the past. In the future we will do even more.

THE man who does n't subscribe with us now must have very strange notions of the value of money.

WE've said that before, and we say it again

to make it emphatic. It will well bear repeating.

"CHRISTMAS at Clover Hill."

THAT was a cold wave that came down on this part of the footstool last week, but we don't think it found many wheelmen on the road. This is not one of the insidious months. It spreads around the cold in a very business-like way.

WE don't hear anything about the Bermuda trip this year. Has Elwell wooed the sunny clime to his heart's content?

THE English wheelmen invade the cinder path in summer and the Cinderella in winter. They change their termination with the season.

RACING men, like swordsmen, like to meet "foemen worthy of their steel." How will it be when the steel wheel is supplanted by the wooden? Why, the rider of the latter will have the deadwood on his adversary.

ANDREW L. FENNESSY, of Springfield, formerly well known in wheeling circles, has purchased a house, for which he paid \$22,000. Probably sold his wheels, and raised the money.

"ROAD kings of the world" is the modest title given the Ramblers of St. Louis, who finished the club run for a hundred miles last month.

KARL KRON comes out as an abolitionist, and he will put an argument against the amateur law, which he calls a "humbug," into his book.

THE National Cyclist Union leaders are a fine lot. They say to the abolitionists, Do away with the rule, and we will resign and form a new amateur organization. Such men cannot be reasoned with. — *World*.

AND so it will be on this side of the water. Let the League abolish the amateur law, and you may look to see another society started at once, with this law for its corner-stone.

THE *Union* is incensed that Hillier disputes Rowe's records, and Mr. Merrill goes into a long argument to prove that they are correct. The game is hardly worth the powder, though.

"CHRISTMAS AT CLOVER HILL," by Colin Gray, will appear in our issues for 17 and 24 Dec. The author tells his story well, and it will be enjoyed by all who read it.

WE heard of one man who got caught in the snow storm. He wheeled home on the train.

SINGER & Co. will fit all their machines with Otto's patent corrugated wire tire.

HILLMAN, HERBERT & COOPER announce the reception of two orders for machines. One came from a doctor, aged eighty-three, for a Safety, and the other from a gentleman, aged seventy-six, for a tricycle.

FRIEND PRIALL drops the "we" and takes up the "I" in his editorial column. It is important that a journalist should keep his eye on the editorial page.

THE Somerville Club hold annual club election next Wednesday, 15 Dec.

THE Somerville Club will hold a ball on 22 Dec., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Broadway, Somerville. Edmands' orchestra.

A. L. ATKINS writes from Los Angeles, and says that the journey has benefited him greatly. He has looked up many former Bostonians, and went rabbit shooting. He has beheld the dirty savage in all his smut. Among the Bostonians are John L. Sullivan and La Blanche, the sluggers, and Daly Brothers, of "Vacation."

C. H. VEEDER, now of Calumet, Mich., writes that he has not taken but one header in three years, and that was two years ago. He has ridden in northern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, and in and around Hartford. This is a record that is hard to beat.

Wheeling is of opinion that owing to the atmospheric advantages of Australia, which aids Australian horses in making much faster time than that credited to English performers, the bicycle record will next year be credited to some native of the antipodes, provided a really first class track is built.

THE wonderful Westfield records are responsible for a great many doubting Thomases. There is good cause for doubt. Those who have ridden day in and day out during the riding season, and run up a record for less than a thousand miles, take little stock in the story of over 13,000 miles.

LEWIS T. FRYE, our old friend of the path, contemplates matrimony. He has our congratulations. The cake can come later.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company has decided to abolish its riding school when it moves to its new building.

W. W. SHEEN has increased his excellent record by the following additions: August, 1,000 miles; September, 914 miles; October, 987 miles; and November, 1,000 miles.

IT is stated that he has not used the cars this fall, having daily ridden back and forth from business, some thirty miles.

JOHN S. WEBBER, Jr., of Gloucester, has become a married man. We were going to say something about a tandem, but our knowledge of the roads around Gloucester impels us to suggest a buggy. We can imagine that any one by the name of Webber will be inclined to ride the spider wheel.

EDITOR AARON is having a little "tiff" with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He is Aaron his grievances to that paper and intimates that Hicks "lies." He says no other word will do.

THE Pope calendar is on sale at the principal news stores and stands, and at the office of the Pope Company, 597 Washington street, at twenty-four cents to cover cost. It will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

SPRINGFIELD has voted "no license," and the English wheelmen will have to go dry next year, or else get a lot of prescriptions from physicians.

GLOUCESTER has also voted "no license," and it will be useless for thirsty men to go to the Pavilion.

ELSA VON BLUMEN has been riding with amateurs once more. This young lady has been responsible for a great deal of work on the part of the Racing Board.

UNDER the able leadership of Messrs. Ethier, Goldthwait and Williams, the gymnasium classes of the Massachusetts club, which meet Mondays and Thursdays, are receiving much advantage and gaining considerable proficiency.

CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE, late editor of *Outing*, has taken an office in Pemberton square, where he will devote his time to literary labors, including the compilation of several matters of statistics, which he is doing for the Government.

CO-OPERATION of the Cincinnati bicycle clubs with the base ball people will insure them a track on the base ball grounds.

THE Lynn *Bee* says that Rowe has repeatedly stated that under no condition will he visit England.

SENATOR MORGAN has sent us his picture. We shall be pleased to put it in our gallery of celebrities.

DULL in book knowledge does not necessarily mean dull in everything. One of our boys, who was so diffident that he could seldom make a good recitation, brought his bicycle into the class one day, and explained its mechanism to the children as easily and clearly as he would to one of his mates. — *Journal of Education*.

THE Massachusetts Club will have a ladies' night, Saturday, 18 December. There will be music and dancing. The next athletic entertainment will occur 6 January.

THE K. C. W., of Brooklyn, sends us a flyer announcing a minstrel entertainment for Thursday evening, 9 Dec. A portrait, of one of the members, we suppose, ornaments the flyer, but they didn't tell us who it is supposed to represent.

PRESIDENT BECKWITH has "shut down" on the manufacture of League suits, until he gets a guarantee that the colors will be fast. A thorough overhauling of the whole business is promised.

"A PENCIL" has been dismissed from the service of the *Bulletin* for his attack on the New York Club. If he had written with a pencil it would have been all right enough, but he wrote with a pen dipped in gall.

Wheel and Recreation have combined, and F. P. Priall is to be editor.

THE dealers of Boston met at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Co. on Friday for the purpose of forming a "Wheel Board of Trade."

A SOCIETY lately formed in a young woman's college near Boston is, according to the opening sentence in its constitution, "Organized for the purpose of having a good time." Then it won't have a good time. The jolliest dancing clubs are perverted debating clubs. Many thriving kissing bees have risen from the ruins of Browning societies. — *Buffalo Express*.

THE girls got that idea from the wheelmen. That's the end and aim of a wheel club.

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to 'cycling, to whom Letters Patent were granted 30 Nov. 1886: Jos. Butcher, Boston, Mass., cyclometer; J. B. Herboldshimer, Chicago, Ill., oil can; Robert Rodes, Jr., Nashville, Tenn., bicycle

handle; L. A. Rust, Londonville, O., bicycle; J. K. Starley, Coventry, England, roller bearing for velocipedes.

THE Plainfield Bicycle Club has quite a record to show on the close of the season of 1886. Mr. F. L. C. Martin won the Cooley medal for the greatest distance during the twelve months ending 31 October, with the remarkable record of 5,516 miles, and also the prize for the most miles in twenty-four hours, with a record of 202. Mr. C. W. Sanford won the first prize for the six months' record, with 4,023 miles, and was also second in the twenty-four hour contest, with 190 miles. Mr. W. H. Milliken's record of 3,150 miles in six months, took the second prize. Mr. Martin's record for six months slightly exceeded Mr. Sanford's, but the rules debarred his competing for both medals.

DETROIT has a bicyclist who promises to make the speedy ones hustle. The fastest recorded time for a mile is 2.51 $\frac{2}{3}$, and at Cleveland, last August, F. X. Spranger, Jr., covered a mile in 2.49, and without previously having any training. At that time the Cleveland papers referred to Spranger as the "fair-haired Detroit boy with his little spurt." The best time for a mile of Van Sicklen, the lightning Chicago wheeler, is 2.48; so it will be seen that Mr. Spranger gets over the ground with the best of them. He recently covered a mile at Adrian on a rough track, in 2.57, and up to that time the Michigan record for a mile was 3.05. It was not till the latter part of August that he developed speed. He possesses a fine racing machine, and next season will go to Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Ct., the wheelmen's paradise, and take part in the speed contests. Doubtless he will be heard of there to his credit. — *Herald*.

ONE of the most wonderful examples of the benefit to be derived from cycling has just been before us in the form of a pamphlet written by a sufferer from rheumatic gout which had puzzled nineteen doctors. The twentieth, however, recommended a tricycle; and, although worked in pain at first, it eventually caused a complete cure. We deal more fully with the subject in the December *Wheel World*, and we strongly recommend a perusal of our article therein by all who suffer from gout, as the pamphlet, which bears not a single advertisement, is evidently genuine. — *Cyclist*.

ONE of the young men about town — and it may be unnecessary to say he disliked the wheel — was talking with a wheelman the other evening, when he remarked: "I would n't ride a bicycle, it seems so boyish." "Oh, it does?" answered the cyclist; "well, since you are a good billiard player, pray tell me if rolling balls on a green cushion is as boyish as riding a wheel." "Oh, but billiards requires skill." "Yes, I see; but if you think that bicycling does n't, just step outside and try to mount my wheel, and see if you are not soon convinced that riding is an accomplishment." He subsided, but a few days later was around wanting to learn to ride. — *Spectator*.

THE great jockey, Fred Archer, who recently committed suicide, had very peculiar legs, which sometimes helped him to win a hard-fought race. They were abnormally

long between the knee and the ankle, and as limber as eels. In rare moments of excitement he would curl these conveniently boneless appendages back on the horse's haunches, and rake the poor beast with his spurs. It always fetched him.

THE dealers have organized a trade association. A meeting was held at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company last Friday, and a "Wheel Board of Trade" was organized. The purposes of this body were stated to be "to advance the interests of cycling, and regulate such matters as are for the general good of all concerned." The election of officers resulted in the choice of John Reed, chairman; W. B. Everett, secretary. A. H. Overman was appointed to draft articles of association.

WE have received the Columbia Calendar for 1887. It is a sealed book so far as its contents are concerned, but we have watched it during its compilation, and we know that the pages contain a deal of interesting reading in addition to the day and date. The calendar is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is executed in oil-color effect, by G. H. Buek of New York, an allegorical scene representing Thomas Stevens circumbicycling the earth. In the lower corner a lady is pedalling her two-track Columbia tricycle along a country road. The calendar is decidedly ornamental, and has a value outside of this in the daily exposition of interesting matter.

THE *Republican* says that President Ducker, of the Springfield Club, emphatically declines a re-election. He says he wants a rest, — for a year, at least. He has got a Marlboro tandem, and expects soon to have another, and wants an opportunity to enjoy them next season. The knowing ones say that Mr. Ducker will find it hard to withstand the unanimous request of the members to serve another year as president. Mr. Ducker has done good and faithful service, but thinks he is entitled to a rest, and that others should put their shoulders to the wheel. In case Mr. Ducker is successful in preventing his own re-election, Sanford Lawton is mentioned as his successor. Mr. Lawton's election to the presidency would leave a vacancy in the office of secretary, for which it is understood Capt. McGarrett would be a candidate. W. H. Jordan will in all probability be elected treasurer, as there is an almost unanimous sentiment in his favor. For club captain, Fred Eldred is "mentioned," and if he would consent to stand, there would be no difficulty in electing him. Directors Selvey and Ripley will undoubtedly be retained in office. The annual election does not occur until January, but this early canvassing indicates that it will be an unusually interesting one. Rumor has it that the secretary's salary is to be cut down; in which case, there will probably be fewer candidates for the office, as the duties of the position require considerable time and self-sacrifice.

THE PATH.

W. M. RICHARDSON won the twenty-mile road race of the Pequonnock wheel club, Thanksgiving day, riding from Bridgeport, Conn., to Green's Farms and back in one

hour and thirty-two minutes, over muddy and soft roads. Four cyclists rode with him, and the second man finished thirty seconds behind the winner, whose final spurt had been effective. A gold medal was the prize.

MINNEAPOLIS, 27 Nov. *Fifty-mile race*, — W. M. Woodside (1), 2.46.50; W. J. Morgan (2).

CHICAGO. The fourth annual hare and hound chase of Chicago wheelmen, held under the auspices of the Chicago Bicycle Club, on Thanksgiving morning, proved a complete success. The course was from C. B. C. club house to Hotel Florence, Pullman, distance 17½ miles, and the race was won by J. M. Crennan (C. B. C. hare) in 1.12.45; F. A. Ingalls (C. B. C. hound), second, 1.15.35; W. A. Davis, (I. C. C. hare), third, 1.17.45; W. M. Peteau (C. B. C. hound), fourth, 1.17.55. Out of thirty starters, twenty finished inside of 1.30.

AN extraordinary bicycle race was recently decided in connection with the South Australian 'Cyclists' Union, at Adelaide. It occurred in the final heat of the Walker Whiskey Handicap and the bicycle obstacle-race. The conditions of the obstacle-race were: First lap — To ride round, lift machine over five hurdles, mounting machine after getting over hurdles, except the last one, when you run to the centre of the oval, lie on your back and eat a roll. Second lap: Crawl through a bag under tarpaulin and through casks, run 100 yards with bicycle, mount and finish lap in the saddle, dismounting opposite pavillion. Third lap: Run to centre of oval, put on coat and bell-topper and ride to scoring-board at the south-end, then across the oval and over the water-jump, round the flag, on to the track, and finish. Enormous crowds witnessed this event, and the obstacle amateur champion for 1886 is the hero of the hour in Adelaide 'cycling circles.

MACON, GA. One of the events on Thanksgiving day was a fifty-mile race on bicycles between Miss Elsa Von Blumen, of Rochester, N. Y., and Robert Brantley, of Macon, champion long-distance rider of

Georgia, which took place at Base Ball Park in the afternoon, before a good crowd. A rain the night before and a cold north wind made racing on the heavy track very disagreeable, and the on-lookers were not over comfortable themselves. Darkness put an end to the race, Brantley leading with 48 miles to his credit, while Miss Von Blumen, who had retired earlier, only had 42 miles scored. One of the most exciting races ever held in this section was run by the same parties on 29 Nov., the time being 27 hours, commencing at one o'clock P. M. on the 29th, and ending at four o'clock P. M. on the 30th. Great interest was taken in the race, but as the course was in open air and the weather cold, many rests were taken by both the contestants, which accounts for the number of miles being so small. Brantley again came out victorious, making 170 miles and 1 lap to 163 miles 4 laps made by his opponent, the track being laid off in laps of one eighth of a mile. Both were badly punished by the exposure, and being the longest ride ever made by Brantley, his friends are jubilant over the splendid record for staying qualities he exhibited.

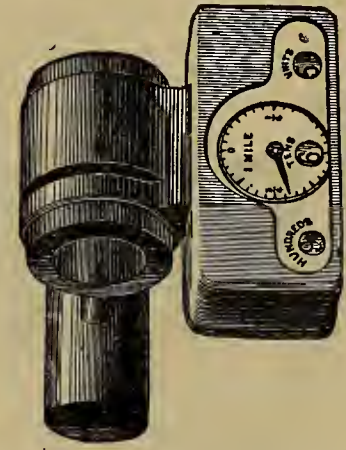
THE CLUB.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Calumet Cycling Club. The officers are: Robert Mabie, president; Walter, Bonner, vice-president; J. W. B. Quail Secretary; Irving G. Davis, treasurer N. L. Willis, captain.

THE Philadelphia Club had a housewarming Friday night of last week, at the club's new building, corner of Twentieth and Perot streets. Between five hundred and six hundred guests were present. Professor H. C. Barrett, formerly instructor at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, appeared with a class of five young men, who gave a good exhibition on the horizontal and parallel bars. At the conclusion of the athletic entertainment lunch was served. The club was organized 22 May, 1879, and incorporated 19 Dec., 1885. The corner-stone of the building was laid on 24 June last. The building, with furnishings, cost \$17,000.

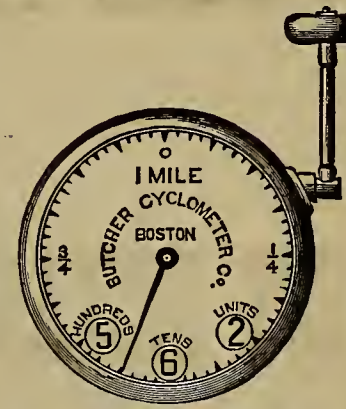
THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE MILES ON THE ROAD. — Who made it? Read the answer in the Stars, and then say, if you can, that the Star is not a good long-distance machine. W. W. STALL, 509 Tremont street, Boston.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste. — Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nicked or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 536, Fall River, Mass.



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Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer
We select because it is THE BEST,
not the Lowest Priced. Sent by
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FIVE DOLLARS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

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22 MILES, 150 YARDS.

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Vol. II., No. 12.

BOSTON, MASS., 17 DECEMBER, 1886.

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250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

THE

AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

20 * MILES * ON * A * STRAIGHTAWAY * COUNTRY * ROAD

— IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF —

59 MINUTES 35 $\frac{4}{5}$ SECONDS.

A WORLD'S RECORD,

50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS,

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

— AND —

100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTES.

A WORLD RECORD, AND BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN TRACK RECORD.

All the above by S. G. WHITTAKER on an ordinary roadster, excepting a somewhat lighter rim, and the course an ordinary surveyed country road.

If Road Records Talk, then the AMERICAN CYCLES are the Easiest Running Machines in the World.

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No. 12.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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WITH the first of January all the memberships in the League will expire. It is fair to presume that many hundreds will not renew, and it is safe to say that of these very many have purchased the League uniform. Each year the number of non-members who wear the uniform will increase, and there is no way to prevent it. Is it not unwise, therefore, to encumber the getting of the cloth with useless red-tape? The League should make it possible for members to get a very fine quality of goods at a low rate, but it cannot possibly restrict the use of any cloth to those who are in its ranks.

THE *Bulletin* says that it does not intend to follow our advice. We are very sorry, for we think advice of some kind is very much needed in the office of our esteemed contemporary.

AND now comes one who writes to the *Bulletin*, and suggests that all wheelmen be made eligible to membership in the L. A. W. That solitary vote at Buffalo is bearing fruit in abundance.

THE CYCLE writes that it has been reflecting on the statistics recently published

by us, and has come to the opinion that though it often has more matter in it than a certain one of its contemporaries, still that paper is frequently ahead of it. In order not to be outdone by any one, the CYCLE has decided to come down in its price to seventy-five cents a year. We trust that this move will prove a popular and profitable one, for we recognize the fact that the CYCLE has won its spurs, and has an excellent reason for existence. — *Bulletin*.

The above is one of the spurs that we have won. Such things spur us on to greater achievements.

CHRISTMAS AT CLOVER HILL.

BY COLIN GRAY.

LAP I.

CLOVER HILL is a pleasant place in summer. In winter it loses none of its charm. It is situated far from the roar and bustle of cities, and for many generations it has been sleeping quietly under its great trees and in its environment of hills and forests. Clover Hill is an honest old country house, where the genius of hospitality is enthroned, and reigns in perfect, undisputed sovereignty.

Our Christmas there was decidedly gay. In addition to the noisy family of growing girls and boys, and Uncle Joshua and Aunt Dulsy, we had Capt. Bombshell, of the army, and Miss Araminta Dorsay—both “from town.” Miss Araminta used to write her name D’Orsay on her enameled visiting cards, but this nobility was doubted by her intimate friends. At Clover Hill, however, it was heartily conceded.

I went to Clover Hill in response to the following invitation penned upon the most delicious of note paper by the young lady who always played the part of amanuensis of the family:—

DEAR WILL,—We’re going to have a Christmas frolic at Clover Hill, and you must certainly come. Come on your bicycle if you possibly can, for I know you will enjoy the ride hither, and if the roads remain as they are perhaps we can take a little run during the day. I have been riding a great deal this season, and I want you to see how I have improved. My riding suit is lovely, and I want you to see me in it. We all expect you, and the family send oceans of love.

In haste, your friend,
HENRIETTA FARMILOE.

Who could resist such an invitation? Certainly not I. The season was a very open one. It was the fifteenth of December, and no snow had yet fallen. The fellows of the club were improving every opportunity to get out upon the road, and looked upon every ride as their last. It was some fifty miles to Clover Hill, and there was a good chance for me to get there awheel if I started at once. There was not a day to lose. I felt that a vacation could do me no harm, and so I determined to spend a fortnight with my relatives. I immediately closed “Coke on Littleton” with respectful ceremony, made that gentleman a bow, packed a valise, and despatched it by ex-

press to Clover Hill, mounted my wheel and was off.

Nothing of importance occurred to interfere with the pleasure of my ride. The roads were hard and the weather was not cold. It felt like snow. It looked as though snow would soon fall. It was not “too cold to snow,” as the country people say; in fact it was so warm that I felt that I must get to my journey’s end in one day, or be caught on the way in a snow storm. This thought gave power to my legs, and I did not loiter on the way. About a mile of road lay between me and Clover Hill when I felt a cold drop upon the end of my nose, and immediately the air was full of white flakes. This did not disturb me in the least, for I had not far to go, and I had no hope to use my wheel beyond the ride to Clover Hill.

I arrived at the house in good form, and having kissed all my cousins who came out to greet me, and shaken hands with all the guests, I asked quite naturally after another member of the household, whose name was Henrietta. I delayed my question for some time, and only propounded it when I saw that my silence threatened to appear singular; the reason for which lay in the simple fact that—perhaps—it may have been—I might have been mistaken, but I thought—I thought that I was in love with Henrietta. She was nowhere visible, and it seemed to me that a dozen pairs of eyes would centre on my bashful countenance as soon as I propounded the interrogatory. At last, however, I assumed a lounging position before the great fire of roaring logs, put my thumb in the armhole of my waistcoat, and said, carelessly,

“Hem! By-the-way, Uncle Joshua, where’s Henrietta?”

I think a suppressed chuckle ran through the circle of juveniles, and one youthful individual, named Stephen, was heard to ejaculate indistinctly something which was smothered by a laugh. Of course I took no notice of the youngster, and received from Uncle Joshua, who was reading his paper, the information that she had gone out for a ride on her tricycle. “She’ll get caught in the snow,” said he, “but I guess she’ll come out all right. She wanted to get one more ride before the snow came down, but she promised not to go far, and we may expect her at once.”

As he spoke, one of the youngsters at the window shouted, “Here’s Henrietta, and she’s all white with snow!”

Of course, as a mere matter of politeness, I rushed quickly to the door to greet her as she came along. How pretty she looked. Her riding suit was a light grey, trimmed with red, and it fitted her graceful form perfectly. On her head was a jockey cap, from beneath which the young lady looked like another Di Vernon. A thousand ringlets, more or less, of the glossiest brown hair, danced gayly around a pair of the fresh-

est and rosiest cheeks, half concealing the dangerous blue eyes which sparkled like two stars of evening beneath snowy brows.

As I came to the door she was just unstrapping from the handle bar a huge bundle of Christmas presents, which she had purchased at a neighboring town. Then occurred one of those mishaps which will occasionally take place with the best-regulated young ladies. The maiden essayed to shake hands with me without releasing her bundles, which she now had in her arms, and, simultaneously to dismount from the machine. The result of this vast proceeding was that she lost her balance, and in the midst of a shower of paper parcels flying about, I found one of the handsomest young damsels I had ever known clasped in my arms, and lying upon my breast.

She hastily extricated herself from my arms, and, with a hurried laugh and some blushes, ran up the steps; but I don't think she forgot a little circumstance which I chanced to remember, that two cheeks had come closely together — some brown ringlets mingled with the dark hair of a youth; this, I say, Miss Henrietta probably remembered; for when I followed her, and our eyes met, she blushed, and then tried, unsuccessfully, to laugh.

I believe I blushed too, but, as Captain Bombshell approached at the moment, twirling his moustache, to make his compliments, I was relieved from the damsel's eyes, and very soon the incident was forgotten.

LAP II.

Captain Bombshell was paying his addresses to Miss Araminta, who had come to see her former schoolmate, Henrietta, and the military gentleman had doubtless supposed an old country house an admirable place for pressing his siege.

Captain Bombshell was an army man, sir. He had seen a good deal of the world, sir; for which reason he was a prime authority in the great scheme of the season. This was a fancy ball on Christmas night; and with the arrival of about half a dozen young ladies, and as many young gentlemen, commenced the grand discussion on the momentous subject of costume. Here it was that Captain Bombshell's prodigious knowledge of other lands — of sunny Italy and beautiful Spain — came into grand request. He had been among the banditti of the Apennines, by Jove, sir, and had hobnobbed with the best of them; he had danced the Bolero beneath the skies of Andalusia with the dark-haired Spanish señoritas; he had been the partner of the Italian *contadinas*, perhaps as many as a thousand times. If his poor knowledge of these countries and their inhabitants would be of any service, said the gallant Bombshell, bowing and twirling his huge moustache with a smile, he begged the ladies to command him. The captain was a companionable and good-humored warrior — eminently so; therefore, by universal consent, he was directed to assume the part of a ferocious bandit, having first faithfully promised to behave himself in character and look very fierce.

Among the rest were flower-girls and Morning Stars, Indian maids, and gipsies; the moral virtues — Hope, and many more; English barmaids, Spanish señoras; an Autumn, a "Folly," and a Night strewed

with stars, and the gentlemen were no behindhand. They represented Highlanders, with plaid and tartan; sailor-boys; romantic pirates of the Ægean, after the fashion of my Lord Byron's heroes; and many other personages. Comic characters were duly mingled; my bicycle uniform and likewise the riding suit of Henrietta were pressed into the service, though the owners declined to wear them. At the task of arranging all these costumes every hand and tongue was busy. My own dress was speedily determined upon, and gave little trouble. It was simply the uniform of buff and blue — top-boots, cocked hat, sabre, and all — which my hard-headed old grandfather had won during the Revolution, and left as a legacy to his family.

We had a hard time preparing two costumes for two gentlemen, however; and these I shall now give a word to. The first was the dress of a British army officer, to be worn by a certain Mr. Wilsonby; the second was the dress of *Jemmy Twitcher*, the part taken by my friend Sam Towers.

Stately Mr. Wilsonby! I see him now, as I muse — the coldest representative of wealth and "blood" — the chilliest iceberg I ever encountered. And to presume to court Henrietta! — in which slight observation, or exclamation, you may probably discern the grounds of my opinion of this gentleman. But other people said of Mr. Wilsonby just what I did. I never saw anybody that liked him. He was about thirty years of age, tall and erect in his carriage, with a stately coldness in his manner; and, if report did not belie him, as much coldness in his character. He seemed never to lose sight of the dignity becoming "a man of his position." He possessed a splendid estate adjoining Clover Hill, and he had a lot of distinguished ancestors of whom he said a great deal. Certain it is that Mr. Wilsonby plumed himself loftily upon his "blood," not to mention his wealth, and the general impression left by his conversation was the very great kindness he did you in entering into conversation at all. This gentleman had come to the determination to take to himself a wife — or, rather, a mistress of his household — and had pitched upon Henrietta to fill this honorable position. When I came to Clover Hill he was paying her his addresses in a dignified way, and when we were introduced his manner seemed to say, "I am pleased, sir, to know any connection with my future wife, sir; and shall be happy to serve you, sir."

Now, for Sam Towers. But upon reflection I decline attempting any description of Sam Towers. It would be as easy a task as to take the photograph of a sky-rocket at the moment of explosion. Wherever Sam was there was mirth, and laughter, and uproar. All the girls quarrelled with him for his impudence, and then burst out laughing at his mock apologies; all the men listened to him, as an audience will to a great comedian, ready to applaud, and scenting the humor on his lips before he spoke. His jests, his stories, his practical jokes and caprices were the never-failing food for mirth; all applauded and laughed — all but stately Mr. Wilsonby. That gentleman regarded Mr. Sam Towers as a sort of jester, without "dignity" or "blood," and, what was far worse, *poor*; he therefore treated him with well-bred conde-

scension and lofty politeness — a proceeding which caused Sam on more than one occasion to turn his head away and utter a suppressed chuckle, in which every one ended by joining.

Such was our Christmas party; and I need not tell you that a hundred devices were thought of to kill the time. Among the rest there were numerous sleighing parties, and upon one of these excursions an amusing incident occurred.

LAP III.

It was Mr. Wilsonby's sleigh — a magnificent affair, drawn by four fine bays — and some half-dozen young ladies had been graciously invited to be of the party, Henrietta among the rest, as a matter of course.

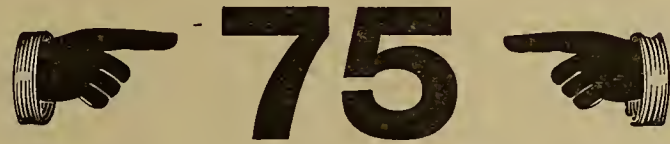
Mr. Wilsonby graciously proposed to me at the last moment to occupy a vacant seat; and, ripe for fun, I got in, and the sleigh darted off, with a deafening jingle of bells.

Have you ever been compelled to ride "bodkin?" Perhaps you are not familiar with the term, which may be peculiar to our country. It consists, then, of being placed between two young ladies in a vehicle — crowded, compressed, squeezed down, overwhelmed — the victim of female wrappings and wide-spread skirts — the mere caricature, for the nonce, of a boasted lord of creation! Mr. Wilsonby had doubtless desired me to occupy another seat, beside himself; but a gay young beauty having cried out, "Come and sit by me, Mr. Seaton!" I had obeyed, and found myself the victim of the young lady in question and the damsel at her side, no other than the smiling and blushing Miss Henrietta. Mr. Wilsonby regarded the arrangement with ill-suppressed dissatisfaction, but was obliged to submit, and so I found myself reduced to the humiliating position of a "bodkin," although precisely under the circumstances which I should have selected.

Miss Henrietta's curls rippled across my face with every breath of wind; her rosy cheeks were not disagreeably distant; and by some accident I never assisted her in securing her fur wrappings, as they fluttered in the wind, without encountering a small hand belonging to the young lady. In the brilliant sunshine now she looked supremely lovely, and her blue eyes fairly danced with delight, as the sleigh darted onward, the rapid footsteps of the horses on the well-beaten road keeping time to the music of the bells. There was such an expression of innocent pleasure in the beautiful face — something so kind, and truthful, and maidenly in the curve of the young lip — that a certain person who was not a thousand miles off, uttered an unconscious sigh, and tumbled down a precipice some thousands of feet deeper than that other one from which he had fallen, helpless and a disarmed captive. I began to think mournfully of the slender chance I had of ever marrying; of the advantages possessed by my wealthy rival; and the result was something decidedly like melancholy. A single glance at the sweet face again drove away, however, all my sadness; and at the same moment a burst of laughter from the bevy of girls attracted my attention to an object which completely routed from my mind anything resembling seriousness.

This object was Mr. Sam Towers, wrapped in an immense sheep-skin, mounted on a

THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE.

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flour-barrel affixed to a pair of crazy sleigh-runners; and this rickety turn-out was drawn by a mule with rope harness, the head of the miserable donkey being decorated with a cluster of tin plates and cups, which gave forth pleasant music on the way. Mr. Sam Towers drove with extreme dignity and gravity — with the air, indeed, of a man who is proud both of himself and his equipage — and a crowd of the juvenile members of the household, who were, one and all, his huge admirers, followed him, splitting the air with cheers in his honor. The driver made a graceful gesture of thanks, and cutting his mule, dashed on toward the sleigh in which we sat laughing.

The race continued for a quarter of a mile — always in front of the great portico, in which a crowd of shivering young ladies stood, shaking with mirth more than cold; and then the day's proceedings were suddenly brought to an end in a manner wholly unlooked for. Mr. Wilsonby had half turned with a stately air toward the ladies, and was not looking to the road, when suddenly the entire party were hurled ten feet from the sleigh, and buried in an immense snow-drift. The origin of the accident was very simple. The banks of a small stream

which crossed the road had been washed clear of snow, the runners struck upon the hard earth, and, in consequence, the hinder end of the sleigh, which was very lofty, toppled over, very nearly on the backs of the horses. A charming young lady, known as Miss "Opera Shoes," was "revolutionized," Sam Towers said; another as lovely — Miss "Rose in Bloom" — discovered herself running back to the sleigh, from a bank some ten yards distant, to know if her friends were hurt; and the rest, including Mr. Wilsonby, Miss Henrietta, and myself, were landed in a great mountain of snow to the left.

Henrietta was not hurt; by the strangest of accidents I had received her in my arms — there seemed to exist a species of fatality for that sort of thing — and when she rose to her feet, pale and frightened, more for her companions than herself, she would have fallen again had I not passed my arm around her, and so delivered her to her young lady friends.

The horses had not taken fright, and we were soon gliding along again, Mr. Towers following with gay and airy grace in the rear; but during the rest of the ride I think Miss Henrietta appeared somewhat chary of her

words, and avoided my eye. Doubtless she suspected the accidental nature of these chivalric rescues on my part — from tricycles and sleighs — but assuredly without any reason, for my only merit, or demerit, was being near at the proper moment and performing my — duty.

On our return the ride was a subject of a flood of comment and laughter, but I did not hear Miss Henrietta allude to one of the incidents.

LAP IV.

The days fled gayly onward, and Christmas at last drew near at hand. The costumes for the fancy ball were all finished; and Henrietta, with the assistance of her friends and the young men, applied herself to the task of decorating the old homestead for the joyful occasion.

No sooner had she given the signal than an immense uproar commenced among the youthful members of the household. At last their eminent merits were recognized, their services were needed, and they entered upon the task with ardor. Marshalled in a small army, under the generalship of their beloved chief, Sam Towers — who left Capt. Bombshell, though he was an army man, sir, com-

pletely in the background — the juvenile part of the company made a desperate onslaught into the forest, and ere long they were seen returning with huge boughs of cedar and pine, resembling indeed, Macduff's army, when the wood of Birnam came to Dunsinane. In the van Sam Towers bestrode in a dignified attitude his venerable donkey, and this unfortunate animal now bore a moving cedar forest.

The evergreens were thrown down in the hall, and a hundred hands were soon busy making wreaths. On the ensuing evening, when the toil was over, some magical hand seemed to have touched the hall. The goblin king of the forest might have been suspected of a decided partiality toward Clover Hill. Everywhere wreaths, festoons, zig-zags, garlands — on the walls, the ceiling — above the pictures, the windows and the doors — there was not a single spot where evergreens could go, which the hands of the young girls and their assistants had not decorated. In compliment to Capt. Bombshell, Miss Araminta wove a very fine representation of a cannon in evergreen, and Miss Henrietta very skilfully made a huge League badge in green, with rings of gold and the letters "L. A. W." cut from silvered paper. It was a forest palace, where old Winter might have reigned in imperial majesty; but the great fires would have melted the icicles on his beard, and the uproarious glee would as certainly have added to his face some more wrinkles — wrinkles of joy and laughter.

And then, with this new preparation for the season came the question, Could not something more be devised? So many dresses were prepared, why not have some *tableaux*? nay, some dramatic scenes? It was Mr. Sam Towers who proposed this, and the proposition was hailed with delight. What could be acted? It might be a medley, Mr. Towers said, in which pirates of the Mediterranean should carry off ladies of the court of Louis XIV., and in the midst of the abduction a British officer might appear — last of all an American, who should conquer them all, and bear off the lady in triumph!

Mr. Sam Towers proposed this magnificent plot of a drama with great modesty, but his proposition was immediately greeted with tremendous applause; and when he promised by the same evening to have all that was necessary written and ready, the general approbation was displayed by prolonged clapping of hands. Sam placed his hand upon his heart, bowed with bashful confusion, and, taking my arm, drew me out of the room.

"I say," said Sam, in a low tone, as we sat down to smoke in the library, "we can make some fun out of this."

"How?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. We'll bring your bicycle and Henrietta's tricycle in. The pirate will carry off the court lady, and the British officer will rescue her, and the American will win her at last. Do you comprehend?"

"Certainly: and your scheme?"

Sam proceeded immediately, with many chuckles, to explain. Henrietta was to act the countess, Mr. Wilsonby the British officer, and I the American. The countess was to be riding along a mountain road when a pirate should rush out and seize

her. He is in the employ of a British officer who wants the lady for his wife. The private will bind the lady, *à la* Mazeppa, to the handle-bar of the tricycle and ride off with her to the British officer. The British officer also rides off, and the American appears in the distance and gives chase. He catches the officer, and they fight with foils. The American disarms the British officer, grabs the countess, and there you are.

"But suppose he conquers me?" I said, laughing.

"So much the worse, my boy," said Sam, with great nonchalance; "that's your lookout."

"But, Sam!" said I, "your piece is all rot. Court ladies don't go riding along mountain roads on tricycles; you can't strap a lady on to a handle-bar; you can't represent a ride on a small stage; and, moreover, wheelmen don't carry swords nor foils."

"Don't you be at all alarmed," said he, "and don't you throw cold water on my play because it is n't true to life. We've got to use what we have. We've got to have a mountain road and a pirate to make things romantic. We can let Henrietta stand on the foot rests, and pass a strap around her waist and the handle-bar. We can take the chain off the tricycle, and let the officer pedal very fast, for if we get motion it's all we want. And we've got to use foils, because that makes the best stage combat; and we've got a pair up in the attic. You just leave it all to me, and I'll get up a drama that will curdle your blood, if it does seem a little out of the common course of things."

This speech, as may be imagined, did not lead to further objection upon my part; and when Sam enlarged, with great eloquence, upon the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from the expression of Mr. Wilsonby's face when he was disarmed, I found myself unable to further oppose his plan, and so acceded to it, with a vague sentiment, however, that we should both feel very foolish if the conclusion was not just what we expected, — if I was "conquered before the eyes of my lady-love."

"That being arranged," observed Sam, "let us get to the writing."

And seizing a pen, this versatile genius began scratching away with tremendous ardor, and scarcely any pause. In an hour he had produced one of the most remarkable dramatic works which perhaps the present century or any other ever witnessed. Time and place were mingled in a confusion utterly inextricable; the same characters swore in Latin, English, and French; oceans were to be traversed in an instant; and England, Asia, and America were mixed up in one great mess, which would have driven a geographer to frenzy. Having placed at the head of his MS., in conspicuous letters,

THE PIRATE OF THE ÆGEAN,
OR THE
BEAUTIFUL TRICYCLIENNE.

(A Drama in five acts, by S. Towers, Esq.)

the author modestly read it to me, and then bore it to the more awful ordeal of the drawing room.

To describe the burst of applause which

greeted the first reading of this great five-act tragedy would be wholly impossible. The young army, who had tarried to hear it before retiring, seemed overcome with uproarious admiration; and young Stephen, the lieutenant under Captain Towers, was not content until he had climbed upon the back of his commander's chair, and given a deafening cheer in his honor.

Every one accepted his or her part with alacrity, with the exception of Mr. Wilsonby and Miss Henrietta. These two personages held out for some time, but at last were also conquered. Mr. Wilsonby acquiesced finally with a sort of haughty dignity, and Henrietta with a blush. Was the young lady thinking of the stage direction in the drama, "Carries off the Countess in his arms?" Perhaps she began to think that the fates were against her, and I was destined eternally to be close at hand with outstretched arms. At all events, she reluctantly consented to take the part of the Countess. Sam Towers promised to arrange everything, and so the drama was a fixed fact. First, the fancy ball with *tableaux*; then dancing, then the terrific tragedy! It was almost sublime, sir, said Captain Bombshell, twirling his moustache; was it not, Miss Araminta?

And Miss Araminta, with a languishing glance, replied that it certainly was.

(To be Continued.)

THE *News* publishes the following table of wheel revolutions to the mile:—

Diam. of wheel.	Rev. per mile.
36in. wheel revolves.. .. .	560
38in. " "	530
40in. " "	504
42in. " "	480
44in. " "	458
46in. " "	438
48in. " "	420
50in. " "	403
52in. " "	387
54in. " "	373
56in. " "	360
58in. " "	347

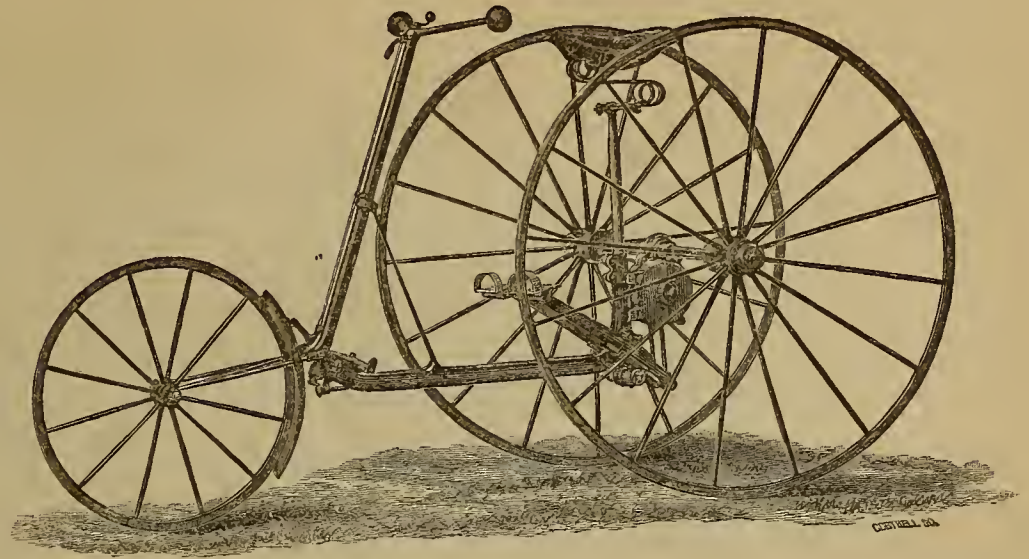
Before the society of arts, last week, Prof. Thomson of the Thomson-Houston Electric Lighting Company, presented his apparatus for the welding of metals by electricity. The method consists simply in forcibly pressing together the pieces and passing a heavy electrical current through them. The resistance to the passage of the current offered by the joint heats it to the melting point, and the weld is completed in quicker time than it can be described.

The uses to which the process is applicable are numerous and of great importance. It may serve for uniting wires for telegraphic and other purposes, for butt-welding tubes, for making and repairing wheel rims, etc., for welding chain links, for the manufacture and repair of all sorts of tools. The apparatus consists of two heavy clamps to guide the pieces to be joined, and convey the current, which is produced by an induction coil of special form, which produces currents of very great volume but of low electro-motive force.

WE will send the *American Wheelman* and the *CYCLE* to any address for one year for the sum of \$1.00.

THE ELLIOTT TRICYCLE.

WE present, this week, a cut of the Elliott tricycle, which has been prolific of so much discussion in the wheel world. The picture tells the story of its detail better than words could represent it. The makers tell us that they have secured an extra fine lot of second growth hickory that has been seasoning for twenty years, and the hubs that will be used were turned out ten years ago. This gives good assurance that the wheels will not go to pieces, nor the parts work loose. In their search for material, the makers came across a large lot of stock that was gotten out in 1869 for the bone-shakers, but it was of such poor quality that it was wholly unsuited to their purposes. Some thousand machines are now in process of manufacture, and the company will be ready to supply all demands for the spring trade.



FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THE feminine point of view is located on a bed of sickness this week, and is therefore very much circumscribed. I know that my readers will excuse brevity this week, and I write only that my absence may not cause remark. Under such circumstances as those in which I am now placed, we realize more than at any other time the value of friends, and I have to acknowledge the reception of many messages of regard and good-will, besides more substantial favors.

MY keenest disappointment has been that I was forced to forego the pleasure of participating in my club ball, for you must know that I am a member in good standing on the honorary list of our local club, and the annual ball occurred last week.

LOUISE and Maud went, and it is almost as much pleasure to hear them talk over the affair as it would have been to participate. They have the bloom of youth on their countenances, and they enter into such things with all the enthusiasm incident to that happy epoch.

I DON'T know that the ball-room is more fascinating to them than is the open country viewed from the wheel; but if they dance as well as they ride, they must indeed enjoy a condition of things which brings pleasure in all seasons of the year.

I CANNOT transcribe all that they have told me, but I gather that a certain Boston man waltzes divinely, that another young man from beyond the borders of our city is the embodiment of all that is gentlemanly and graceful, and that the enjoyment of the evening was "heavenly."

ALL these things force upon me the thought: Why do not the young people who dance in winter, find their amusement on the wheel in summer? With many of them it is dance, dance, dance, the year round. In the fashionable ball-room of the city in winter, and in the halls of the summer resorts in the hot season they thread the mazes of the quadrille, and whirl through the rhythmic waltz. Who will be the missionary to

tell these young people that the wheel has fascinations beneath which such pleasures pall? The wheel does need a missionary, for the outside world takes to it slowly, and those who do enter the fold of cycledom come in with many misgivings. I am afraid the price of the pleasure restrains many, and I am in hopes to see this difficulty removed at an early day. I hope the time may soon come when the clubs can call a run into the country for ladies and gentlemen, and get as large an attendance as they now get in the dance-halls.

I NOTICE that Rose Meadows, of *Wheeling*, withdraws her column during the non-riding season, on the plea that there is nothing to write about. I will agree with her that it is no easy task to summon one's ideals when not under the inspiration of the wheel; but the papers are read even more in winter than they are in the summer, and it is just then that the editors put forward their strongest endeavor.

I WANT to say just one word of congratulation to the Massachusetts Club for the efforts they are putting forth in the interest of the ladies. The ladies' nights at the clubhouse, I am told, are the most successful of all the social events of the club, and I am glad to know that they are to be continued.

DAISIE.

SPOKES SPEAKS.

"CLUB POLITICS" was the very suggestive title to a half-column matter recently observed in Rowe's organ, the *Lynn Bee*, copied from H. P. Merrill's cycle columns of the *Springfield Union*. The article in question hinted that Mr. Henry E. Ducker would not accept the presidency of the Springfield Bicycle Club for 1887. Well, when one comes to think of it, Henry's bed has not been one of roses, by any means, and a harder worker no club ever had, and a more abused man never laid claim to being a cyclist.

HENRY E. DUCKER may have his faults, like other mortals, but in my mind a shrewder tournament manager and organizer does not exist to-day. Being present at Springfield during and previous to the last

tournament, I had ample opportunity to study the inside and outside workings of the pioneer American racing organization. Henry E. Ducker would undoubtedly do much better if he had full sway, but he seems to be handicapped by the more conservative members of his club. It is not generally known that Mr. Ducker was on the point of taking steamer to England during the fright of "no English amateurs," but such is the case. The irrepressible Ducker came within a jiffy of fetching a shipload of foreigners for his "only tournament."

WELL, if Mr. Ducker should refuse to run for his club's presidency, he may retire with the assurance that his masterly management has been efficient in the highest degree; and if such a man as Ducker should receive the directorial reins (and be allowed to drive alone), no complaint such as made in the English press by Wood and James will trouble the club any more. A good man to succeed Mr. Ducker (if he should determine to take a well-earned rest) is Mr. Sanford Lawton, the genial treasurer. A better man and a more popular man does not exist in cycling Springfield. With a few pointers from Ducker, Sanford Lawton will give us a great annual tournament.

NOW that the question as to Rowe's validity to the title of "champion of the world" has arisen, a circumstance that happened at Springfield (in 1884) goes to show that the world's championship is but a fleeting shadow. The race between—or for the mile record between—Howell and Prince was, I believe, announced to be also for the one-mile championship of the world. Prince won it in wonderful time (2.39) for that year, but his title was disputed immediately, as Howell had beaten him in other races. I think the only way to find out who is the best man from one to twenty miles (which should be the proper distance) is to bring all the best men together, and let Howell, Woodside, Rowe, Hendee, and Wood loose in contest. Woodside will meet Howell in contests from one to fifty miles. The distances will be probably one, five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty. The winner of three out of five to take stakes. I have every confidence that Woodside will win the last three



SAFE, PRACTICAL *and* FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

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Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

W. W. STALL - - - 509 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

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The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discoun to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

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LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



races, which will give him a firmer grip on the world's championship than any other man. Where will the races be run? Well, London, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Aston Lower Grounds, and a fifth place if necessary. Woodside will remain at Dunduain House, Coleraine, Ireland, for at least two months previous to commencing active training; and while at home will do a little work on the cinder path he constructed on his father's estate in 1881, which his people say is still in good condition. He will also do a little road riding in order to keep strong. It is my intention to run down to my country home on the borders of Wales, and direct our campaign with the aid of a Londoner from that point. About six weeks rest in the country will just about do me, then my face will be turned towards the cinder path once more. To the many inquirers I would say that W. M. Woodside was born in Philadelphia in 1861. It is probable he may be accompanied by a fast amateur to foreign shores.

W. J. MORGAN.

CYCLET'S.

THE OFFICIAL'S ROSETTE.

THE gay rosette! the gay rosette!
I've had it on, and can't forget
The perky thrill of conscious pride
That seized me when the badge was tied
Upon my brow — ah! no, my breast
The place my orisflamme found rest —
How angry jealous Jones did get,
When first he saw my gay rosette!

And Arabella, dearest love,
As guileless as the cooing dove,
Had whispered sweetly in my ear:
"You only want a bonnet, dear!
And then how charming would you be —
Do let me fetch you one and see!
Pray drop that nasty cigarette,
The ash will dust your gay rosette!"

How small boys' tongues can wag so free
Is darkly veiled in mystery —
Twelve grinning imps ne'er left my back,
Till safely landed at the track;
And rusty trebles shrilly sang
Vile canzonets of wicked slang;
Repeated oft — I hear it yet —
"Oh, crikey! twig his gay rosette!"

I tried to walk with absent air,
As if I knew not *it* were there;
But ever and anon would look
With anxious eye towards the hook —
That is, I should have said, the pin,
But rhyme just stopped it coming in —
No base deceit shall cause regret,
When thinking of my gay rosette!

But what I did that happy day,
Or what I was I could not sav;
The people cheered — I fancy me —
I bore myself so gracefully.
I've had my picture done in oil,
And wear in that a sunny smile,
My storest c'other, and you can bet,
More prized than all — my first rosette!

— F. F. S. in News.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

FOR a year's subscription!

WHAT'S the matter with that price?

"OH, that's all right!" Is it? Well, then send in your subscription.

WE want you on the list, and the money 'll not be missed.

WE shall give you stories and news and gossip, and tell you about the new wheels.

AND all this for seventy-five cents. Don't you hesitate any longer, but send your subscription right in.

BOSTON wheelmen are going down Corey Hill just now. You go down on a toboggan easier than you go up on a cycle.

A GREAT many people are down on the cycle. A great many more are getting down on the toboggan.

PIERRE LALLEMENT, the inventor of the the velocipede, is now in the employ of the Sterling Cycle Co.

THERE was a young man in the city,
Whose old bike was an object of pity,
Loose spokes it had got,
Not one, but a lot,
And the thing smashed him up in a jiffy.

No, friend *World*, we don't object to a discussion of the amateur question in the *Bulletin*. Let it be discussed. We do object to statements regarding the aspect of affairs on the other side of the water, which are incorrect and misleading. We do object to a member of the abolitionist clique using the *Bulletin* in the interest of a few men in England who would break down the amateur law.

LADISH, of the *American Wheelman*, is getting the ideas of leading cyclers on the amateur question.

TANDEMS will be heavier next year. It may be that they will be as heavy as the sociable yet, for the sociable can be reduced a good deal in its weight without impairing its strength.

THE guide-book to Canadian roads will be issued in March. It will contain 144 pages of closely-printed matter.

"*Der Radfahrer*" publishes very fine pictures of Canary and Kaufman, both of whom are now exhibiting in Germany.

WHEN the snow is on the ground city riding is better than country riding. Those wheelmen who ride to business despite the snow always select the streets that they avoid in summer.

THE Surrey Machinist Co. promise a new rear-driving safety, fitted with ball-head and eccentric adjustment of the chain. All of their bicycles will have the new ball-bearing head that the company make.

J. K. STARLEY, who has made an adjustable ball-bearing that gets around the Bown patent, has patented it in this country, and assigned it to the Pope Mfg. Co.

THE Mill-dam is now the resort of the *slippers* over the snow. In winter it feels the press of the cyclists' *rubbers*. What boots it that Boston is the centre of the shoe trade?

WHY not send a copy of THE CYCLE to your wheeling friend for a Christmas present. It will remind him of your remembrance every week in the fifty-two.

WESTFIELD wheelmen are making ladies' nights very popular. The local club has a membership of 100, and their social gatherings are very informal and unqualifiedly enjoyable.

AND now Harry Cornish, who was Hendee's trainer during the season, is managing a toboggan slide for the Hartford Wheel Club. Ten to one he will shout "Get on there!" as the toboggans go by.

"SHALL we or shall we not join the L. A. W.?" This question will come before the Springfield Club at its next meeting. They should remember that they can work for reform inside the fold better than they can if outside.

IT is announced that Henry Goodman has established a cycle cigar store at Hartford. We can imagine that cycle cigars will have plenty of "go" in them.

THE following comes from a man who has positive ideas: "You are a confounded fool. What did you come down in price for? Your paper is worth all that you asked for it, and you have been fool enough to let your rival's gibes affect you. You ought to bag your head." Such little ebullitions are received for all that they are worth.

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to cycling, to whom Letters Patent were granted 7 Dec., 1886: R. G. Britton, Springfield, Vt., velocipede; J. Gibbons, West Troy, and C. D. Meneeley, Albany, N. Y., velocipede; W. J. Lloyd and W. Priest, Harborne, England, tricycle; E. J. Winey, East Orange, N. J., (2) bicycle and lamp.

THE front wheel of the Star will be increased to half the size of the driving-wheel next year.

"IMITATION is the sincerest flattery." Our e. c. of t. s., which means our esteemed contemporary of Tremont street, will publish some stories.

T. A. CARROLL, president of the Lynn Cycle Track Association, has accepted the position of agent for the Heeler's Assembly, K. of L., and he will retire from an active interest in wheeling matters.

IT is said that Chief Consul Bidwell, of New York, has a plan which is being intelligently and legally pushed, and that it will fall like a thunderbolt from a clear sky on the heads of those who deny wheelmen the right to ride in the parks, and end the question in favor of wheelmen. Let the bolt descend.

THE second annual road race promoted by the *American Wheelman* will take place immediately after the League meet.

FRED MORSE, of St. Louis, has invented a new handle, which is described a cross between a T and a spade. The Pope Manufacturing Co. will adopt it for their wheels.

THE Lynn Cycle Club will hold a grand ball and exhibition on New Year's night.

WM. VINAL BURT, formerly of Stall & Burt, is now a fire insurance agent, located in the Equitable. Two men once located at "bicycle corner" now smile from behind desks under the roof of the Equitable — Papa Weston and Billy Burt.

WE club the CYCLE with the *American Wheelman*, or the *Wheelman's Gazette*, for \$1.00 a year.

L. S. C. LADISH, John S. Rogers, E. R. Stettinius, and Lindell Gordon, are the owners and managers of the *American Wheelman*.

CAPT. W. M. BREWSTER, of St. Louis, made a riding record of 4,275 miles the past year. This averages over 500 miles a month, counting his riding months only.

A. T. STEPHENS, of the Missouri Club, received the club gold medal for the best riding record of 1886. His mileage was 4,178 miles. Capt. Brewster's position made him ineligible to competition for the medal.

THE *Bulletin* and *Post-Dispatch* are having a lively tilt over the resignation of E. R. Stettinius, secretary of the Ramblers. The former says it was a press of business that led to the resignation, and the latter says it was induced by a spiteful reflection on him in the *Bulletin*. And there you are!

THE Columbus (Ga.) bicyclists want Percy Stone and Whittaker to run off their race on that track. This invitation would give them a chance to "have at each other" any time this winter. Percy says he will race there willingly. Whit. is now to be heard from.

HARRY ETHERINGTON, proprietor of *London Wheeling*, has been sued for libel by G. Lacy Hillier, for reproducing in *Wheeling* a recent article in the *Wheelmen's Gazette*, in which Hillier is called an "imbecile" and a "fop." — *Union*.

A. G. HILL, president of the Florence (Mass.) Cycle Club, and a member of the board of officers, L. A. W., was elected Mayor of Northampton 7 Dec. His election was a victory for the reform and temperance parties, and in his own district (Florence) there were very few votes cast against him.

THE Lynn Club made Woodside an honorary member, and now Morgan, who is Woodside's manager, asks the Springfield Club to do the same.

A BICYCLE weighing but 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb, with a tin saddle, has been constructed in England for a racing man named Travers.

THE Springfield Club is still debating the question of salaries for the officers. A vote has been taken in favor of a reduction, but it will come up again at the next meeting on a question of reconsideration.

THE Springfield Club is going to do the fair thing by those who subscribed to pay off their indebtedness in 1883, and will pay back all who came forward at that time. The club will have a series of dances, and give up its annual ball.

THE Secretary of the L. A. W. announces that he is ready to receive applications for life membership.

THE Citizens, of New York, entertained the Citizenesses at their new club house, 22 November, and now there is an air of sanctity about the place never felt before.

AND now the "Owl" has pirated the League Badge. If we should say "Rats,"

we suppose the owl would come off its perch; but we will not badger it.

THE Facile makers announce a new tricycle and a rear-driving safety. The tricycle has two small wheels in front, and the feet work on levers attached to a rod which runs to and turns a crank on the axle of the large rear wheel. The "Skipper" safety is modeled after the Humber safety, and has a lever and crank appliance like the Facile.

IRISH bulls are world-famous, and, perhaps, deservedly so; but is there no such thing as an English bull? A well-known agent in the north of England had the following sentence on his printed list: "All future lists cancelled." This is a fact, as also the following: A branch manager for a large cycle firm, seeing a new machine of another maker, exclaimed, "Copying again! Copying again; that's just the way with that firm; they have made the very thing we are going to make." — *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*.

THE following advertisement appeared in a metropolitan daily lately: "For Sale, a tricycle belonging to a lady requiring to be enameled and trued. Apply to —."

A WHEELING chappie recently told a spirited girl, whom he had been making sheep's eyes at all the evening, that the rim of his front wheel was like his love for her. "How's that?" asked the sprightly maiden. "It has no end, pretty one." "Thanks very much, dear boy. It also correctly resembled my love for you." "Oh, how's that?" asked the chappie, overjoyed at having made a mash so successfully. Quoth the maiden coyly: "It has no beginning." Then the music started, and another partner claimed his dance.

THE representatives of the two clubs who have undertaken to secure increased park privileges for New York riders, Messrs. E. J. Schriver, Jr., and F. W. Kitching, of the New Yorks, and Messrs. O. L. Moses and F. A. Egan, of the Ixions, were to have appeared before the Park Board at its last meeting, to learn the fate of the petition submitted some time since. Unfortunately, owing to a misunderstanding as to the time, the committee failed to come together; but two of its members, accompanied by Mr. Alfred Conkling as counsel, had a long talk with the Park Board. Mr. Borden was decidedly opposed to any change in the present arrangements, Messrs. Beekman and Crimmins were non-committal, and Mr. Powers was decidedly in favor of granting increased rights. No satisfactory settlement was arrived at, but after some correspondence, Commissioner Crimmins agreed to propose at the next meeting, that the park be thrown open as an experiment during the next few months. — *Wheel*.

SPEAKING of the new Wheel Board of Trade, one of the dealers said, the other day: "It is what we have long needed. There are many abuses in the cycle trade which cannot be corrected by any other means than through a board of trade. In the past there has been more or less rivalry between the different firms, each working for its own interest, regardless of everyone else, and this eagerness to promote one's personal interest has oftentimes resulted in downright personal injury. Take, for in-

stance, our agents. A man may write to us stating that he has become tired of selling a certain make of cycles, and would like to sell our machines. Now it may be, and has in times past happened, that the reason this agent wants to make a change is because he is in debt to the other firm. One of the objects of the board will be to prepare a black list, on which will appear the names of all bad bill settlers. Another object will be to settle the matter of discounts. The way the dealers are cutting one another has been a terrible loss to all of us. Of course, the acceptance of records and other union matters will all be attended to. I suppose the rule will be that if any dealer fails to live up to his agreement he will be expelled from the board."

H. G. KENNEDY, the Denver (Col.) Wheel Co.'s repairer, has contrived a new pedal that will give a small wheel any desired reach, so a rider of a 56-inch machine can have the same reach on a 48-inch. Its advantages are ease in mounting from the small size of the machine used, and power on hills and in sand, there being no dead centres to overcome. The arrangement resembles a stirrup hung on a pedal pin and attached to the crank. It will permit of a fancy rider's having a machine for fancy riding and road use all in one. — *American Wheelman*.

FAED advises that a tricycle be pulled up hill, rather than pushed. He says: "Dr. Stoney's daughters invariably have their tricycles provided with a stout cord, rigged up on the top of the steering-wheel fork, which serves as a tow-line. To insure true steering, a length of flat iron rod is secured under the lock-nut of the steering-head, like a head-lamp bracket would be, and this projects forward for some six or nine inches, so that the wheel will follow the direction in which the cord is drawn, steering the tricycle in the course pursued by the person towing it, without any tendency to eccentric visits to adjacent ditches. A loop in the free end of the cord takes a short piece of smooth wooden stick, facilitating comfortable draught, and enabling the rider — or tower — to pass the line round his arm, over his shoulder, or in any other position he fancies most agreeable. Upon remounting at the top of a hill, the line is quickly rolled up and hitched on to the nearest convenient part of the frame."

INSANITY has increased over sixty per cent. in Massachusetts within the last six months. The cause has been a mystery to medical men, but to me it is plain; and if the Reverend Abbot don't stop that pun factory of his in the *Cycle*, he will have the balance of the State in the same condition as this sixty per cent. of increase. Homœopaths follow the motto of "*similia similibus curantur*," or "like cures like," which belief is also expressed in the more homely adage of "taking some of the hair of the dog that bit you." The doctors in the State Asylum of Massachusetts adopt this rule. When any patient is particularly violent, they now resort to a new remedy. Instead of the old shower-bath and straight-jacket, they simply threaten to read them extracts from the *Cycle*, and the patient is immediately reduced to the utmost submission. In extra violent cases they produce a copy of the

Cycle and show it to the patient, and there is not a case on record where it has failed to curb the most violent maniacs. — *The Owl, in Bulletin.*

THE CYCLE will not deny the impeachment; but when it comes in this form from one who is a chief among punsters, we will be Frank enough to say, don't do it Egan.

A FRIEND of mine, who nearly always wears knickerbockers, appeared on the street the other day in long trousers. I stopped him and asked the reason of the sudden change. "Keep it still," he whispered, "for the sake of the wheel, but I am looking for a boarding-house." "Well," said I, in amazement, "what's that got to do with your shorts?" "Just this," he answered; "you see the landlady, if she saw my knickerbockers, would say, 'He's a bicyclist, and consequently has an awful appetite'; and away would go my chance of getting that room. No, I'll wait till the agreement is all made before I let her know that I tone up my digestion with a good spin." — *Spectator.*

WHITTAKER is confined to his bed. He caught a severe cold while riding the other day, and it settled in his bones and muscles, so that he is unable to stand on his feet. As soon as he is well he will be placed in charge of the sundry and repair department of Gormully & Jeffery, a responsible position, as this firm monopolize the Western trade in matters of difficult repairs.

THE minstrel entertainment of the K. C. W., Brooklyn, 9 Dec., was eminently successful. The programme was a remarkably good one, ending with the farce, "The Unhappy Pair."

GORMULLY & JEFFERY are busy making stock for the expected demand next season. The upper loft of the new building is a much higher room than any of the others, and will be used for storage. They propose to crate the machines as they are finished, so as to be able to ship immediately on receipt of order. The atmosphere is kept uniform by an elaborate system of piping, and the finish will therefore remain unharmed. It takes three engines to run the pressure plant, aggregating one hundred horse. Gormully & Jeffery will never build a racing wheel, probably. While they believe in sustaining race meets, realizing that they make bicycle riders, they cannot see that a track reputation will do the reputation of their roadsters any good. Whittaker's time for the first ten miles of his famous twenty-mile run on the road, was twenty-nine minutes one and four-fifths seconds. The Champion he uses has been run over twenty-five hundred miles at the speed he travels in training, and is as good, apparently, as ever — a staunch showing.

THE PATH.

NEW YORK, 4 DECEMBER. — Games of the Seventh Regiment. *One-mile Bicycle Race.* — E. Valentine, 40 yards (1), 3 9/10. A. B. Rich, scratch (2). *Three-mile Race.* — E. Valentine, 125 yards (1), 10.20 1/4 C. F. Berhaus (2).

FARIBAULT, MINN., 25 NOVEMBER. — *Twelve-hour Race in Rink.* — Fred Straub

(1), 139 miles, 3 laps; Louis Fleckenstein (2), 138 miles, 3 laps. Track seventeen laps to the mile.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 25 NOVEMBER. — *Twenty-Five-mile Road Race.* — F. A. Elwell (1), 1.37.20; L. R. Lazelier (2) by a length; H. A. Adcock (3) by ten lengths.

OMAHA, NEB., 11 DECEMBER. — The six days forty-eight hour bicycle race, for the championship of the United States, closed here at 10.30 o'clock to-night (Saturday), and was won by John S. Prince, who made seven hundred and sixty-seven miles and nine laps, beating the record made in Minneapolis last month by twenty-seven miles. Frank Dingley of Minneapolis covered seven hundred and sixty-five miles. Albert Schock, of Chicago, seven hundred and fifty-six miles; Tim Hardwick, of Kansas, seven hundred and forty-six; and E. H. Bullock, of Omaha, six hundred and seventy-two.

MONDAY next the six-day bicycle race projected by W. J. Morgan starts at Minneapolis. All the pro's will enter.

THE CLUB.

THE Chelsea Cycle Club held its first social on Wednesday, 8 December. There was a very large attendance of wheelmen, including Chief Consul Hayes, of Massachusetts; Captain Peck, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club; President Maxwell, of the Somerville Club, and representatives from clubs in Boston, Malden, Melrose, East Boston, and other surrounding cities. The hall was decorated with good taste. From the centre of the ceiling was hung a full nickelled wheel, and below this was a lantern alight and the club colors, and from the chandeliers depended small cycle wheels. Captain Frost was floor director, and he was ably assisted. J. Howard Richardson furnished the music. The Order bore upon its front a special design, made by W. M. Johnson, of Boston, showing a wheelman on a scorch.

THE fourth annual ball of the Binghamton, N. Y., Club was held on 5 December, and was the social event of the season. Eighteen dances were on the order.

THE annual meeting and supper of the Manchester Bicycle Club occurred 4 December, and the following officers were elected: President, Frank O. Moulton; secretary, Herbert S. Fish; treasurer, Clarence E. Temple; captain, H. M. Bennett; first lieutenant, John Newton; second lieutenant, Daniel Price; bugler, William Price; color bearer, Clarence D. Palmer. The club has recently leased a suite of rooms in the Opera block, which are now being fitted up for the accommodation of the members. It is expected that the new headquarters will be ready for occupancy about 15 December. Eight members of the club have wheeled 11,800 miles since the previous election.

AT the annual meeting of the Union County Wheelmen of Westfield, N. J., held 6 Dec. 1886, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson; treasurer, Albert Farrington; captain, Frank S. Miller.

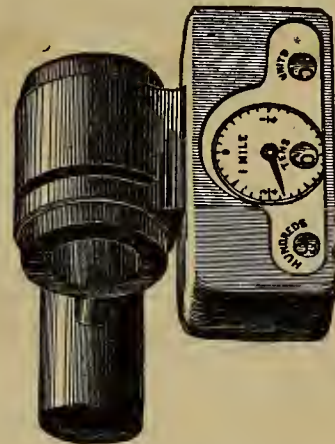
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The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

STRICKLAND & PIERCE,
156 and 156 1/2 Summer Street,
BOSTON.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste. — Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nickelled or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 696, Fall River, Mass.



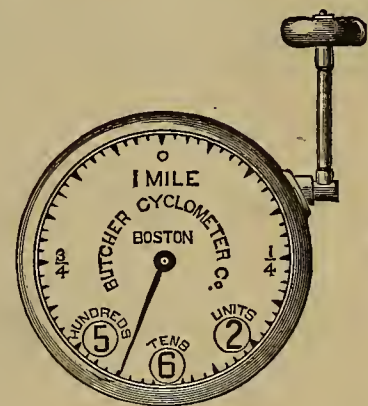
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Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

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Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by

Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

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Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

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Room 47, St. Cloud Building,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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COLUMBIA
CALENDAR
FOR 1887.

A SEPARATE SLIP FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

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FULLY EQUAL TO ANY DOLLAR CALENDAR IN THE MARKET.

The Calendar will be sent by mail, prepaid, securely packed, on receipt of twelve 2-cent stamps.

THE POPE MFG. CO.

597 WASHINGTON STREET, - - BOSTON.

12 Warren Street, NEW YORK. ——— BRANCH HOUSES ——— 115 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 13.

BOSTON, MASS., 24 DECEMBER, 1886.

THREE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

THE

AMERICAN CHAMPION

STILL IN THE LEAD.

20 * MILES * ON * A * STRAIGHTAWAY * COUNTRY * ROAD

— IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF —

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THE CYCLE

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to insure insertion the same week.

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THE A. C. U. has suggested to the L. A. W. the appointment of a committee to consider the expediency of a change in the amateur rule. When a very considerable number of the L. A. W. see the need for a change it may be well to appoint such a committee. At present, any report from a committee of this kind looking to a change in the rule would be buried under an avalanche of votes. The rank and file will decide this question.

EDITOR PRIALL is after the League with the proverbial sharp stick. He says the League has done nothing, and furthermore says that the *Bulletin* could not get a handful of subscribers if those who received it had to pay for it. This makes good our remark that mayhap Editor Aaron's policy will bring the wheel press down upon him and the League. The CYCLE does not altogether agree with Editor Priall, however.

WE regret very much that Daisie has been unable to send us her weekly contribution this week. She dropped her pen at the imperative commands of a serious illness, but we are happy to inform her friends that she is now convalescent, and hopes to be able to take up her work again next week.

AN advertiser, in a contemporary, who is given to slating the machines of other makers in his advertisements, says that he will not make wooden wheels so long as he has money to buy steel, and furthermore, that his wheels are not driven by a "pump-your-wind-out" lever motion. This is all very well, but suppose the other fellow should say, "We don't have to go to England for ideas, and our machine is not a servile copy of an English one?" That would be very hard, and we hope the other fellow won't say it.

THE proprietor of a contemporary is suing Gormully & Jeffery and that paper says, "We sincerely hope the cloud (the suit) may be dispelled without extreme measures having been resorted to." If he doesn't want a row, why doesn't he call off his dog?

CHRISTMAS AT CLOVER HILL.

BY COLIN GRAY.

(Commenced in issue 17 December.)

LAP V.

THE chief object of this veracious chronicle is, of course, to describe the manner in which we spent Christmas at Clover Hill; but I find some difficulty in handling the subject properly. It was much more pleasant to go through with than to describe.

We had games of "Copenhagen," and "Find the Thimble," and "Boston," and "Stage Coach," and "Rooster" and "Clap in and Clap Out;" in the latter of which the gallant Capt. Bombshell took his seat before Miss Araminta, and triumphantly remained, amidst protestations from everybody that they had a previous arrangement; and then, tired of these games, tired of looking at the stars and wishing, and gazing at the moon over their left shoulders, and throwing apple parings to discover their intended wives or husbands — tired of all this, and far from sleepy, the whole party made up a grand quadrille, to which succeeded a waltz, in which Capt. Bombshell and Miss Araminta figured; and then the whole was terminated by a wild and uproarious ten-pin cotillion.

The dancing at an end, some question of the propriety of retiring began to be mooted. But this was quickly vetoed; and Sam Towers having proposed ghost stories, his idea was hailed with enthusiasm. The young ladies gathered in a party upon low crickets, cushions, and pillows on the floor; the gentlemen essayed to imitate them; and Mr. Towers having carefully put out the light, and reduced the fire to a bed of dim coals,

the fearful amusement of relating ghost stories duly commenced.

Long afterward this evening was talked of, and various gentlemen were charged with the impropriety of pressing young ladies' hands in the darkness. These breaches of propriety were indignantly denied by them, and laid to the blame of the youthful members of the establishment; but as there was an evident "misunderstanding" of some description, I forbear from further dwelling upon a topic so very delicate and mysterious.

Thus the days sped onward, and the Christmas eve came in with joyful uproar. The very genius of mirth seemed to have taken up his abode at Clover Hill; and from the highest to the lowest — from the oldest to the youngest — every one seemed to revel in the glory of the time, and cast all sorrow to the winds.

We neglected not a single custom of the Christmas holiday. We hung our stockings by the chimney on the evening before, that Santa Claus might remember us, and the Christmas tree was not forgotten. An immense cedar was procured and decorated with candles, with muslin bags containing candy, and with pop-corn strung on threads, with cranberries interspersed.

Thus everything was ready; and with a few words in the way of preface, I shall proceed at once to tell what happened on the eventful day so long looked forward to, and now about to be heralded with joy and laughter.

LAP VI.

The few words in the way of preface will concern themselves with the state of things between a certain young gentleman and Miss Henrietta.

Her parents died when she was yet a child, and she was left alone in the world. And yet she was not alone, for her father, John Farmiloe, and Uncle Joshua had been very intimate friends, and in dying he left his only daughter to the charge of one whom he had proved to be of sterling worth. Uncle Joshua took Henrietta to his home, and managed her inheritance with great frugality. She was, in fact, his ward, but no daughter was dearer to him than was Henrietta. As a boy, I had been a frequent visitor at Clover Hill, and I had seen much of the young lady, and to have not loved her would have been a mortal sin — from which, fortunately, or unfortunately, my conscience was entirely clear. A more lovely nature I have never known, and this was not my own opinion merely. All the young men went crazy about the little beauty, and if report spoke truly, more than one of them had received a certain "No, I thank you, sir," in answer to a certain request.

Such had been the fate of Henrietta's wooers; but now came one who appeared really dangerous. There was much in Mr. Wilsonby to conciliate a young lady's favorable regards; and I think Henrietta, with

her habitual magnanimity, looked quite beyond his faults, and saw his merits only. He was brave, honorable, and generous; pride was his sole bad quality, or at least his chief drawback. And perhaps this weakness also would disappear after further knowledge of the world, and when age had sobered him. Certain it is that Henrietta treated Mr. Wilsonby with great courtesy and good humor, defended him when Sam Towers abused him, and declared that he was a great deal better than people supposed.

If I remember rightly, this course upon Miss Henrietta's part was far from agreeable to my feelings. To me Mr. Wilsonby was, of course, a perfect mass of affectations and pretension. I do not mind adding that his great offense—his unpardonable crime—was being so rich. I hated him with lofty indignation for that wealth; I referred constantly to the debasing influence of large possessions; I made out an excellent case for the army of poor gentlemen; but I could only get a smile from Henrietta, which made me more indignant than an angry frown.

As to Mr. Wilsonby, I doubt whether the idea ever obtained lodgment in that gentleman's mind that such a personage as myself could possibly pretend to be his rival. That a young fellow, preparing himself to starve at law, should bid against him for so beautiful and costly an object as Miss Henrietta Farmiloe, I am sure never seriously appeared possible to him.

This was the state of things on Christmas eve; and on this occasion Mr. Wilsonby was overwhelmingly gracious to me. He patronized me until my blood tingled; and I thought there was a mischievous expression in the eyes of the young ladies, indicative of their enjoyment of the scene. I lost my temper, grew extremely haughty, and Mr. Wilsonby turned away with well-bred indifference to talk with Henrietta, who replied with her sweetest smile.

I made my exit amidst a murmur of smothered laughter, and did not appear again that evening. On the next morning I met Miss Henrietta on the staircase, with profound ceremony and a stately bow.

"Good-morning, Will," she said, holding out her white hand, and smiling with the sweetest expression I ever saw; "you are not put out with me, or anybody, are you? You retired so early last night that I thought—"

"My being put out, or not, I should consider a matter of very small moment," I replied, with stately politeness and despairing wretchedness.

Her eyes met mine, and there was so much pain in them that my resolution faltered and shook.

"Are you offended with me, Will?" she said in a low voice. "I never thought you would—"

The fair face was turned away, and quick tears came to the beautiful eyes. They shipwrecked all my remaining displeasure, and in an instant I had caught her hand and commenced a speech decidedly compromising in its character.

But, alas for love's chances! Just as I was about to pour out all my pent-up affection, the voice of Captain Bombshell, as he descended, saluted us, and, with a hasty good-morning to that gentleman, Henrietta flitted by and disappeared.

I frowned at the worthy Captain, I think, but I was no longer ill-humored. A single look had healed my wounds.

LAP VII.

So Christmas came in laughing, and the joyous, splendid day rushed by with mirth and uproar; the great dinner was gone through with; the toasts to absent friends were drunk; the children's Christmas tree was reared aloft with all its gleaming tapers, pop-corn garlands, and gifts which clung like so many birds' nests to the boughs; then the great hall and every room was lighted, lamps blazed and glimmered through festoons of evergreen, and the night of revel came, with a dozen carriages full of revellers.

The actors in the fancy ball were nowhere to be seen. They were in the green-room, or rather the two apartments dedicated to the necessities of costume; and soon from these remote haunts they defiled down the great staircase and entered the drawing-room in a magnificent procession, amidst universal laughter, admiration and applause.

How the whole bright scene comes back again as I pause, and smile, and muse! How the beautiful pageant of sweet faces and gay dresses shines again through the mists of those vanished years!

Of the Highlanders, and pirates, and banditti, and sailors, I shall not pause particularly to speak; of the fairer forms I must, however, needs say something. How they pass before me now in a long, bright line—"Folly," with her dazzling silks, and scarfs, and ribbons, and jingling sleigh-bells tied under her robe, and tender eyes, which looked into your own with a sweetness truthfully reflecting the pure heart; the stately "Autumn," with her necklace and rosary of small crimson apples; the "Morning Star," in appropriate white; the little "English Bar-Maid," with her waiter, and bright auburn hair, and fascinating smile, though not more sweet than her lovely sisters—the Gypsies, Indian Maids, and all the pageant of them! And let me not forget the "Spanish Girl"—the little Senorita of the South—her beautiful dark eyes shining softly beneath the black lace veil—herself the sweetest type of Southern loveliness, of tropical beauty! By her side walked "Night," in a black robe strewn with snowy stars—gliding like some sad poet's dream, but sad no longer, when her ringing laugh was heard! If "Night" at all, it was a splendid night of midsummer, with a harvest moon above the tree-tops, and the star of love upon the very horizon of the sunset!

So much for the leading characters of the revel; but what words shall I use to describe the young lady who represented "Madame la Countess de P——?" She wore a blue checked silk, with a pink gown festooned above; her bare arms and shoulders were quite dazzling, and her hair, carried back after the old fashion from her temples, was covered with powder. It was a little countess of the elder day which I looked at—one of the old French *noblesse*—and never was the character more truthfully represented. It may be said that I am no impartial witness, as I happened to be madly, wildly in love with Madam—did I fail to mention that unimportant fact?—

but everybody thought as I did, and especially Mr. Wilsonby, who could not keep his British official gaze from dwelling on her face.

So commenced the gay and brilliant ball, and anon came dancing to the music of piano and fiddle,—excuse me, violin. We had the polka and the waltz. Very little polka and very much waltz. We danced the quadrille, the Virginia reel, and once more the ten-pin.

Then came the supper, then the *tableaux*, of which I have not room to speak; then the drama—the great tragedy!

Here, all at once, the sovereignty devolved on "Jemmy Twitcher," *alias* Samuel Towers, Esq. That gentleman had hitherto contented himself with throwing everybody into convulsions by his comic rendering of the part he had assumed; but now Mr. Twitcher, vagabond, became the great manager—upon him devolved the arrangement of the theatrical pageant, and to the task Mr. Towers bent all his energies. The recess from which a door opened into a library had already been partitioned off with a curtain, or, rather, curtains, which parted in the middle, and thus presented a view of the scene. The library was the common green-room of the performers, who required no change of costume; and to this apartment every one now resorted.



"Parts" were duly distributed; lights were arranged behind the curtain, and all others in the drawing-room extinguished to render the pictures more dazzling; then, having first rung a huge cow-bell prepared for the occasion, Mr. Sam Towers, with his official wand, beckoned every one to his or her station. A suppressed whispering in the audience indicated the general expectation; the bell rung again, the curtain rose, and Captain Bombshell, who had taken, at the last moment, the part of the "Pirate," advanced, with a terrific stalk, upon the stage, and commenced his soliloquy.

The appearance of Captain Bombshell upon this occasion was truly terrific. His head was bound with a crimson turban—indeed, it was Miss Araminta's shawl—around his waist a heavy scarf held the Turkish yataghan, with which Uncle Joshua was accustomed to cut sausages, and the countenance which frowned above this frightful dress was full of the most blood-thirsty ferocity.

The captain complained to "the seas and hollow caves" around him that his heart was dead; that since Zuleika left him he was but a walking shadow; and then, as he strode onward, or rather around, the Pirate was seen to start. The "Countess of P——" had suddenly appeared in the distance mounting the hill upon her tricycle. She was waited for. He was there to intercept her, for British gold had crossed his palm, and he had consented to bear the countess to the arms of a British officer. He withdrew to let her approach her doom.

Now enters Henrietta, as the countess, upon a tricycle, the chain of which has been removed. She appears to be pedalling with all her might, but close observers noticed that the machine was pulled on by a string which ran to the wings. She stops in the centre of the stage to rest. Then enters the terrible pirate, and drags her from the machine. She throws herself upon her knees,

THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE

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and begs for mercy. The terrible pirate threw himself into an attitude which drew down thunders of applause. The scene ended by the falling of the curtain, amidst applause still more enthusiastic, and the worthy captain made his exit to the green-room, or rather library, twirling his mustache and smiling. I observed that he and Miss Araminta did not exchange views upon the subject of the piece; and when the warrior paid Henrietta a compliment of immense extravagance, I saw Miss Araminta's pretty lip assume a decided pout. It seemed to me that Miss Araminta was disquieted by the admiration which her lover expressed for the Countess, but I had no opportunity of observing further. The play proceeded.

The next act was short, sharp, and snappy. The Countess is seen lashed to the handlebar of the tricycle, while the pirate sits upon the seat and pedals vigorously. He is taking her to the British officer. She is pleading for mercy. He heeds not, but pedals on. The scene would have been more effective had the rear scenes moved along, but Mr. Towers said that so long as the pirate kept his feet going the people would think the machine was moving. It was an illusion in which the imagination was given large scope. The curtain fell as the pirate exclaimed,

“Now, by all the gods, we are here. Fair lady, I have done with thee.”

To describe the play for the next two acts would be hard, indeed. The pirate had brought in his captive. He was at home, and the play pretended to show the characteristics of a pirate's home on shore. The great author had taken pains to render any intelligible description of his production utterly out of the question, and I recommend the course pursued by Mr. Towers on this occasion to some of my literary friends. They render their works too intelligible, whereas every great production should be mysterious. Such was “The Pirate of the Ægean.” It proceeded with a grand contempt of the *unities* of both time and place. As there were no painted scenes, the audience, generally speaking, were utterly unable to comprehend the localities, and by this masterly arrangement Mr. Towers achieved his triumph. Gypsies, Highlanders, wheelmen, Indian maidens, and ladies mingled themselves picturesquely with the plot, and took part in it. “Night” and the Spanish damsel danced the cachucha; and when the Pirate of the Ægean felt for his sabre to execute a contumacious slave, he discovered that the weapon in question had been stolen by Mr. Twitcher, who was

busily paring his finger nails, to the intense enjoyment of the juveniles in the audience.

Thus with laughter and joyous uproar the tragedy went onward until the fifth act was reached, and the great scene of all was enacted. The fair captive was delivered into the hands of the British officer, who proceeded to lead her to his home, when in rushed a slave,—

“Mighty Pirate, your scouts have discovered upon the horizon an army of wheelmen. They come this way to succor the Countess, and one rides ahead who hath fire in his eye, and he cries for vengeance.”

Then was the cheek of the British officer seen to blanch. He seized the Countess, and was about to lash her to the tricycle, when in rides the American on his wheel, armed with a deadly foil. Meantime the Pirate and his crew had gone out to meet the army of wheelmen, and a great noise behind the scenes represented a deadly combat. The British officer and the American wheelman are face to face, glaring at each other. The latter grasps the Countess and places her behind him, meanwhile pointing his foil at the officer.

Mr. Wilsonby did not forget his part. No sooner had I appeared upon the scene, and caught the arm of the Countess, than

the Briton threw himself toward me, and our foils crossed. I was an excellent fencer at that time, and I soon saw that my opponent was my equal, if not my superior. The collision seemed to excite him as much as me, and in a moment we were striking at each other with a ferocity which was rather too natural to be a part of the drama. I saw Mr. Wilsonby growing hot and enraged; his eyes glared upon me, and his teeth were set, as I did not give back an inch. So far from retreating, I advanced upon him, as indeed the play required, and drove him step by step to the wall. Here it was his place to fall, while I carried off the lady; but Mr. Wilsonby did nothing of the sort. He made a violent lunge at me, his foil snapped an inch from the end, and then I felt as if some one had pierced my arm with a red-hot needle. I only saw some frightened faces, felt a body which I clutched furiously, and dragged with me in my fall, then I fainted.

When I regained my senses, in a few moments, my shoulder was bare, and Aunt Dulys's hands were binding up my wound. Mr. Wilsonby stood by, protesting in a stately way, that he regretted the occurrence, but accidents would happen; and I remember laughing, and telling him it was only a scratch. Then a sort of dizziness came over me, a cloud passed before my eyes, and when it disappeared I was upstairs in bed.

The wound became inflamed, from the rusty condition of the foil, doubtless; and I had a fever, which kept me tossing for three weeks. I suffered immense pain from my arm, and I thought my pulses were two steam engines, so full of fever was my frame. Still, in spite of all, I do not regret that illness, Perhaps it was the luckiest event of my life.

LAP VIII. THE BELL LAP.

I have told of some of the incidents which were a part of our Christmas at Clover Hill, and as no more remains to be said upon the subject, I might pause, and leave my narrative as it is.

But perhaps it may interest you to know the meaning of that last mysterious sentence.

Well, the explanation is not excessively difficult. I was nursed in a great measure by a young lady named Henrietta. This young lady would bring her work, and sit by my bedside for hours; would read to me innumerable romances, in the sweetest and most musical voice; and when, often, I would fall asleep in the midst of some thrilling adventure, it seemed to me that gentle hands smoothed my counterpane, a beautiful face bent over me, and a pair of soft eyes gazed upon my feverish countenance through a mist of pity and compassion. At such times I did not stir or open my eyes. I feared to drive away the happy dream. I lay quietly breathing, filled with happiness.

One day Henrietta came into my room, and I observed a merry light in her eyes, a mischievous smile upon her lips, and when she spoke her voice indicated a decided tendency toward laughter. The origin of all this merriment soon came to be discovered. On that morning Captain Bombshell had requested Miss Araminta to promenade with him in the portico; there he had assured her of his

everlasting devotion, and the impossibility of living without her. In a word the amiable warrior had "popped the question" to Miss Araminta, and that lady had not been cruel. On the next day Captain Bombshell came with a radiant countenance to bid me farewell, and having confidentially informed me that he was as gay as a lark, by Jove, sir! and would soon be a married Benedict, sir! the inoffensive warrior wrung my hand with ardor, twirled his great mustache, and disappeared humming a martial song.

Three days after Bombshell's departure, Henrietta came in to pay me her habitual morning visit; and again I observed a singular expression in her countenance. It was now no longer merry and mischievous. The expression was agitated, and, I thought, a little stately and indignant. She looked more than ever like a Countess, and I informed her of the fact; still I could not induce her to explain her emotion, and her visit to my apartment was quickly terminated.

It was not until the next day that I heard from Aunt Dulys that Henrietta had discarded Mr. Wilsonby. The good lady seemed to regard the matter with much equanimity, for Mr. Wilsonby had never been a favorite with her; and, indeed, her face wore a decided smile as she plied her knitting and talked on. Mr. Wilsonby, she said, had expressed extreme surprise at the result, and even grown angry and complained of Henrietta's deportment towards him, "such as any gentleman, madam, might construe into encouragement." To which indignant and haughty words it seemed Miss Henrietta had replied with equal *hauteur*, that she was not responsible for Mr. Wilsonby's various constructions of her demeanor toward him; if he had discovered more than ordinary courtesy in her manner, she regretted it, assuring him that she had been wholly misunderstood. Mr. Wilsonby had grown angry upon this, made a speech of chilling ceremony, and begged leave to take his departure.

So had ended the hopes of this gentleman. I think Henrietta liked him up to the evening of Christmas; but he had displayed such want of sympathy for my suffering — indeed, showed so plainly that I was utterly indifferent to him — that the young lady's generous nature had revolted from him, and outlawed him from her friendship even. Was it — to hazard a briefer thought — from love to me? I think not. Up to that Christmas evening I don't think Henrietta cared more for me than our friendship made natural. But afterward things changed — the heart of a woman was touched by the suffering of a youth. There — I wander from my sketch of Christmas frolicking, and become the historian of my own life.

Why not? Is it not an appropriate picture for the curtain of the drama to descend upon — the beautiful Countess ministering at the bedside of her brave defender — as she gazes on his thin, pale face, passing from affection to pitying tenderness, and from tenderness to love? Nor is it a bad termination to a Christmas frolic — a happy marriage — at least I think so.

Mine has been happy. I do not tell my wife so, for she knows it. Her name is Henrietta, and for me she glows with imperishable youth.

CYCLETTS.

CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas season 's near,
With all its wealth and cheer,
And though the fields are bare and birds are mute, mute,
mute,

And chilly blows the breeze,
Yet soon the Christmas trees
Will stagger 'neath their heavy loads of fruit, fruit, fruit.

The hose of old and young
Will very soon be hung
Behind the stove, and through the soot and dust, dust, dust,

Old Santa with a hum,
Will down the chimney come,
And cram them full until they almost bust, bust, bust.

Glad season of the year!
When all is mirth and cheer,
And folks to help their poorest neighbors try, try, try,

Good-will pervades the air,
There 's kindness everywhere;
All things are lovely, and the fowl hangs high, high, high.

When snow lies cold without,
Or flies in drifts about,
And gales blow directly from the pole, pole, pole,

The widow's heart then cheer,
And dry the orphan's tear,
By sending them supplies of wood and coal, coal, coal.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

AND a happy New Year.

IT seems superfluous to wish our readers a Merry Christmas.

THEY are bound to have it, for the lives of all our subscribers are one round of enjoyment.

NEVERTHELESS we wish them a Merry Christmas as a matter of form.

IF there are people who do not read the CYCLE, it is not our fault if their Christmas be not a merry one.

WE wish all our contemporaries a Merry Christmas. We are at peace with them all, and they all still remain our esteemed, etc.

"WITHOUT the doot let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

OUR Christmas will be merry, but it would be merrier were we able to boast the editorial ability and the great business capacity of some of our e. c.'s.

SANTA CLAUS is now regnant. We had to put in a clause of that kind.

THE Overman Wheel Company has commenced suit against Gormully & Jeffery, for the infringement of the Bown ball-bearing patent. The claimed infringement applies to all of the better grade of machines having adjustable ball bearings. They are sued for the amount of \$20,000.

POSSIBLY Stone and Whittaker will have a whack at each other on the Columbus, Ga., track. The Columbians want them, and Cola says he is willing. Whit. to be heard from. — *World*. We are glad that Cola is willing, but we wonder how Percy got the news from him.

WOODSIDE claims to be suffering from a kidney complaint.

OLD Father Christmas once again
Has come to cheer us up,
We welcome in the old man's reign
By passing round the cup.

Our wiry steeds are stowed away
Till frost and ice are o'er,
Till woods resound with linnets' lay,
And flowers appear once more.

Outside the snow is falling fast,
In flakes of purest white;
But what care we for winter's blast,
Our fire is burning bright.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

Is all that we tax you.

FOR a year of the CYCLE.

AND no more will we ax you.

THAT's very bad rhyme, but the truth is
in it, just the same.

THE CYCLE has a good turn for every
one.

As a Christmas present, we claim to be
very cheap and very good.

Now is the time to subscribe. That's a
good deal of a chestnut, but chestnuts are
now ripe.

We have told the world that now is the
important time for a good many years, and
we begin to believe it ourselves.

THE *Bulletin* has reached an eventful
hour, for all of its subscribers will have to
send in their dollars once again.

WE hope to see the 15,000 next year;
and we certainly shall do so.

AND yet we have no successful ice tire
yet; though many have tried, none have hit
the proper thing.

HENRY E. DUCKER was in Boston last
week, and went the round of the cycling
houses. He paid his respects to the wooden
wheels.

ENGLISH cyclists are prone to visit the
club "smoker," just now. Santa Claus is
occupying the home smoker.

VICE-PRESIDENT KIRKPATRICK was in
town last week, and we enjoyed an hour or
more with him.

MANY of us find it expensive business to
ride the cycle, but the vice-president makes
money on his saddle.

JULIUS WILCOX, the Facile agent, has
gone across the pond to see what's going on
in England. Make him welcome, you men
over there.

IT was ladies' night at the Massachusetts
club on Saturday night. There was a very
large attendance of the fair sex, and the
committee furnished them entertainment in
the form of musical selections in the parlor,
and refreshments in the billiard room.

THE Board of Officers, L. A. W., will
meet at the Grand Union Hotel, New York,
on 17 January, at half-past nine A. M.

THE Executive Committee had a meeting
in Philadelphia last week.

THE *Bulletin* will increase its advertising
rates. There was a loss of about \$2,000 on
the paper last year.

THE following is a list of patentees of
inventions pertaining to cycling, to whom
Letters Patent were granted 14 Dec., 1886.
G. H. Gould, Somerville, Mass., cyclometer;
Wm. Hayes, Los Angeles, Cal., railway
tricycle; Alfonse Mercer, Brambleton, Va.,
tricycle.

ENGLAND sent us a Rowell, and he
"cleaned out" our pedestrians; she sent us
a Howell, who "wiped out" our cyclists;
now if she will send along a towel we will
"dry up."

WHEN Papa Weston gets a few house-
boats afloat, perhaps we may have one
fitted up as a cyclist's retreat. We might
call it the "Anchor," and make it as popular
as the "Anchor" at Ripley.

AT this time of the year, the most carefully
constructed room will not secure bright
machines against rust. Whenever warm
weather succeeds cold quickly, the moisture
is deposited on the cold steel. But if all
bright parts be previously coated with oil or
vaseline, there will be no trouble.

IF a cyclist ran over a hen and her chickens,
And with the hen's "tootsies" his wheel played the Dick-
ens,
If the hen were left kicking on lameness the brink of,
What kind of a book would you nat'rally think of?

Does it not strike you as easy to see, dear,
I would call to your fancy a *hen-cycle-o-pedia!*
— *Tri. Journal.*

J. K. STARLEY has patented a new tri-
cycle chain, or rather, band. A steel wire is
turned into a coil at intervals, and arranged
to enter corresponding recesses in the chain
wheel. The coils are made for the purpose
of allowing the wires to twist or untwist
without breaking as the chain wheel re-
volves, and the strips adjust themselves to
the straight or the curve without undue
strain.

THE English mile record is held by Furni-
vall at 2.32 $\frac{2}{5}$.

"FAED" is on the verge of matrimony.
So he writes us. He has our most sincere
congratulations and our best wishes for his
happiness.

NATURE has not been kind to Arthur J.
Wilson, for it has bereft him of hearing, and
left but little power in his eyes; but in spite
of all this he remains the prince of good fel-
lows, whom everybody likes.

M. D. GILLETT, who has been engaged
in the bicycle business in Springfield since
1880, has sold out to V. M. Cook and
Loring Dunbar. They will continue the
business at the old stand under Cooley's
hotel. Mr. Gillett has sold nearly 1,500
machines since he started in trade.

KARL KRON is forty years old on the 24th
of December inst. He welcomes his birth-
day with a great deal of fortitude.

W. W. STALL has shouldered his camera,
and gone south to get the alligators to sit
for their pictures.

THE next athletic entertainment of the
Massachusetts Bicycle Club will be held on
the evening of 6 January.

THE large group photograph of Massa-
chusetts club members, which has attracted
so much attention, was presented to the
club last week by the Notman Photograph
Company.

EDITOR AARON has been ill, but is again
at work.

THE Boston club will have a great game
of Polo at Winslow's Rink on the forenoon
of Christmas. As several of the participants

have never been on skates, there will be
more fun than a cartload of monkeys. The
actives will engage the associates.

MR. A. C. STEWART has sent his check
for \$100 to the Missouri club, with instruc-
tions to use it for the meet.

THE international tournament projected
and carried out by F. Cathcart, in London,
last May, will be repeated this year on a
larger scale. It will take place on the great
jubilee week in honor of the Queen, and the
probable dates are 23, 24 and 25 June. A
strong attempt will be made to have an
American team present.

IT costs high, but it would well pay our
manufacturers to send a racing team to Eng-
land on the occasion of Cathcart's interna-
tional tournament. What if Rowe should
walk away with everything! Why, we could
not hold the American eagle down with a
hawser.

THE Christmas number of the St. Louis
Spectator is a beautiful specimen of art work,
and contains a very large quantity of timely
reading from the best of writers. We con-
gratulate the publishers on the success of
their efforts.

FREDERIC JENKINS has once again be-
come New York correspondent of the *Bulle-
tin*.

WILL PITMAN, the Vet., has designed a
Smyrna rug with a League badge in the
centre.

THE C. T. C. renewals are now due, and
although by mistake the English blanks and
not the American ones have been sent to
American members in the December Gazette,
the chief consul requests us to say that the
renewal fee is still seventy-five cents, which
should be sent, with the blank properly filled
out, to the acting deputy, Mr. Chas. H. Pot-
ter, 99 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE life-membership fee for the American
Division is twenty-five dollars. Blanks will
be found in the December Gazette, which
can be used only by members of two years'
standing, and which should be sent to Mr.
Potter as above.

THE tenth annual exhibition of bicycles,
tricycles and accessories, at the Royal Aquar-
ium, Westminster, S. W. (the Stanley
Show), will be held in London, Jan. 27 and
Feb. 5, inclusive.

"Springfield luck" holds good in all bicy-
cle matters. President Henry E. Ducker
of the Springfield Bicycle Club, has received
a cablegram from England, stating that the
Springfield contingent, which held one hun-
dred and thirty-two tickets in the Iroquois
cycle drawing, which took place last week,
had drawn one Crippler tricycle and two Wal-
tham watches. The above drawing is con-
ducted by the Iroquois cycle company, and
is very popular across the water. This is
the first time that Springfield wheelmen have
tried it, but their share of luck is still with
them. — *Republican.*

FEARS are again felt for Thomas Stevens,
who in his travels around the world on a bi-
cycle left Hong Kong for Shanghai, 4 October,
and should have reached his destination
by the early part of November, even travel-
ling only thirty miles a day. But nothing



SAFE, PRACTICAL ^{and} FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

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Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

W. W. STALL - - - 509 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discoun to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

MURRAY'S, 100 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN
AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



has been heard from him, and there is much reason to apprehend foul play, as the Chinese are not over well-disposed toward Americans.

A DISPATCH from Haverhill says: Mr. E. Moody Boynton, of West Newbury, met a delegation of business men of Haverhill, in the shoe and leather association rooms, on Friday evening, to present to them his plan for building a bicycle railroad. Mayor Weeks presided, and introduced Mr. Boynton, who exhibited various drawings, and explained the plan of construction and operation, as it exists in theory. His ideas appeared to be kindly received, and considerable encouragement was given to the scheme by capitalists who were present. His proposition is to build a short experimental line to test the practicability of the plan. It is quite probable that such a line will be built in the spring.

AN exchange says that Prince is great on a winter ride. It would be better were he great on a ride to win.

HERE is the New York Club with an original idea. It abolishes the initiation fee during the winter months. Not a bad idea that. Men must have an inducement to join a cycle club in winter.

Oh maiden fair! the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking;
Thou hast my heart, sweet one, or else
I'd put it in your stocking.

THE ladies of Minneapolis are the most enthusiastic patrons and admirers of cycling of any city in the world, judging by what has come under my notice since arriving here. They bet on any and every cycle race, with a charming disregard of condition or training, and such matters don't worry them in the least. In the Schock-Woodside twelve hour per day contest, held here last summer, a Mrs. Huber, who runs a millinery establishment down town, was not only a daily attendant at the race, but actually gambled \$800 on the same with the hardened betting-men about town. The lady even cuffed one gentleman's ears, when he ventured to remark that Schock was a "stuff" and couldn't ride a little bit. — "*Spokes*" in *Wheel*.

IF "Spokes" will call, we'll let him have the run of the dictionary for an hour, that he may get a good idea of the meaning of the word "lady."

"DAISIE" is receiving a very large number of replies to her call for riding records, and we think she will be able to present some interesting reading to those who are interested in her department.

THE January *Outing*, a special holiday number of this magazine of sport and outdoor life, has reached us; and as might be expected the sports of the season hold the place of honor. In this number Thomas Stevens tells of his trials in reaching Teheran, the capital of Persia. His article is splendidly illustrated, and gives the reader a vivid picture of what can be seen of the Orient by a shrewd Yankee wheelman. The college boy's voyage around the world introduces us to society in Japan, while the late war against the Apaches forms the theme of a richly illustrated article from the pen of an army officer. Snow-shoeing,

tobogganing, sparring, and a host of other good sports are treated of, while the full record of sports is, as usual, a leading feature of the magazine. 140 Nassau street, New York. Three dollars a year.

ACCEPTED RECORDS.

THE Records Committee of the N. C. A. have passed the following claims:

Bicycle (Path). — P. Furnivall, Berretta C. C., at Long Eaton track, 23 August, 1886, quarter mile, 37 $\frac{2}{3}$ s.; half mile, 1.16; three-quarter mile, 1.53 $\frac{1}{2}$; one mile, 2.32 $\frac{2}{3}$.

Tricycle (Path). — F. W. Allard, Coventry C. C., at Long Eaton, 24 July, 1886, quarter mile, 43s. G. Gatehouse, C. U. Bi. C., at Long Eaton, 23 August, 1886, one mile, 2.46 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Tandem Tricycle (Path). — F. J. Osmond and S. E. Williams, at Crystal Palace, 25 June, two miles, 5.47 $\frac{2}{3}$.

Tricycle (Road). — Syd. Lee, Kildare B. & T. C., on Great North Road, 24 August, 1886, fifty miles; 3.9.15.

F. W. Allard has withdrawn his claim to the quarter, half, three-quarter, and one mile tricycle path records, with respect to his ride on 21 August at Coventry.

The claim of Messrs. Cripps and Ratcliff to the two miles tandem tricycle path record, with respect to their ride on 26 June at Long Eaton, has not been allowed, as the evidence forthcoming as to this claim is not satisfactory.

The claim of Messrs. Wilson and Mills to the 100 miles tandem tricycle road record, with respect to their ride of 14 Sept. has not been allowed, as the committee are not satisfied with timing arrangements.

For the Records Committee,

FINLAY A. MACRAE, *Hon. Sec.*

THE Mass. Board of Officers will dine once more, this time at the Quincy House, on the occasion of the January meeting.

SUNDAY, 9 January, is the date set for the visit of the Chicago delegation to St. Louis. The party will consist of the chief consuls of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin, and with be under the charge of Ton-Master Ayers and Secretary Oliver. Arrangements will be made for their proper entertainment, and a programme for 1887 mapped out.

CHRISTMAS comes! he comes, he comes,
Ushered with a reign of plums;
Hollies in the window greet him:
Schools come driving home to meet him;
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet and cold, and wind and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark.

Glorious time of great Too Much!
Too much fire and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but thinking;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough.

— Leigh Hunt.

DON'T RUB.

The man who has been thrown off a bicycle, a tricycle, a horse, or a pair of skates, does not feel amiable. In the first case, he feels as though he would vow to relinquish bicycling, and take to a trike; in the second — the rarest — instance, he contemplates relieving his feelings by viciously planting a kick at his spokes; in the case of a horse,

he usually larrups the quadruped in a manner which makes it more likely than ever to throw him again; and when a skater goes a "purler," a "drop sudden," a "fling utter," a "crash complicated," a "scramble ineffectual," a "tumble truculent," or any other of the varied styles of involuntary falls to which steel-shod man is prone, he looks slowly around for the nearest small boy who is grinning at him, and either swears vigorously or glares ferociously. We repeat, the man who has involuntarily embraced Mother Earth does not feel amiable, and it is additionally exasperating to hear a lot of hoarse lunatics yelling with frantic delight. Under the circumstances, the best thing is to affect a total ignorance of their cackling, and, without troubling to investigate the damage, to proceed on one's way as though nothing had happened. To show resentment only increases the glee of the scoffers. As Ally Sloper remarked in his treatise on *The art of being Kicked*: "Don't rub; if you do, it won't alleviate the pain, but will only increase the satisfaction of the kicker." — *Tricyclist*.

NEW ORLEANS NOTES.

OLD Boreas has been making himself felt even in our sunny clime, and as a result cycling, in common with other outdoor exercises, has come nearly to a standstill. Of course, there are many of our riders who use their wheels the year round in going to and from work, and on whom winter has no effect; but evening riders and meetings at the usual haunts are not now very frequent. Club life is also languishing. The N. O. B. C. is now homeless, having vacated their late quarters, preparatory to their being torn down to make way for the new club buildings, on which, it is said, work will be commenced within two or three weeks. The other club, the Crescent Wheelmen, are doing nothing. Something seems to be the matter with the latter club, as it is very seldom heard from. All its energy seems to have been expended during the first few weeks, and it has now apparently relapsed into a Rip Van Winkle sleep. I have heard, however, that an attempt will be made in the spring to reorganize on a larger scale than before. It is to be hoped that such will be the case, as there is nothing so stimulating as a little friendly rivalry, for though the Wheelmen were never very strong in numbers, they made the N. O. B. C. wake up and hustle pretty lively for a while.

On the 7th inst. occurred the most serious accident that has yet befallen a cyclist in this city. While Mr. J. Percy Phelan, in company with a couple of fellow-wheelmen, was riding along the avenue at a brisk pace, he had the misfortune to strike a large iron bolt lying on the street, which threw him headlong from his machine, and as he was riding with his gloved hands in his coat pockets, he could not extract them in time to save himself. He struck the asphalt pavement squarely on his face, breaking his nose and otherwise injuring himself, besides rendering him insensible for two hours, and the services of a doctor necessary for several days. He is up and riding again, however, for he is of the sort that takes more than a broken nose to make him give up.

A STOCK company has been organized to construct and maintain a new shell-road. They have already applied to the authorities for the necessary right-of-way, and before a great while we hope to have another splendid road added to our list, although a "croaker" has already set up the wail "that this will require an additional tax to be levied, which the poor can ill afford." This is almost always the case here, and accounts for more than one seemingly unpardonable example of municipal neglect. Another road will also be opened during next month,—the one leading to the National Cemetery,—and on which the Government has expended \$25,000 to put it in first-class order. It is only one mile and a half long, and very difficult of access by bicycle, hence will not be frequented to any great extent by wheelmen.

IN my last communication the printer made me say that Mr. Franklin was contemplating attacking the Southern twenty-four hour record. No doubt many have been wondering who Mr. Franklin is, as no such cyclist exists in these parts; but the party to whom I had reference was Mr. C. M. Fairchild, a prominent member of the N. O. B. C. Bt.

Statistics.

THE *News* publishes the following table to show the ground covered by each revolution of a cycle wheel:—

Inches.	Ft.	In.
36.....	9	5
38.....	9	11
40.....	10	5
42.....	10	11
44.....	11	6
46.....	12	0
48.....	12	6
50 ..	13	1
52.....	13	7
54.....	14	1
56.....	14	7
58.....	15	2

WHEELS AND ARMS.

THE interference suit between the Downs Cyclometer Company and the Butcher Cyclometer Company was first tried before the Examiner of the Patent Office, decided in favor of Downs. It was appealed by Mr. Butcher to the Board of Examiners, the Chief's decision as again in favor of the Downs Company. Again appealed by Mr. Butcher to Commissioner of Patents, and final decision was rendered by the Commissioner sustaining the decisions of the former hearings, and thus finally settling Downs' right to claim the original invention of a *spoke cyclometer actuated by a projecting arm to strike the fork*. The Downs Cyclometer is owned by the Overman Wheel Company and C. E. W. Woodward.—*World*.

This is not in accordance with facts. The case of interference which went to the commissioner was on a claim by the two parties to a rubber wheel at the end of the projecting arm. The decision went in favor of Downs, but the Butcher Cyclometer Company has been granted the patent on the arm a long time since, and Downs cannot use it. Thus Butcher may use the arm without the rubber wheel, and Downs may use the rubber wheel without the arm. It will be seen that Butcher may easily get around the wheel, but we cannot well see how Downs can do without the arm. Meantime, the Butcher Cyclometer Company has abandoned the cyclometer with the arm, and gotten out something much better. We think they are not at all disturbed that the decision was against them.

THE HOUSE-BOAT.

THE father of American bicycling has become the apostle of the house-boat?

Who is the father of American bicycling? Frank W. Weston, of Boston, Mass., familiarly called "Papa Weston."

Who says so? Everybody, from the public press of 1877 down to Colonel Pope in his new Franklin street store.

What is a house-boat?

A floating cottage, or villa, or palace if you will, that rides at anchor in whatever port the whim of the owner may dictate.

That comprehends the whole, and yet it may be well to be more definite.

We called on "Papa" the other day to get some idea of his new hobby, and over our cigars, which, by the way, he alone consumed, we talked the matter over.

It is well known that there are men who look upon life on the ocean wave as the ideal one; and where we find such an one it will be discovered in nine cases out of ten that he spends a deal of time aboard a yacht, cruising about or anchored in port. Lieutenant Henn and his wife make the "Galatea" their home, and Frank Weston himself used to spend the leisure time of whole seasons aboard his famous twenty-ton schooner, the "Mist." But those who live on yacht-board have to put up with many inconveniences, for the main idea in yacht building is to get a speedy vessel, and to this idea nearly everything is sacrificed.

The apostle of the house-boat proposes a piece of marine architecture in which speed, other than easy towage, is of little importance, and the comfort and enjoyment of the occupants the leading requirements to be satisfied in their "villa afloat."

"Papa" showed us the plans for a house-boat eighty feet long by seventeen feet six inches wide. Outwardly it has something of the appearance of the rebel ram Merrimac, a row of windows taking the place of the portholes of that notable craft.

Entering by the entry port we come to a large reception room fitted for the purposes of such an apartment, and from this one enters the saloon, which is twelve feet long by sixteen feet wide, and from the saloon open the sleeping apartments for the family and for the guests. In ordinary vessels the living rooms are aft; in the house-boat they are forward. Turning aft from the entry port one goes into the galley, the apartments for the employees, and the store-rooms. The rooms are of good size throughout, the state-rooms being from eight feet long by eleven feet wide to fifteen feet long by sixteen feet wide, dimensions hardly procurable even on the largest yachts. Below deck is comfort and convenience for even the most fastidious. The upper deck is a grand promenade, from which rise two masts, more ornamental than useful, for their main purpose is to fly the club colors, private signals, etc.

Having now the house-boat, which will cost us from \$2,000 to \$6,000, or more if we are an editor, we are ready for the summer.

A tow boat is taken into requisition, and we are taken to Nantasket, to Marblehead, to Hull, or to Newport, as we elect, or we can move from one place to another, as our fancy dictates, during the season. We are in no danger of unpleasant neighbors, for we

can up anchor and away at any moment, and we have no grounds to look after, no domestic troubles or trials of any kind. The possibilities for pleasant life stored up in such a craft can easily be imagined. Several Boston parties are now considering the idea of building house-boats for residence during the coming summer, and Papa Weston has been besieged with applications for designs and information on house-boats much as he was on bicycle matters ten years ago.

But the bicycle was an outside issue with him then,—a mere hobby; whereas the house-boat is, as he says, an unexplored branch of his own profession (architecture), and he finds fully as much interest in designing the interior of a house-boat as the interior of a house.

Papa has not got what he deserved out of the bicycle, but that it may be different with house-boats, and that they may increase and multiply, and mostly be designed by him, is a wish which will be joined in by all who know him personally and by many who do not.

AGAIN THE AMATEUR QUESTION

THE following letter has been forwarded to President Beckwith of the League:—

N. M. BECKWITH, *Pres. L. A. W.*

Dear Sir: Deeming it very advisable, and the season being very favorable, I think that if possible, the L. A. W. and A. C. U. should confer regarding the amateur question. The matter as it now stands is in a very unsettled state, and it seems that now is the time to settle it. My plan is for you, as President of the L. A. W., to appoint three or more members of the L. A. W., and Mr. Ducker as President of the A. C. U. to appoint an equal number from the A. C. U., who will meet and discuss the matter fully. Perhaps you can suggest a more feasible plan, and if so I should be very glad to have you submit it. The matter can better be settled now than when the cycling season begins or is at its height. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Yours very truly,
A. O. MCGARRETT, *Sec'y A. C. U.*

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

NEW YORK CLUB vs. BULLETIN.

Editor of the Cycle:—As many of your readers have doubtless noticed, one of the official correspondents of the *Bulletin* recently made an uncalled-for attack on the New York Club. Although he was discharged from the League's employ, and a tardy apology made in the editorial columns, the latter was qualified in such a way as to considerably destroy its force. It does not require an enormous amount of courage for a man to frankly own that he has erred, and Mr. Aaron has disappointed me sadly by falling short of this requirement, but he has even more astonished me by his want of readiness to set matters completely right by publishing the following letter, which has now been in his hands for two weeks, but has not yet appeared in the *Bulletin*:—

"*Dear Sir,*—At the risk of meeting another rebuke, for rushing into print with undignified haste, I find myself again compelled to give up valuable time to the unwell come task of objecting to the somewhat dis-

courteous remarks with which you accompany an otherwise graceful apology to the New York Club. It does no man harm to acknowledge that he is wrong, and an editor has always the legitimate excuse that objectionable matter has been overlooked; but the *amende honorable* should be promptly made.

Now the letter of a "Pencil," to which we objected, appeared in the *Bulletin* of 12 November, and not a word appears in the editorial columns in any way explaining it until the issue of 3 December. Our response was mailed to you 13 November, immediately on receipt of the paper, but it is not published until 26 November. If the *Bulletin* is in any way run as a newspaper should be, it is nonsense to say that matter received five days before issue is "too late for publication." But it is not necessary to assume this, for in the *Bulletin* for 20 November there are four communications dated the 13th, and two dated 15th, or two days later than our letter, which was certainly entitled to precedence, as it related to a journalistic question of privilege.

Your failure to make any reparation for the unfortunate (and I am quite willing to believe, accidental, so far as you are concerned) insult, freed our hands to publish a denial as widely as possible. But apart from this entirely, we had a clear right to do so. The slur on the club was public, and until disclaimed by the *Bulletin*, official, we were entitled to make our protest equally public. We don't want to get into any fights that we can help, and much prefer to mind our own business, and live at peace with our neighbors; but when we are hit, we intend to hit back, and do it just as hard as we know how. You may remember that the League organship was once taken away from a certain paper on account of just such mud-throwing; and now that we run our own organ, we certainly expect the same regard for journalistic ethics as was shown us by the *Springfield Gazette* on a similar occasion. Yours truly,

EDW. J. SHRIVER,
Secretary New York Bicycle Club.

The foregoing letter was mailed to Mr. Aaron on the afternoon of 4 December, and should have reached him the same evening; but although we have waited for two numbers of the *Bulletin* to appear, he has not as yet seen fit to publish it.

Yours truly,
EDWARD J. SHRIVER.

NEW YORK, 18 December, 1886.

THE PATH.

THE great 142-hour bicycle race began at Minneapolis at midnight on Sunday last, the start being made just as Sunday closed. The contestants are Albert Schock, W. J. Morgan, and Mlle. Louise Armaindo. The stakes are \$2,500, which, with fifty per cent of the "gate," will go to the winner. The second in will receive thirty per cent, and the third twenty per cent. The match, when first made between Schock and Morgan, was open to all, but when Prince applied he was barred. He is now very bitter in his feeling, and says that it is a hippodrome, and that Armaindo is entered simply as an attraction. He offers to race the winner for

\$1,000. He affirms that no stakes are up on the present race, and claims that there are no rules on earth that can bar a man from an open championship race if he is willing to post his money, and there is no given time for the entries to close. The race will be finished at midnight next Saturday, and the contestants will ride day and night. Mlle. Armaindo must make one thousand miles in order to get a share of the gate receipts. She has a record of 843 miles in seventy-two hours, made in Chicago in 1883, when she defeated all her male competitors.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 11 Dec. — The one hundred-mile race which took place at the Washington Rink, this city, Thursday night, between W. J. Morgan and W. M. Woodside, proved the best ever run in this city. Considerable excitement has resulted over the defeat of the champion, Woodside. Woodside was clearly outrun at seventy-five miles, and it was only a walk-away for Morgan from there on, and he won by fifteen yards. A great deal of money was wagered on the result, and Morgan's friends stuck to him until the last lap was completed. The referee, at the conclusion of the race, for some reason, withheld his decision, and to the surprise of everybody. In the morning papers announced the race a hippodrome, and declared all bets off. He stated that the race was slow, which is an inexcusable error, for the time, 6 h. 6 m. 20 s., is just 6 m. 22 s. faster than was ever before run in the rink, and 8 m. faster than Woodside ever made in his life. Morgan can be backed to lower that record from ten to fifteen minutes for \$1,000 at any date. Morgan's friends claim they were used very badly by the referee's decision. There never was such a prolonged cheer given at the finish of any race as was given Morgan as he passed over the line. Popular feeling was decidedly with Morgan. — *Journal.*

THE CLUB.

THE Buffalo Bicycle Club, 13 Dec., ratified a new constitution and by-laws, and elected officers as follows: President, C. P. Churchill; vice-president, Geo. Dakin; secretary, A. C. Richardson; treasurer, J. B. Newman; captain, R. C. Chapin; attorney, A. C. Spann. The club's riding season practically extended from 3 April to 6 Nov. The total mileage was 48,936 miles. The greatest mileage of individuals was as follows: Dr. Appelby, 4,028; R. H. James, 3,906; C. P. Churchill, 2,839; R. C. Chapin, 2,200; C. G. Gething, 2,025; C. W. Adams, 2,001; F. M. Brinker, 2,000; J. H. Isham, 2,000. Twenty-five rode 1,000 miles or over. Century runs were made by C. W. Adams, J. A. Pferd, F. M. Brinker, C. P. Churchill, C. G. Gething, and R. W. Rum-mell.

THE Somerville Cycle Club held its annual election of officers for the coming year 15 Dec. The election resulted as follows: President, J. B. Cann; vice-president, W. A. Davis; captain, W. R. Maxwell; treasurer, Ellsworth Fisk; secretary, George Shaw; corresponding secretary, Fred Joyce.

THE wheelmen of Hannibal, Mo., met and organized 6 Dec., under the name of the Marion County Wheelmen. The following

officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. C. Miller; vice-president, J. C. Irwin; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Appler; captain, J. B. Merkle; first lieutenant, W. H. Hall.

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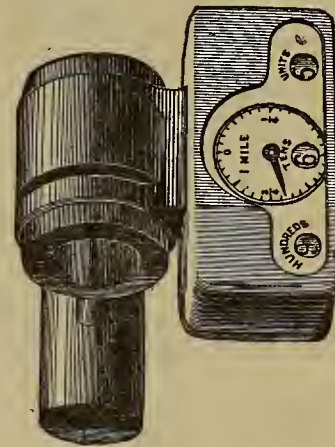
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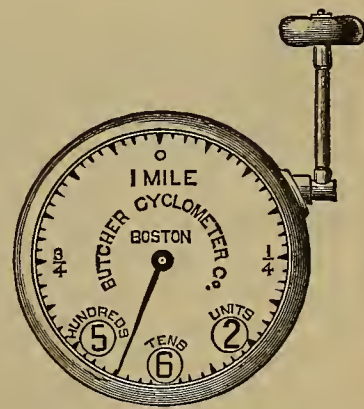
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The Cycle.

Vol. II., No. 14.

BOSTON, MASS., 31 DECEMBER, 1886.

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— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* MARLBORO' * TANDEM *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

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20 * MILES * ON * A * STRAIGHTAWAY * COUNTRY * ROAD

—IN THE MARVELLOUS TIME OF—

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A WORLD'S RECORD,

50 MILES IN 2 HOURS 55 MINUTES 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS,

THE AMERICAN RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE,

AND

100 MILES IN 6 HOURS 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTES.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 31 DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 14.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to insure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

THE next matter of importance was whether the Springfield Club should vote to renew its membership in the L. A. W. as a League club, but the sentiment of the members was decidedly against such action. Before the vote was put, the secretary read a letter from President Beckwith stating that no club which numbered among its members professional wheelmen was eligible to membership in the L. A. W., and his, of course, put a "clincher" on the movement. The club with one voice voted against re-entrance in the League. — *Union*.

There are two very strange things connected with the above. It is very strange that the Springfield Club should think that a club with a professional in its ranks could join the League; and it is very strange that the President should decide that the thing is impossible. The fact of the matter is, there is no such thing as a League club known to the League; and the officials of that body can not under any rule decide what a so-called League club can or cannot do. The League has a good deal to say about League clubs, and it legislates in their behalf; and yet their status is based wholly upon an unwritten law shaped by precedent.

COREY'S "impressions" have gone the rounds of the press, and have been largely commented upon. It will be found by close observers that these "impressions" always point in one direction, and that he finds the best and most popular features of English machines to be just those which are to

appear in the wheels which he will have on sale during the coming season. Among other things, he says:—

"The subject of ball heads was being agitated, but from what I could discover none had appeared as yet that had proved to be especially valuable. They were introduced last year, and were found to be rather a taking attraction, but beyond an advertisement no good results were obtained. I went into the matter as fully as possible, and almost without exception every manufacturer that I saw remarked that in the first place the ball head was entirely unnecessary, as it only made the machine more complicated, thereby adding a greater risk of broken parts; and, even if it did work well, there was not the slightest advantage over the thoroughly well-made cone head of the present time."

THIS means, in plain English, that his particular machine will not have the ball head next year, and it means no more. The ball head has come to stay, and those makers who used it last year will certainly not abandon it. The riders of wheels with a head of this kind will hardly agree with Mr. Corey when he says they have not the slightest advantage over cone heads.

SINCE writing the above, the *News* has come to us with this remark from Lacy Hillier: "We do not know which of the manufacturers Mr. Corey saw, but we cannot believe that he gleaned this information from the principal ones. Apart from our experience, which leads us to believe that a ball-bearing head will soon be considered a necessity in an ordinary bicycle, we believe all those makers who have been fitting it in the past intend doing so in the future."

It is reported that the Ixion Club, of New York, will not join the C. T. C. the coming year. This will throw a lot of second-hand uniforms on the market, for the club adopted the C. T. C. uniform as its own, and each member, when he joined the C. T. C., pledged himself on his honor not to wear the uniform after he ceased to be a member.

CYCLEDOM.

THE Christmas number of the *Cyclist*, called "Cycledom," is received. We have taken but a glance at the contents, but we are convinced that the book is full of entertaining matter. The main portion of the number treats of the adventures of "Ah Fong," who visits England and takes in the various cycling attractions. He goes to Ireland and Scotland also, and gives a most amusing account of his adventures. There is also an illustrated calendar and a number of practical articles, besides a complete set of statistics for the year 1886, and a biographical chapter entitled "Who's Who?" The work is published by Iliffe & Son, at one shilling.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THE feminine point of view broadens once again, and it is no longer restricted to the walls of my chamber, for, thanks to skilful attendance and careful nursing, my sickness is but a memory emphasized by weakness, which I hope very soon to throw off.

I WANT to acknowledge the many messages of love and good-will that I have received during my illness, and to assure all who have kindly remembered me that they have done not a little to dispel the gloom of my sick chamber, and to give me courage to help nature in working towards my recovery.

"The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all.

* * * * *

The world is wide, these things are small,
If they are nothing, what is there at all?"

I AM going to let a few of my friends talk this week. They have sent me a word relative to their riding records, and I hope you will enjoy what they say as much as I have. And first let "Polly" speak:—

Dear Daisy,—It was very interesting to read the records of those English ladies, and I am hoping that some of our American riders will be able to show as good ones. I can only give an ordinary record, but send you what my friend Cynthia and I have done; and although the miles are not many, they represent many, many pleasant hours, and a great improvement in health for both of us. Our riding was all done between the middle of May and the middle of October, and on single machines, with the exception of about fifteen miles which I rode on a sociable. Don't tell "Jack Easy" I said so; but I think in regard to sociables as the disgusted gentleman did of tandems, whom Mr. and Mrs. Pennell met on their "Canterbury Pilgrimage"; "I don't like sociables; horrid things! Do you like sociables?" I wish I could tell you of our trip to New Haven, but I cannot, for that ride—much to our regret—existed only in the somewhat vivid imagination of the cycling editor of one of our newspapers. But I could tell you of many delightful rides and some very funny experiences, for it seems to be our fate to discover the ludicrous at every turn in the road, and it is our firm belief that much laughter and merry-making have had a good deal to do with our improved health. I hope you will hear from "Dorothy Q.," for I think she could give a goodly record, as well as a varied experience.

POLLY.

WITH the above came the following records for 1886:—

Miss Mittie R. Kendall, 1,008 miles.
Miss Belle S. Jackson, 865 "
I shall hold Miss Polly to a fulfilment of

her boast that she "could tell you of many delightful rides, and some very funny experiences." One does not travel so many "centuries" as these ladies have without storing up plenty of experience. Let us hear from "Dorothy Q.," by all means.

NEXT comes a young lady who has demonstrated that the tricycle is not altogether a plaything. Hear her speak:—

To *Daisie*:—I was much interested in the records of wheeling made by the English girls the past season, as published in your column in the CYCLE last week. As you express a desire to have some feminine records from this side of the water, I may say that I am fourteen years old, and ride a Marlboro Club. I have made about three hundred miles this season, chiefly to and from school; about two and a half miles a day, sometimes extending the distance to four or five miles, or more. I intend to do a good deal more next year.

Yours truly,

ALICE M. WOOD.

NORTHBORO, MASS., 13 December, 1886.

THE next communication has interested me very much, and I wish that I might receive more of a similar kind. When I get such epistles as these I wish that my readers were of the non-cycling class, for I believe many would catch the spirit of enthusiasm in the letter, and our ranks would be recruited to good advantage:—

Dear *Daisie*:—Having read with much pleasure your articles in the CYCLE, and noticing your request for ladies' records, I thought I would write you and enclose mine, which my husband has tabulated for me. It is not a very great record when compared with many ladies' records in England and this country, as far as distance is concerned,

but when health and pleasure are taken into account, I think I may claim one; and again, when our roads are brought in as one of the factors.

We have clay around and south of us, and sand north of us, neither of which have been intelligently used in the construction of roads. We also are "blessed" with long, steep, and rough hills in either direction, but of scenery I have only to mention the Hudson River Valley and the Catskill Mountains.

I began riding 19 April, 1884, on a three-track Columbia, weighing one hundred pounds, geared from fifty inches to forty-six and three quarters; and September of same year exchanged it for another with power-gear attached. This last tricycle I liked better than the first, after I became familiar with the power-gear, for on long sandy stretches and up-grades, where I would be compelled, without it, to walk, it came very handy. After nearly a year's use over all kinds of roads, I liked it so much that when I got my two-track tricycle I wanted it attached. I received my two-track tricycle in August, 1885, and have used it ever since. It is geared level, and weighs eighty-three pounds. I like this machine better than the three-track for general road riding, especially in this section, where the roads are often rutty, for I can save vibration by running the right side wheels in the wagon-wheel track, or horse-car track in the city. I have ridden on roads where it would be almost impossible to use a three-track.

My longest ride in 1884 was twenty-six and a half miles, running time being a little less than four hours.

In 1885, 10 June, I made my longest straight-away run for that year, riding from home to Troy, a distance of thirty-five miles,

in nine and a half hours, including stops. The roads were quite bad in places, having been newly repaired. It was on this trip that I saw the advantage of having the power gear on the three-track machine. I was not unduly fatigued by this trip, though, as I said before, the roads are generally poor and hilly.

4 September of the present year I made the longest run of any. Starting at 1.30 P. M., I made détour over roads mostly new to me, finishing at 8.45 P. M., having ridden just forty miles. The last ten miles were ridden in the dark. I hardly felt this ride, which was partly due to better roads, more experience, and a lighter tricycle.

My husband and I have taken a great many trips in the last three years from ten to twenty-five miles, and I know I have enjoyed and been greatly benefited by them. My sister-in-law has used the tricycle two seasons, and has been almost cured of acute dyspepsia. Our rector also rides a ladies' two-track tricycle, weighing seventy lbs., which he uses almost entirely in his parish work, though he keeps a horse. This was a present from his congregation last summer, it being given for the purpose of benefitting his weak lungs. I need only say that it has so far helped him, that where it was difficult for him to walk up some of our steep hills, he now rides them without any trouble, and can make his twenty-five or thirty miles at a time.

I am a member of the L. A. W., and wear for touring the league cloth, which I find the most durable of anything I have ever tried. The only fault I find with it is that it fades.

While speaking of the L. A. W., I find on looking over the lists that there are seventy-six lady members.

After reading your interesting accounts of ladies' tours, it has caused me regret that I could not be with them and enjoy their company. I am used to poor roads, and am not deterred from riding on that account, though not particularly strong. I am five feet seven inches tall, and average 130 lbs. My enthusiasm has led me to write a longer letter than I intended, and I hope you can glean something from it which will encourage my sisters of the wheel to ride more, or those who do not ride, to try it.

In closing, I might add that I have a daughter twelve years old who can ride my tricycle, and a son eight years old who rides to school on a 38-inch "Ideal" bicycle in season. My husband has ridden seven seasons, and is very enthusiastic. I must tell you that I rode three miles one day this month on the crust.

Hoping to hear more from other lady riders, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

"L. A. W.," No. 4,386.

STOCKPORT, N. Y., 18 Dec., 1886.

That will do for this week. I have many more letters in hand and others are promised. If any hesitate to send in their records, I hope the example of the ladies who have done so well will inspire them to delay no longer.

DAISIE.

Road Record of Mrs. Joshua Reynolds.

MONTH.	1884.		1885.		1886.		Remarks.
	Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.	
January					3	9	Longest rides.
February					1	1	1884 — 26½ miles.
March					6	12	1885 — 35½ miles.
April	7	12	3	14	13	37	1886 — 40 miles.
May	12	31	16	76½	22	102	Measurements
June	9	68	13	110	25	140	taken by "Lakin"
July	10	61	5	18	25	158	and "Butcher"
August	4	11	11	69	20	166	Cyclometers.
September	3	43	25	200½	23	252	Riding done
October	3	51	21	112	5	23	on ordinary
November	3	24	9	52	14	140	country roads.
December			4	13	1	3	On crust
Totals	51	301	107	665	158	1,043	

THREE YEARS.

Days 316



Miles 2,009

L. A. W. No. 4,386.

C. T. C., No. 16,668.

A BICYCLE circling a track during a race can hardly be a comfortable couch to sleep on, and yet the woman Armaindo fell asleep during the long race of last week, and did not wake up till she ran against the railings.

THE CYCLE. THE CYCLE

 **75** 

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HOW I FIRST MET MARIAN ALTOE.

It was about the middle of an early spring our Fellows proposed a run of about four-and-twenty miles, and asked me to choose the route; but they so surrounded me with many conditions that I told them at the first hearing "I'd chuck the whole thing up." "There must be no ruts in the road, nor cakes of fresh granite," said the Fatted Ox. "No Muswell or Sydenham hills," exclaimed Gentleman Jack. "No breakneck riding," put in Tubby E—, who rides a 48-in. "Above everything, we must have a good feed, captain," insisted Guy Fawkes.

"Are we going to ride in this world?" I observed somewhat petulantly, "or elsewhere?" "Not elsewhere, captain," the Fellows shouted, laughing; "oh! not elsewhere, captain; tires would n't stand it, you know." "Well," I rejoined, "if it's elsewhere, I'm not going to be captain. But you're a little rough on a fellow to find a road which will suit all your complaints." "Only our lark," they replied; "we leave it all to you, captain—any place, any sort of a road, no matter what hills." "But—" put in Guy Fawkes, "let's have a good blow-out at the end."

"Now you're talking sensibly," I said, "and it occurs to me that I know a little

place at the end of a good road, not too much hill-climbing *en route* nor too far to spoil a generous appetite."

"Where? where? oh! where?" they called out with one voice. "Draw near," said I; then, as they came about me. I whispered, "I know a bank whereon—" "Gammon!" they put in, flinging themselves from me. "Well, draw closer, lads, and I'll tell you." They drew once more about me. "Down in a deep and shady—" My voice was lost in the indignant remonstrance, "Is it thusly, captain, thusly with thee?" "No, lads," I responded, hurt at their evident feeling; "I will name the place: forgive me! No chaff this time. It is a village some fourteen miles from Hyde Park Corner."

"Thither will we," chorused the Fellows.

"Through the West End lanes, by here and there, and toward Uxbridge, — but it is not there, my boys. We turn and turn, and come at length to a sweet little unsophisticated place, four and a half miles from anywhere, where never railway train has stopped: where the wheels of growlers have never rumbled over the stones; where there are no stones to rumble over; where there are more public-houses than places of worship; where there is a green, and a pond, and a pump, and a church and churchyard, and a Swan

presides over the jolliest hostelry within fifty miles of London."

"Captain," said our Fellows, their eyes starting at the picture; "captain, can it possibly be that such a place exists?"

"It's true," I responded proudly, knowing that I was the discoverer of this unknown village; "true, and Ruislip is the name."

"Ruislip!" exclaimed our clubmen; "never heard of the place. But on your warrant we'll go."

And we went.

I have had some merry runs in my time, but never one that beat record as that one did. Not that we went at a scorching pace, or jollied a lot of carmen, or frightened deaf old ladies, or howled at country bumpkins—over-much. I know these are things some fellows like, but not ours—ours are not fast any way, but enjoy their runs in a quiet style, joking strictly confined to ourselves—except on that one occasion. But it was in many respects a remarkable run.

In the first place, as captain, I had to show the way. I don't know how other Fellows feel when they lead, but I would n't exchange my place, at the head of *our* Fellows, for that of conductor at her Majesty's Theatre, or Speaker of the House, you know, or Drum-Major of a Household Regiment on parade.

Just for the fun of the thing, my wheel being in dock, I mounted a tricycle, a rattler for pace, on which I had given yards and beaten many a master on a 52-inch bi.

We were seven in all,—not Wordsworth's seven, six alive and the other not, but all alive and up to pedalling. After one or two parades at Hyde Park Corner, I gave the signal, and darted off. There was a shout from a crowd, and then we settled down to steady pedalling with a hearty good-will.

One advantage which a tricycle possesses over a bicycle is, you get more opportunities for looking about you, and our Fellows, that afternoon, would have missed many a pretty effect in hedgeside and private garden if I hadn't called their attention to it at the proper instant.

There was no end of excitement amongst our Fellows toward the end of the run; and several of them were ready to accept a wager that I had lost my way. But I kept quiet until I came to the top of a hill whence the first peep at Ruislip was obtained. A short spurt, and we were in the heart of the village; then at one glance was revealed the whole scene,—village green, village pump, the church and churchyard, the farmyard, a butcher's shop, that looked as if it had come from the Lowther Arcade; and the dear old Swan, with its smiling landlady and blushing maidens in the doorway, with unmistakable smiles—no Fleet-street smirks—upon their faces. There was one, the landlady's daughter, with wavy black hair and peach-like cheeks—our fellows fell in love with her, six deep, at once.

Our bugler sounded the "alight" with a vigor which roused every inhabitant, and led to considerable excitement until the cause of the noise was made known. I verily believe that everybody had gone to sleep,—except the people of the Swan,—for there was not a living soul to be seen as we rode in on our noiseless tires; but before we had finished an interchange of greetings with our hostess—and the maids, you know—we saw everybody who was reckoned anybody in Ruislip, either at door or window. The butcher, in a blue apron, the very model of Noah of the Ark business, stood in his little doorway, three steps above the level of the street. The doctor, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, peeped out from a window embosomed in ivy, and looked as though he was ready at a finger-call to diagnose the lot of us. Near his house there was—there could be no mistake—the schoolmistress, the very embodiment of learning in its extremest blue, with corkscrew curls, and high cheek bones, and—of all things in the world—mittens on her hands. One of our Fellows insisted that she had a black satin bag upon her arm; and another offered to bet that she was wearing a pair of satin shoes with bows, the laces "cross-gartered" on her ankles. But no one took the offer, for how could a Fellow settle a thing of that kind? There were others came out of their houses, or stood in doorways, or looked out of their windows, whose calling was as unmistakably imprinted upon them as the butcher with his apron, the doctor and his gold spectacles, or the schoolmistress with her satin bag and curls.

All Ruislip was waking up. Everybody felt as if something was going to happen, and a determination suddenly grew up to prepare for business.

Meanwhile our Fellows had stabled their

machines; had vigorously groomed themselves; had had a wash-up and a brush-down; and finally sat about a table-round, whose top was loaded with substantial food, such as would have satisfied hunger in its most terrible form.

Our Fellows looked about in utter bewilderment. There, in the very centre of a silver tea-tray stood a fair, fat, and comely teapot of solid silver, with a silver cream jug and silver toast rack. The saltcellars had each a silver spoon, every plate was of old Worcester ware, so were the dishes, basins, saucers, teacups, and in every saucer was a silver spoon. There were eggs, home-laid; and jams, home-made; and a magnificent ham, home-fed; bread, home-baked; and butter made by the dainty hands of our landlady's daughter. When our Fellows found *that* out they ate and drank with a determined purpose, when they had had enough—though I was afraid that consummation would never be reached—to go and propose. But she half suspected their purpose, I believe, for no one could get speech of her at the last. We saw her in the front, at an up-stairs window; but, then, a fellow could hardly shout out a proposal of marriage, so they were all very much discomfited, I know.

While the Fellows were lounging before the Swan, a lout appeared leading a pony and cart. This incident seemed to have greatly excited the public of Ruislip, for there followed a goodly show of men and lads, with a sprinkling of women,—the rag-tag, bobtail, loafers, tyrants, and scolds of the village. The pony, which was a gray one, looked any age over ten. Its coat was bare in patches, it was blind in one eye, and it was harnessed to a little blue cart, about twelve sizes too small for it. In fact, it was a cart drawn from the same Ark whence the butcher, and the doctor, and the schoolmistress had come. There must have been some trouble experienced in getting him into the shafts, for his tail was blocked against the cart, and the poor beast had no room even to whisk it about. We looked on in silent wonder while the pony was led across the green and turned round by the pump. Then the whole truth flashed upon us. On the side of the cart hung a board bearing these words: "FOR SALE."

Our whole duty flashed upon the seven of us at once. Here was an opportunity. The pony and cart were "for sale," the public was present, but where, oh! where, was the auctioneer? Not a moment was lost. Guy Fawkes sounded the call, and the public responded from every house. Still, where was the auctioneer? I can only believe now, after mature thought, that it was an inspiration, a "happy thought," as *Punch* would say. In a moment, amid loud shouts of approval, I was in the cart, and had set forth, with the entire approval of my audience, the conditions of sale.

"What shall I say for this Arab charger?" I began. "Let me have a bid—I will take any sum for a start." Everybody roared. Where the fun lay, I certainly—thinking of the scene afterward—never could make out. But the humor must have been in the people. "Now," I said in a coaxing tone, "let me have a bid?" "Three ha'pence," shouted a bumpkin on the skirt of the crowd, amid a hearty roar. I turned to the place whence the voice proceeded, and my eyes instantly became riveted to the spot.

Where the fellow was who shouted I could not exactly see. I just gave one glance, that was all, but my eyes fell on the figure of a lady—just nineteen, as I now know—who, without exception, had the most charming face that I ever looked on.

This was Marian Altoe.

She was of fair height, beautifully dressed, and carried a small basket on her gloved arm; and what entranced and intoxicated me was the look of innocent enjoyment in her eyes. I saw a face—oval shaped, set in rich brown hair, eyes that would rival those of the fairest of the East, with long lashes that drooped over her eyes in excess of merriment. That momentary glimpse so affected my whole soul that I became utterly oblivious to all around, and for an instant, waking up, as it were, I questioned with myself as to my business there. My pluck well-nigh failed. The crowd continued to laugh, as bid after bid succeeded. I heard voices, but could not tell what was said, and spoke at wild random, only to increase the merriment, while at the same time I saw no one but my Marian's face, and heard—I swear it is true—no sound, but only a low silvery laugh, which came from her lips. Our Fellows told me afterward that they never heard such jolly fun from any one; they vowed that the biddings never advanced beyond twopence-three-farthings, and that at that sum I knocked pony and cart down to a lady. At the time I was fearfully afraid I had offended *the* lady—the only lady I saw—but such was happily not the case.

Sale over, we mounted our iron steeds, and rode away amid quite exciting cheers.

Fellows said I was awfully dull going home. So I really was, but I could not help it—everything was clean driven, for the time, out of my head. I heard nothing but that silvery laugh, saw nothing but those grand eyes and drooping eyelashes, thought of nothing else besides.

Of course, my next run to Ruislip was not long delayed, but that time I went alone, and—heaven bless her!—our Hostess of the Swan entered into my confidence, and gave me the address I wanted. An interview followed that very afternoon. I had a splendid excuse for calling, a merry reception, and, in a few days now—well, perhaps in the next Christmas number of *The Cyclist*, I'll tell—but this was "How I first met Marian Altoe."—*Xmas Cyclist*.

BEVERLY BRIDGE.

AMONG the wheelmen on a certain fall run to Gloucester was a handsome athletic fellow who rides a 58-inch bicycle. Speeding over Beverly bridge, just out of Salem, he slipped his pedal and took an ugly header, cutting a severe gash in his nose.

"What's the matter?" a companion asked at supper.

"Oh nothing, much," was the reply. "Coming into Beverly I tried to make a hole in the bridge."

"Well, you succeeded admirably," his friend responded; "the bridge of your nose, I suppose you mean."

IN the sale of unclaimed goods at the Custom House last Monday there were four Safety bicycles, which sold for \$185 for the lot.

CYCLET'S.

THE OLD YEAR.

Out in the silent night,
Beneath the cold starlight,
The Old Year bows his head
And dies;
And there he lies
Upon his icy couch — still, stark, and dead.

The frost, with silvern feet,
Comes, and his winding sheet —
That old December gave —
With fair
Frail flowers, and rare,
And myriad glistening gems, decks for the grave.

Sits January, and grieves,
Then February weaves
Sad dirges. March, with cries,
Doth tear
His streaming hair —
And with grey sackcloth blinds his azure eyes.

For the poor, dead, Old Year,
Weak April, tear on tear,
With fair face hid from view —
Doth shed;
Then lifts her head,
And through her tears, smiles sweetly on the New.

Because the sad months rave
And mourn about his grave,
Should we, too, wail and weep?
Ah, no —
Beneath the snow
Let the dead, cold Year lie still and sleep, and sleep!

May on his grave shall fling
Sweet buds and blooms of Spring —
Ah, blithe and bappy May
Holds dear
The Old — with cheer
Receives the New — strewn flowers upon his way!

Dear heart, the Year, though past,
In memories sweet shall last —
Then brush away that tear,
And laugh
And sing, and quaff!
Love is not buried with the buried Year. F. H. K.

HAPPY

NEW YEAR

To one and all.

All good wishes go from us to you.

May your fondest hopes be realized.

And may you find it the happiest year of all.

It should be the happiest year of the decade, after all.

For, don't you know, it is eighty's 'even?

We will send a diagram of that joke next week.

Good resolutions are in order. Resolve to subscribe for the CYCLE, to join the L. A. W., the C. T. C. and your local club.

Eighty-seven will be a great year for cycling. Many new machines will be out, and the veteran makers will improve their mounts.

Now send us your riding records. Daisie is collecting some very interesting statistics from the ladies.

It is very probable that the next Springfield tournament will have to do only with professional events.

Atkins reports that he is now located in a place where he can ride three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Talk about Boston being a "Cycler's Paradise!"

St. Louis is just beginning to move in meet matters. They say they will have a big thing anyway. It will be a big success or a big failure.

S. G. Whittaker is in town for the holidays. "Whit" believes most thoroughly in the West as a field for cycling, and is full of enthusiasm and grit.

The Waltham Cycle Club will hold its annual ball 31 December.

Jones — "I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?"

Robinson — "Oh, a very simple reason — to prevent Mrs. Smith from going with him." — *Texas Siftings*.

Dr. Blackham calls for a mail vote on his resolutions which call upon the League to assert its jurisdiction over legitimate amateur cycling athletics in the United States.

The *Tri Journal* issues a gratis Christmas supplement written by Faed & Nym.

Geo. F. Walters, who managed the Iroquois draw in London, was arrested and convicted as "a rogue and a vagabond," and fined £5, or in default one month's imprisonment.

It was for fear of some such proceeding as this that Bennett drew his prizes in Boulogne, France.

Bob English has made a young lady Mrs. Bob English.

Charley Frazier has decided not to go to England this winter.

The Kansas Division of the L. A. W. has issued a handbook containing its constitution, list of officers, consuls, etc.

And now wheelmen are getting ready to ride the old year out and the new one in. To go on record as the first man to ride the wheel in 1887 is an ambition with some.

PRINCE WELLS, the trick and fancy rider, is now in New Orleans filling an engagement with the dime museum there.

THE indefatigable Ducker is building a toboggan slide in Springfield. He proposes to beat all records, and to have the best and fastest slide in the world.

BECAUSE a wheelman develops a little speed, is it any reason why he should be called a *fast* young man?

CHIEF CONSUL HAYES has issued an appeal to Massachusetts League members to renew their memberships.

THE *Globe* has added ten years to Karl Kron's life. If Karl gets a hold of the *Globe* editor, he will shorten his life by just so much.

KENNEDY CHILD is in Boston once more, and is giving his "impressions." It does not appear that he will write a book.

AND now the statisticians are figuring out the number of deaths caused by cycling in 1886. One says four, and another says seven. We don't believe anybody knows or can know.

THE proposed polo match on Christmas morning between the active and associate members of the Boston Club was indefinitely postponed. Satisfactory arrangements could not be made for securing the rink.

THE Ixion Club of New York is said to have under consideration a scheme for getting up a big ball to be given under the auspices of all the wheelmen of New York. It is proposed to hire the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Revells will not be on the committee this time.

THE ball of the Somerville Club on Thursday evening of last week was a very brilliant affair. The "four aces" of the club showed the value of such a hand in club social life, and the Somervillains turned out in large numbers.

"THE *Owl*" has a good deal to say about the treasurer's resplendent vest. The gamins of Boston have never forgotten the white plug hat that the "*Owl*" dazzled their eyes with a few years ago at the Ramblers' race meeting, and their advice to fire a gun at it was oft repeated at that time.

Arrangements are being made for another bicycle road race, to take place early in the season at Clarksville over the same course as was used last spring. The most serious drawback to the affair last year was the lack of sufficient hotel accommodation. Next year it is intended to charter a steamer, make the run to Clarksville on a Saturday night, have a tour through the country on Sunday, and the race on Monday.

THE wonderful records of Westfield will be investigated by a committee from the Westfield, Holyoke, and Springfield clubs.

AND now the *Bulletin* publishes stories. The CYCLE is getting a good deal of the sincerest flattery.

THE TRAVELLER TANDEM.

THE "Traveller" tandem made by Singers, among "Humber" pattern tandems, is as good a one as can be found, in our opinion, and should receive the favorable consideration of anyone anxious to go in for this class of machine. The writer of this has been riding it off and on — that is, always riding *on* it except when bad weather kept him *off* — now for some months, and would have one for his own but that lack of stabling prevents him indulging his desires. One great disadvantage of this, the earliest form of a tandem, is the difficulty men of different heights have in riding on the rear seat; but in the "Traveller" the seat is made adjustable, so that anyone from a five to a six-footer can ride and steer the machine, and neither cramp nor stretch themselves while doing so. The front seat, too, can be raised or lowered to a considerable extent, so that it forms a machine suitable in every way for a family, and a family of various sized members. Another great comfort is the axle, which has the advantages of four bearings, and the disadvantages of only two, which makes the machine run so smoothly that the fear of breaking an axle is absent. The foot-rests which Messrs. Singer can fit for the rear ride at the extremity of the bearings are a great comfort, and make coasting for both riders a rare treat, the steering, not difficult at any time to anyone, being steadied by the feet on the rests. — *News*.



SAFE, PRACTICAL and FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

W. W. STALL - - - 509 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

*If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.*

— SEND FOR CATALOGUE —

W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discoun to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

MURRAY'S, 100 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN
AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



A. G. POWELL has left the Quaker City and settled in San Antonio, Texas. He writes us that there are no wheelmen in the town, though there are forty thousand inhabitants. He says they have the best dry roads and the worst wet ones he has ever seen.

GETS A MEDAL.

EARLY last year S. F. Heath & Co. offered a fine gold medal to the Minnesota wheelman who would for the eight months from March to November cover the greatest distance on the road. Mr. E. J. Hale, of Minneapolis, was the only one who kept a record for the entire time. He covered 4,500 miles, and is now entitled to the championship and the medal. This rider has not had a pair of long pants on this year; his riding has been done mostly in the performance of his business as a grocer. — *Minn. Div. Organ.*

NOTHING TO SAY.

THE editor of the *News* was at a loss what to say the other day, and so he said this:—

If, in the course of conversation, during an examination, or in a confession book, the question had been put to us, "What do you consider the greatest curiosity of modern time?" we should have promptly answered, "A woman who is at a loss for something to say," for we fancied such a thing unknown or extinct. Now, alas! we have no such reply, for we have discovered such a specimen of the human race; and though we would willingly spare "Violet Lorne" and our lady readers the intense pain of finding such a discredit to their sex, we must, in our desire to fulfil the mission of a newspaper, publish the intelligence. "Daisie," of "THE CYCLE," is the woman, and on 26 Nov., 1886, she said in print to the world, "I am frequently at a loss what to say." "Daisie" has, we fear, many days, weeks, months, and perhaps years of mourning before her, for, of course, she will be cast off, repudiated, abused by her sex; and that is, we should say, the most wretched fate that can befall anyone. Bassett can write pages and pages about the A. C. U., but "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." The editors of "*Bicycling World*" can bury the amateur definition under columns of matter, but "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Ducker can write abuse by the mile, but "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Our own Todd can speak by the hour on the amateur question, but, alas! "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Shipton may wax eloquent in print and at dinners about the 25,000, but "Daisie," who could once hold her own, is "at a loss what to say." J. R. Hogg may use his eloquence in persuading a few lovers of change to vote for the abolition, but, pity her, "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." "Violet Lorne" can hold forth in her own particular column about becoming costumes, pockets that are inaccessible, and men who should walk tricycles uphill; but her forlorn sister, "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Frank Thomas may talk all day and night on the roads question, but, can it be possible, "Daisie" is "at a loss what to say." Major-General Christopher can find lots of reasons for men supporting his Reserve Fund, but, horror of horrors, "Daisie" is "at loss what to say." Men can dilate for hours on the worthiness

of the object which will give a lot of sandwichmen a feed, but alas! alas!! alas!!! "Daisie," beloved of all wheel men and women, is "at a loss what to say." Bring out the contents of the early morning fireplace, produce some coarse material which will answer the purpose of sackcloth, and let us mourn for "Daisie," who is "at a loss what to say."

OUR ONLY EXIT.

HORSE-car tracks on Beacon street, — our only unimpeded exit from the city. The permission has been granted by the Board of Aldermen to the West End Railroad Company to lay tracks on the street, and they are allowed to use cable or horses, as they prefer. This is bad news for wheelmen.

A PRIZE OFFERED.

ONE hundred guineas is offered by Hillman, Herbert & Cooper to the first rider who will ride either a mile on the path in 2.25, twenty-two and one half miles on the path in one hour, or one hundred miles on the road in six hours, on any of the "Premier" make of bicycles.

A NEW BOOKMASTER.

A. B. BARKMAN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed L. A. W. bookmaster, vice H. S. Wood, resigned.

DINNER AND BUSINESS.

THERE will be a dinner and business meeting of the board of officers, Massachusetts division, L. A. W., at the Quincy House, Boston, Saturday evening, 8 January, at 7 o'clock. Dinner will be served at \$2.00 a plate, and members of the board are at liberty to invite members of the division.

INCREASE OF DUES.

THE executive committee of the L. A. W. will recommend at the next meeting of the board of officers that the initiation fee and annual dues of the League be increased.

ATKINS OF PASADENA.

We are in receipt of a letter from A. L. Atkins, of Pasadena, Cal. He says, *inter alia*:—"Cycling is very lively here, as well it should be when you can ride 365 days in a year. Wheelmen are numerous, and seem to enjoy the moderately good roads as well as an Eastern man. The boys are very tough road riders, and are fast developing into racing men as well. There is to be a tournament on 22 Feb. at Los Angeles, and there is considerable hot rivalry between the crack men here. This would be the place to hold the Springfield races; it is always pleasant, never hot, even when the thermometer is away up to 100° as it is to-day, and the wind never blows hard enough to notice, and seldom does the smoke from the house chimneys ascend in any other than a straight line. Ducker would go wild to see the perfect days we have here.

"I ran across, at Los Angeles, A. M. Crothers of Springfield, and the main-stay of wheeling in that town for years. Jack Rogers of St. L. is at Raymond's Hotel, about a mile from me. Harry Worthen, ex-captain of the Somerville, is at Downey only

twenty miles from here; and young Chas. E. Kimball of Mass. B. C. is around at Los Angeles. I have not ridden a bicycle here at all, but I own and ride a wild young California "broncho" that can kick in sixteen directions at once. I have sent for my Safety, and shall toddle around on that a bit; but at present cycling is not my line. Horseback riding and hunting are my only occupations; and I am enjoying myself and winning back my erstwhile health and strength by their means."

CYCLING IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

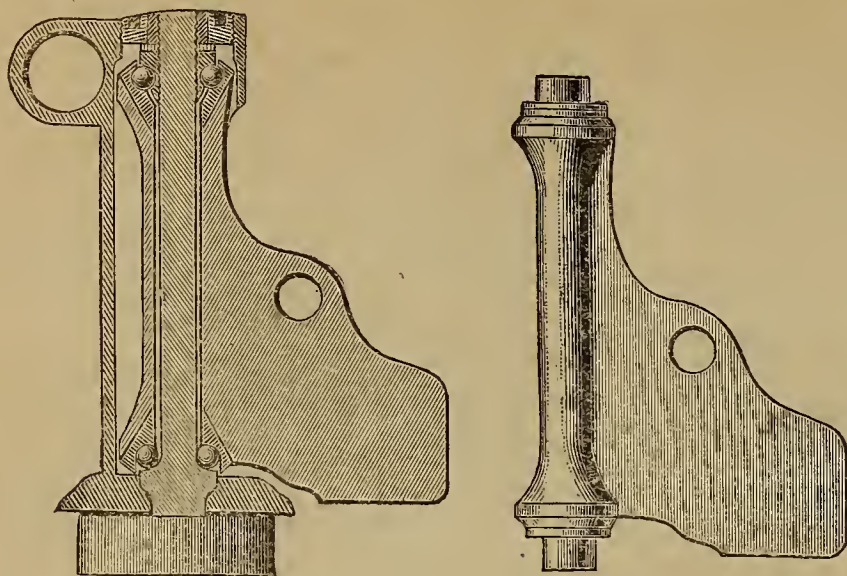
MR. J. E. MARSHALL and Mr. Broen, two members of the civil service in Cape Colony, South Africa, lately made a bicycle trip from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, a distance of nearly 600 miles, which they accomplished in 11 days and 13 hours. Those who have experienced the difficulties of South African travelling will know that such an undertaking involves great labor and fatigue in climbing range after range of high mountains, and going over roads so bad that it is often with difficulty that the track oxen get along them, while considerable hardships must be endured from the intense heat, the want of water and the bad accommodation, beside the forced walking over miles of sand and rocks, dragging the machines and knapsacks, and sometimes fording rivers.

PATENTS.

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to cycling, to whom Letters Patent were granted 21 Dec., 1886: A. A. Carter, Newark, N. J., bicycle; G. D. Ferris, Springfield, Ill., bicycle; G. Haynes, Jr., Boston, Mass., and A. E. Schaaf, Buffalo, N. Y., anti-friction bearing; C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, Southwark, Eng., velocipede; L. F. Mohr, Howard Centre, Iowa, velocipede; H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., velocipede; G. W. Rodicap, Middletown, Ind., velocipede.

SPRINGFIELD CLUB.

THE Springfield (Mass.) Club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, 21 Dec., and voted to pay their secretary and treasurer the same salaries they received last year, two hundred dollars and fifty dollars. They also voted not to join the League. The report of the nominating committee shows that Mr. Ducker's friends persist in having him on the board of directors despite his many protests. The nominating committee submitted a report, and presented the names of three candidates for each office in the gift of the club. These names will be voted on at the annual election next month, when there is likely to be a change in the present management. At the next meeting the annual fall tournament will be talked up and other important measures considered. Other business transacted was the appointment of Secretary Lawton to represent the Springfield Club on a board of three members representing the Westfield, Springfield, and Holyoke clubs, to decide upon the merits and justice of the disputed claims of certain bicyclists of Westfield, who have competed for the Lakin gold cyclometer to be awarded to the rider accomplishing the greatest distance during the riding season of 1886.



THE FACILE BALL-BEARING HEAD.

MANUFACTURED BY ELLIS & CO., LONDON,
AND IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILCOX,
NEW YORK.

In this head, the real peculiarity is in the neck, which terminates in a spindle of larger diameter than is usual, this spindle being bored through vertically. Through the hole is passed a pin with a fixed cone at the bottom end, this cone making the lower bearing for the balls; a movable cone screws down from the top, fastened in place by a washer and locknut. The spindle part of the neck is turned out in cup-like cavities, which may be the seats for the balls, but by preference separate hardened cups are inserted and soldered in those cavities. The lower end of the pin rests in a seat in the bottom of the head, where it is held from turning by a screw, a feather, or similar device; the loose cone at top is held from turning, and the neck is also held in its place in the head by a nut which slips over the end of the pin and rests on the small locknut, this larger outer nut also screwing into the top of the head. This fastening nut has a thread of different pitch from the nut which directly locks the top cone, and thus it is impossible for the cone to run up, or for the two nuts to turn together. The distinguishing feature of this bearing is that, unlike all other ball heads proposed thus far, the adjustment and locking are entirely independent of the head and forks; this not only allows an easier and nicer adjustment, but the backbone may be taken out and replaced to any extent without affecting the adjustment in the least. The security against loosening is also perfect, the fastening nut in top of the head holding the cones as firmly as if the parts were all in a single piece.

The cuts herewith give a good idea of the construction, although the shape may not be in every place quite as the head will be. A description of this head and of some other novelties by the same company was published in the *CYCLE* for 23 April last. How far ball-bearing heads are useful and necessary, and how far theory and pure luxury, is yet to be determined; but it would certainly seem that this pattern has "points" of distinguishing originality and merit.

MISSOURI DIVISION OFFICERS.

THE Chief Consul has called his dog Schneider, and come down out of the mountains. Pursuant to his call, the Board of Officers of the Missouri Division met Sunday, 19 Dec. There were present, besides the Chief Consul, secretary-treasurer Lewis, and representatives Young and Oeters. The new road bill, providing for the payment of a certain sum, instead of contributed labor, for the appointment of overseers for each legislative district, and for the employment of convict labor, was brought up. The Chief Consul had been at Mine la Motte talking with members of the House who will introduce the bill the coming season. The League meet, the most important work before the Division, was discussed, and it was decided to request each of the city clubs to appoint a committee of three to make arrangements. A letter was read from Henry E. Ducker, of Springfield, Mass., stating that he would bring a special carload of New England ladies and gentlemen to St. Louis to attend the meet. The general sentiment of the board was that the meet will be either a great success or a big failure; there is to be no half-way business. Secretary Lewis' report for the year ended 1 December showed a division membership of 257, and \$26.30 in the treasury. He also reported twenty-four renewals already sent in for 1887. As soon as the clubs act on the request, the board will meet again.

RACING REFORM.

A NUMBER of very important votes were passed at the council meeting of the N. C. U., held recently in London. It was voted that no prize exceeding in value 75.5s. be offered in an open race. This is a very marked step in the direction of pure amateurism. A committee was appointed to inquire into the whole question of professional racing, with a view to its encouragement. A rule was passed allowing clubs to refer all disputes at race meetings to the executive. The following resolution was also passed: "That the council of the N. C. U. expresses its disapproval of the growing practice of racing on the public roads, and directs the executive to do its utmost to discourage road racing."

THOMAS STEVENS HEARD FROM.

THE following letter in regard to the adventurous globe-girdling wheelman gives news three days later than any yet published. But even this letter throws no light on the question of his present whereabouts, and when all is said, the cold fact persists that eighty days have passed since his arrival in Canton:—

NEW YORK, 21 Dec., 1886.

To the Editor of the Outing:—Your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Stevens, was seen and spoken to by relatives of mine on 7 Oct., on the steamer running from Hong Kong to Canton, and also the next day in Canton in the five-story pagoda. He was in apparent good health and spirits, confident of his ability to go through the country, but with which opinion old residents there did not concur.

F. V. A.,

116 West Forty-fifth street.

THE following is from the *Shanghai Courier* of 18 Nov.:—

KIUKIANG, 14 Nov.

This morning a very much travel-stained, unwashed, unshaved, unshorn, unfed, slipshod, and altogether disreputable-looking specimen of the genius Fan Kwae (foreign devil) appeared mysteriously and unannounced upon our Bund. He bestrode a queer-looking vehicle that the celestials of the middle kingdom had never seen the like of before; consequently a numerous and highly demonstrative crowd of these most inquisitive of mortals brought up the rear, until they themselves were suddenly brought up at the gate of the English consulate. I need hardly add that the cause of all this commotion was Mr. Thomas Stevens on his famous Columbia bicycle, who had arrived after one of the most trying and eventful of his tours, some two weeks later than he had expected. In an interview I had with him he gave me the following account of his journey:

"Starting from Canton on 13 Oct. I had expected to reach Kiukiang inside of twenty days; but calculations based on my experience in other countries failed me entirely in China. I found it a totally different country from any of the others I have traversed, both as regards roads, people, accommodation, and experience generally. It would be little exaggeration to say that the only roads in south China (the north may be a little different) are the rivers, and no exaggeration whatever to say that the only proper way to travel is with a boat, in which one can live as in a house. Strictly speaking, there are no roads at all, as we understand the term; only narrow foot-paths leading here, there, and everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular; an intricate maze of tracks about the rice-fields in which a stranger finds himself hopelessly bewildered to commence with, and invariably

LOST AT LAST.

The first day out from Canton, after travelling I should think thirty miles, I found myself in a village about thirteen miles out. Neither are these pathways of that asphalt-like smoothness of surface for which an experienced cyclist naturally yearns, who sees the pleasant autumn weather gradually gliding past, and the distance ahead still great. On the contrary, boulders and rough slabs of stone, once laid level, but now more often

sloping at angles that render them precarious footing for anything but a goat or a barefooted Chinaman, are the chief characteristics. In addition to this, they are often not more than two feet wide, and often rise several feet above the waving paddy, so that traversing them is a feat really equal to the performance of walking on a wall. Under these circumstances a person frequently thinks of swapping his bicycle for a "pariah yaller," and riddling the purp with bullets. I persevered for four days, hoping the roads would improve, at the end of which time I arrived in a country where there were no paths, no paddy fields,—only the Pe-Kang river, and the rocky mountains sloping to the water's edge. A sampan would take me down stream and back to Canton in three days. Ah! but the good people at home (some of them) would say, "Pooh! he was afraid to go through; the badness of the roads is only a convenient excuse." As it would never do to give the good people at home the opportunity of thinking this, I concluded to go through to Kiukiang and Shanghai the best way possible. Four days, poling, rowing and towing on a little sampan to Chao-choo-foo, and four more with coolies carrying the bicycle, brought me over the Meeling pass and into the province of Kiang-tse. Striking the headwaters of the Kiang-kiang river at Nanhung, I might have come down stream all the way to the Poyang Hoo. I found the paths in Kiang-tse, however, quite an improvement on those of Quang-tung, and bicycled my way down to King-foo. So far, I had got along without serious trouble with the people. Kan-tchou-foo, I had been told, was a risky city to visit; but I trundled the bicycle through it, from one end to the other, in the middle of a surging, shouting crowd, and, beyond getting my helmet knocked off a few times, was offered no indignities. Ta-ho was the first city where the authorities saw fit to favor me with an escort; they

SENT A COUPLE OF SOLDIERS WITH ME to Kin-gan-foo. They evidently knew what they were about, for I should have fared badly had I reached Kin-gan-foo alone, not knowing the direct route to the Yamen. The soldiers betrayed anxiety as we approached the city; the mob collected, and, while yet several hundred yards from the Yamen, the stones began to come, and wild yells for the Fan Kwae rent the air. Missiles that would have knocked me senseless had I been wearing an ordinary hat, only made dents in the big pith solar topee I had worn through India, and which effectually protected my head and shoulders. I escaped into the Yamen with but a few trifling bruises, and one spoke broke out of the bicycle, but one of the soldiers got badly hurt on the arm—probably a fractured bone. The soldiers warned them that I was armed, and until we reached the outer Yamen gate they confined themselves to yelling and throwing stones; several then rushed forward and seized the bicycle, but the officials came to the rescue and hurried me off to the Che-hsien's office. It was pandemonium broke loose around the Yamen gates all the evening, the mob howling for the "foreign devil," the shouts of the soldiers keeping them at bay, and the officials loudly expostulating and haranguing them from time to time, as the din seemed

to be increasing. Proclamations were sent out by the Che-hsien, and, toward midnight, the mob had finally dispersed. I was then placed aboard a sampan, and, with a guard of six soldiers, spirited off down stream. After this, the authorities never allowed me to travel by bicycle, but passed me on down stream by boat from town to town, under guard, until we reach Wu-ching on the Poyang Hoo, when, by much persuasion, I obtained permission to take a short cut across the country to Kiukiang, but still with an escort."

Mr. Stevens, after seeing the British consul at Kiukiang, took passage in the steamer Peking, and arrived here this forenoon.

THE PATH.

SCHOCK SUCCEEDS.

The great six-day bicycle race closed at Minneapolis last Saturday night. Morgan rode 235 miles without dismounting. Schock beat the world's record of 1404 miles three laps, in 144 hours. He made 1405 miles in 142 hours. Armaindo beat Prince's record of 1042 miles by eight miles, which gives her the third best record in the country. Morgan's total score was 1165 miles. The physicians representing the Minnesota Hospital College weighed the contestants after they had their final dismount that night. They weighed as follows: Schock, 137 pounds, showing a loss of four pounds during the race; Morgan, 127½ pounds, a loss of two pounds; and Armaindo, 129 pounds, being a loss of five and one-half pounds. Morgan was taken sick during the week and had to leave the track, and during his absence Schock got a good lead.

WOODSIDE vs. ECK.

There was a fair attendance at the twenty-mile bicycle-race between W. M. Woodside and T. W. Eck, which came off at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis, Minn., 16 Dec. The contestants alternated in the lead up to the sixteenth mile, when Woodside went to the front and remained there till the finish. Time, 1. 3. 5½.

Dingley and Hardwick rode a twenty-five mile race on bicycles, for \$50 a side, at the Rink in Omaha, Neb., 15 Dec. Dingley won by a yard, in 1. 19. 55.

THE CLUB.

PORTLAND, O.—Oregon Club. President, George Breck; secretary, C. S. Wells; treasurer, Dr. B. Miller; captain, Dr. C. C. Newcastle.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—L. A. Wheelmen. President, W. S. Jackson; secretary and treasurer, C. M. Lindsey; captain, R. Woodworth.

WESTFIELD, N. J.—Union Company Wheelmen. President, Fred A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson; treasurer, A. Farrington; captain, F. S. Miller.

YONKERS, N. Y.—Yonkers Bicycle Club. President, Ed A. Oliver; secretary and treasurer, Ed. E. Thorne; captain, Wm. H. Ulrich.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Wheelmen. President, J. A. Debar; secretary, Wm. Exley; treasurer, A. M. Windolph; captain, G. L. Henderson.

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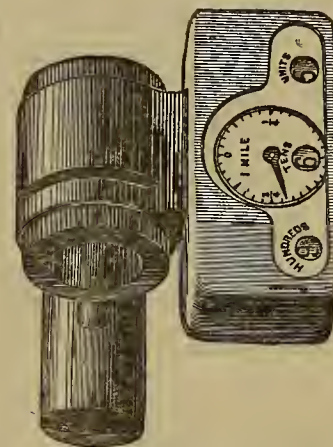
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Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

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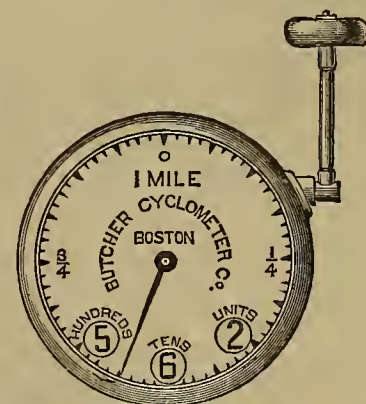
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Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

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Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer.

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

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PATENTS

Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

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COLUMBIA SPECIALTIES.

THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.

The peculiar advantages possessed by this saddle arise from its general construction, — with a perfectly adjustable frameless or hammock-pattern seat, suspended between fore-and-aft springs; a combination by which all jars and vibrations of the machine are absorbed, and the tendency to headers much decreased.



The seat proper is of the finest leather procurable, and its form, with long cut-out, admits of its shaping itself perfectly to the form of the rider, obviating all chafing and any uncomfortable or harmful pressure. It has no metal frame, but a re-enforcing piece of leather sewed on the under side, which reduces to a minimum the liability to lose shape.

Our improvements consist in using round front springs in each variety of the saddle, and in shaping the leather so as to prevent the raw edge from coming in contact with the rider.

This saddle is easily and quickly placed in position, and its tension regulated by simply setting the click back or forward. It is applicable to any bicycle, by the use of different front springs and perch-clip.

Nickelled, \$6.00.

THE COLUMBIA SWING-SPRING

Combines the best contributions of three different inventors towards the solution

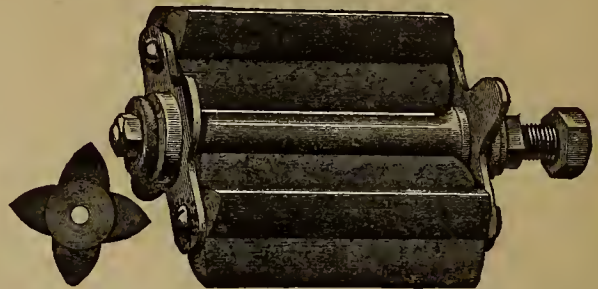


of the difficult problem in bicycle seat-springs. It overcomes the fore-and-aft jarring and the vibration of the small wheel by means of two pendent links combined with other parts in a peculiar way, so as to allow a fore-and-aft motion of the seat to a limited but sufficient extent to stop vibration, and to ease the rider over considerable obstructions. In averting headers it is a safety device beyond any other in the market. This spring is only applicable to the EXPERT and LIGHT ROADSTER.

Nickel-plated, \$5.00.

THE COLUMBIA BALL-PEDAL.

Per pair,



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The end-plates are one piece, drop-forged in entirely new dies, made sufficiently heavy where the greatest strains come, but lightened considerably by leaving out metal where it is not needed.

The pedal-frame is completed by a central steel tube, which entirely protects the pin from contact with the foot, and the bearings from the entrance of dust. The rods passing through the rubbers are threaded upon the inner ends, and fitted with small and neat nuts, so as to be easily removed and replaced. The pedal-pin is tapered and strengthened at the right end; and there are two rows of steel balls, eleven

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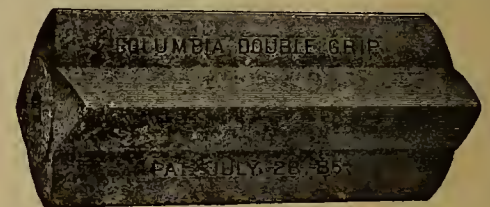
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The contents of one bottle will cover a bicycle.

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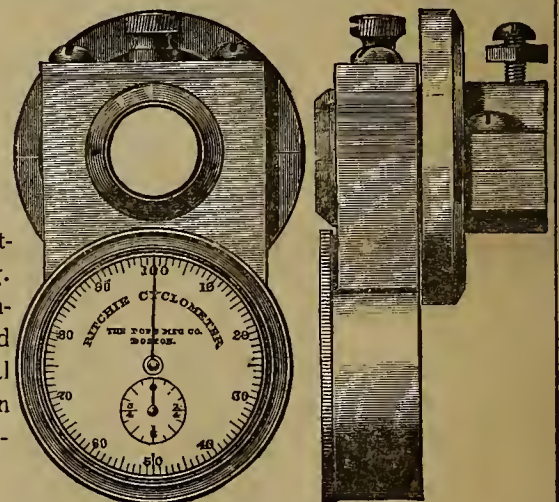
Put up for the trade in boxes containing one dozen bottles.



at each end, made with such accuracy that by actual micrometer tests they do not vary one two-thousandth of an inch in size.

The elastic bars are of our new "double-grip" pattern, which by its peculiar form affords a firmer hold than any other for the foot, increasing with additional pressure.

THE RITCHEY MAGNETIC CYCLOMETER



Has given complete satisfaction in its working. It has always run accurately under longer and more thorough practical tests than have been given to other cyclometers.

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The Cycle.

Vol. II, No. 15.

BOSTON, MASS., 7 JANUARY, 1887.

THREE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

TRADE MARK * **MARLBORO'** * **TANDEM** * TRADE MARK

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

It would seem to be fate. It is, however, a fact, that the riders of

The American Champion

have made the most phenomenal long-distance and road times of the season.

Here is another marvellous record by J. S. PRINCE, at Omaha, on a carefully surveyed indoor and ten-lap track, in 48 hours,

767 and 9-10 Miles !

A WORLD RECORD BY 27 MILES.

They all say the same thing, viz., "The easy running qualities of the G. & J. Bearings." Then there is the

10 Miles	in	29 Min. 13-4 Sec.
20	"	" 59 Min. 35 4-5 Sec.
50	"	" 2 Hrs. 55 Min. 46 1-2 Sec.
100	"	" 6 Hrs. 1 1-2 Min.

All of them world records, made by a Roadster on a country road. Facts of this sort talk.

By the way, gentlemen, if you want your machine overhauled or repaired, don't wait until the busy Spring, and then expect the work to be promptly done. Send your mount to us now, and have it ready for the first bit of good riding weather. It stands to reason that it will be more thoroughly done, and at a much more reasonable price. Since we have completed our new factory, we can devote a good deal more space to this branch of the business.

Respectfully submitted.

G. & J.

THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 7 JANUARY, 1887.

No. 15.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

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Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

THE going out of the old year has its private and personal considerations as well as those of a public kind. It is preëminently a time to pause and look over our record, and to form new plans and resolutions. It is well to do this in all soberness, and to survey the faults and shortcomings of the past, with a view to gathering up the treasures of experience for our future help and guidance.

NOTHING is so wholesome as a period of serious thought, of stern resolve. As we stop to ponder on the past, with its many mistakes and follies, we should make up our minds to follow in future our wisest thought and our best impulses. We shall doubtless fall far short of our good resolutions, but we shall do better for making them.

THE League officials talk of an increase of dues. We hope they can show good reasons for the step, for otherwise it will be a mistake.

A NUMBER of the papers have been saying that Brother Fourdrinier is the handsomest cycling editor, but if the ladies were brought in to decide the question of manly beauty, we think the choice would fall to handsome "Jakey" Morse of the *Herald*.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

I HAVE received several replies to my request for records in which the writers tell me that they are not able to give me figures, for they have kept no record, and their riding has been done altogether without system. One lady says she doesn't know how far she has ridden, and moreover, she doesn't care, for she says that she gets no end of enjoyment out of her wheel, and this would be very much abridged if she troubled herself over a computation of distances.

"AVONIA" writes from Chicago: "I am yet a novice in the use of the wheel, and I doubt if my total mileage amounts to over two hundred miles. I do not go far beyond the city limits, and confine my runs to the boulevards which run out to the less thickly settled portions of the city. Say to the ladies of the east that we envy them the country rides and the long tours which they are able to make."

MISS M ———, of Buffalo, says: "I have ridden over six hundred miles this year, including several runs to Niagara Falls, a run to Dunkirk, and miles upon miles in our beautiful park and along the avenues. Riding on the asphalt pavements is great sport at first, but one quickly tires of it, and sighs for the gravel roads of the open country, even though one has to climb hills and plough through sand. This is my second year of riding. Last year I rode two hundred and forty miles, this year six hundred and thirteen, and next year I hope to make four figures. I enjoy the ladies' column very much, and I think we all owe a debt of gratitude to 'Daisie' for what she has done for the cause of wheeling."

AND now comes one of whom you have heard before. I will give you the letter just as she sent it to me:—

My Dear Daisie,—I feel that I am not unknown to the readers of your columns, for I have figured in it not a little as the central figure of certain adventures and escapades that have taken place during my experience as a "wheelady." How do you like that for a word? I think I could tell of many more incidents than those you have already given, but I will refrain at present, and confine myself to my record. I commenced riding three years ago. At that time I was a pupil in the high school; being very ambitious, I was working harder than a weak physical constitution would warrant. I was soon obliged to drop my work and take to a sick bed, owing to what the doctors called nervous prostration. It was many, many weeks before I began to get back my strength. I was not a little impatient under my confinement, for I wanted to be up and about once more, and to resume my studies. One day the doctor told me that I must exercise in the open air.

I tried walking, but I found that a half a mile would so thoroughly exhaust me that I would have to take to my bed on my return. Then came the order from the doctor to try a tricycle. I took to the wheel, and I am well and strong. Don't think that I got cured with one bottle—excuse me, one ride, for the process was very long. I rode very short distances at first, and gradually increased until I was able to ride ten miles in a forenoon. I won't attempt to tell you of the pleasant trips I had into the country. They, in a large measure, compensated for the mental worry over lost time and opportunity, and I was grateful to know that I was rapidly gaining the health and strength so necessary to active endeavor. My riding in the past has been done very largely as a health measure, but now that I am back again to where I was before my sickness I use the wheel for genuine pleasure, and nothing would tempt me to give it up. You may say that as near as I can estimate my record for the past years has been about like this: 1884, 200; 1885, 300; 1886, 600; I shall have a light wheel next year, and shall do more. I beg to assure you of my kindest sympathy for you in your sickness, and I hope to repeat in 1887 the many pleasant runs we have had together in the years that have gone. MAUD.

I ENJOYED not a little the notice which Mr. Hillier took of my remark, that I was "at a loss what to say," but I object to the imputation that all ladies are garrulous. We do not all talk for the sake of talking, and there are times when it is better to be "at a loss what to say" than to indulge in commonplaces to kill time.

I DO not like the "You're another" style of argument, but I will say to Mr. Hillier that after reading many of the articles from the pens of the writers he has mentioned, on the subjects he enumerates, I have sometimes thought that these men must indeed have been at a loss what to say. DAISIE.

PITMAN'S CYCLE RUG.

WILL PITMAN writes us concerning the rug which he proposes to have on sale: "I am having one of the best designers in the country draw the designs for a Smyrna rug which will be 30 x 60 inches, and sell for five dollars. It will have the League badge in the centre, and cycling emblems around it. As soon as he gets his colors all right we shall go ahead. I expect a good demand for the rug, and already have received several orders. Mr. George R. Bidwell, C. C. of New York, has the honor of placing the first order. The rug will be ready by the middle of January. It will be in handsome, bright colors, and should prove as popular as a Grand Army rug which I got up, and of which large quantities have been sold. Every club should have one of these."



STILLMAN G. WHITTAKER.

WE first heard of Whittaker when there came to us the report that a member of the Cambridge Club had succeeded in riding a hundred miles on the road in nine hours, taking the road record for that distance. That was 22 Oct. 1884. The feat was performed under many disadvantages, and in the teeth of a strong wind. After that Whit. went into the road races of Eastern Massachusetts, and won some honor and not a few prizes. He was one of that famous coterie of road racers which included Rowe, Rhodes, McCurdy, Burnham, Getchell, and Whittaker, and we think it safe to say, that it would be hard to match this coterie in America. Whittaker was born in England, but he came to America before he was two years old, and lived with his parents in Medford. He began to ride the bicycle in 1884, only a few months before he essayed the record-breaking feat. He entered the employment of Wm. Read & Son in 1885, and it was through their influence that he went west to accept a position with the Simmons Hardware Company, in St. Louis. He was not long in making friends with the "toughs" of St. Louis, and he had many a hard ride with them. He is now with Gormully & Jeffery, of Chicago, and all of his latest records have been made on their machine, the American Champion. His best record for a mile is 2.43, made on the track at Indianapolis, and his road records are 10 miles, 29.1 $\frac{1}{4}$; 20 miles, 59.35 $\frac{1}{2}$; 100 miles, 6h. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. Whittaker is now in Boston on a visit to his people.

BALTIMORE CLUB'S CHRISTMAS.

THE Baltimore Cycle Club gave a double-barrelled blow-out and reception on Christmas day, and if ever there was a good time the thousand or fifteen hundred people who called on them had it. Visitors were not overawed at the door by a black divine-looking knob-puller in a swell suit, but the good natured, smiling, jolly President Abbott just nailed them, and then the only thing was to get away whole with no spokes kicked out or handle-bar sprung. You were stuffed with everything edible from land or sea; syphoned with everything drinkable of the inhabitable globe, and solaced with everything smokable from the Orient to the classic shades of the banks of the Connecticut. The mayor and many city magnates called, and were made to realize that cycling was really one of the important institutions of the present day, and wielded an influence that it would be politic to heed. Other clubs of the city called in bodies, and club-songs were interchanged, the merits of the fine clubhouse shown and discussed, and the other wheelers voted the Baltimores a set of jolly good fellows, whose hospitality was only equalled by their excellent riding. — *Sporting Life*.

CRYSTALLIZED TRUTH.

THOSE who know say that already the CYCLE is on a good paying basis. Editor Bassett knows how to interest the wheelmen. — *Herald*.

NEW YORK CLUB RECORDS.

BELOW I give summary of riding for 1886 by the New York Bicycle Club, as far as reported, and totals of the same members for 1885, in reference to which it is only fair to say that Mr. Kitching was disabled from riding for the best part of 1886, and Mr. Jimenis was also ill for several months in the spring and early summer. The routes included traverse eleven counties in New York state, four in Massachusetts, one in Vermont, one in Connecticut, four in New Jersey, two in Pennsylvania, and one in Colorado, beside the Island of Bermuda. Of the 3,418 miles covered by Messrs. Roy, Jimenis, and Shriver, 1,878 were outside of the New York city riding district, *i. e.*, Manhattan Island and Westchester County, within a radius of twenty-five miles from our club house. Every month in the year is represented, the best month's record being 1,657 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in October, and the lowest 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ in December.

The first ride began with the birth of the new year, but our courage failed us on the night of 31 December, and the last ride was taken on the 26th.

MEMBER.	Days.	Best in one day.	Total, 1886.	Total, 1885.
F. M. Daniels.....	112	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,063	1,484
E. J. Shriver.....	50	74	1,454	736
G. S. Daniels.....	55	61	1,169	755
J. B. Roy.....	38	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,008	574
J. O. Jimenis.....	33	113 $\frac{1}{2}$	956	663
F. W. Kitching.....	51	47	777	1,466
H. S. Raven.....	43	38	634	1,158
M. L. King.....	33	50	521
E. W. Adams.....	25	32	343	400
J. C. Mott.....	20	32	283	119
L. O. Macdaniel.....	20	30	244	214
C. L. Childs.....	10	25	160	96
R. R. Haydock.....	9	30	138	127
W. A. Whiting.....	12	22	131	377
H. Conkling.....	5	30	74	83
E. L. Gridley.....	6	20	61	229
			10,016	8,481

Yours truly,
EDW. J. SHRIVER,
Sec. N. Y. Bicycle Club.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THEY were sitting in the club-room, when in came to them an old darkey, who had been around the place for a long while, running errands, blacking boots, etc. It was very evident that he was looking around for presents. Then speaks to him, Bangs, our captain:

"I say, old man, what's your name?"

"George Washington," promptly replied the darkey.

"Washington? George Washington? Why, that name has a familiar sound. Seems to me I have heard it before," said Bangs.

"Oh, yes, you have; I've been round yere a long time."

ADHESION OF TIRES.

ON the 7th inst. Mr. G. Stoney read a paper before the Dublin University Experimental Association, on "The Adhesion of Rubber Tires on Common Roads." He said that some time ago he made estimates of the amount of adhesion, *i. e.*, grip on the ground which it would be necessary for the front wheel of a bicycle to have to enable the rider to ascend a given hill. He did not reach the actual limit until he attempted the Knockmaroon Hill climb. On this hill he found that even where the road was good the wheel slipped at every stroke. This showed that the limit of the adhesion had been reached. Knowing the inclination (1 in $7\frac{1}{2}$) of the steepest part of the hill and the weight on the wheels, he showed, by calculations into which we cannot enter here, how the adhesion could be computed. He found that the coefficient of adhesion was about six-tenths. This means that for every ten pounds weight on the front wheel there could be a tangential force driving the machine forward of six pounds before the wheel would slip. A similar calculation made for an ordinary bicycle gave an adhesion of three quarters, which is probably too high, as it was made on the assumption that the rider sat upright, while Mr. E. F. Walker, the only rider of an ordinary who got up the hill, leaned forward, and other strong riders who did not lean forward, failed to get up the hill from their wheels slipping. On muddy roads he showed that the adhesion often fell as low as $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{6}$, and on greasy pavements to $\frac{1}{10}$ or even perhaps $\frac{1}{5}$. A comparison of these experiments with those made on traction engines with india-rubber tires, by Sir F. Bramwell, showed that they agreed very closely. Iron tires were shown to be better on wet and muddy roads than india-rubber ones, while on dry roads the india-rubber had a considerable advantage. On snow or ice the adhesion of an iron tire is very small, while an india-rubber one has a good grip, probably as great as $\frac{4}{10}$, and riding on frozen roads was shown to be safer, so far as slipping was concerned, than on muddy ones. It was also pointed out that if on the day of the Knockmaroon Hill climb the road had been muddy no front-driving bicycle *could* have got up, while the rear-driving bicycles and tricycles, where all the weight can be brought on the driving-wheel at every stroke, would probably have got up. The adhesion necessary to enable such a rear-driving machine to ascend was estimated at only $\frac{1}{3}$. By the kindness of Messrs. Booth Brothers, Mr. Stoney was enabled to exhibit the Crypto 'Xtra, on which he rode the hill. — *Irish Cyclist*.

JO PENNELL ON ABOLITION.

THE cause of the present state of affairs, is, that makers' amateurs, who are ashamed of their position, and some of the powers in the cycling world, have determined that, because they either must give up cycling as a business or their claims to amateurism, therefore every man who rides a cycle must become a professional. It would be a parallel case if a man who found it necessary to become a professional jockey were to calmly announce that any one who rides a horse must join the professional ranks with him. — *Jo Pennell in Pall Mall Gazette*.

TO DO THE PEDAL MOUNT.

MOST of us have essayed to mount an ordinary by the pedal, and most of us have failed. But it is not so terribly difficult. "To learn the pedal mount," says W. C. Goulding, "get a friend to hold the machine on the right side, place your left foot on the pedal at its lowest point, and let your assistant move the machine forward so as to lift you up into the saddle. After getting used to this operation you are soon able to mount by the pedal without aid." F. Wale thinks the safest plan is to "commence by running the bicycle along, and when the left pedal is *up* place your foot upon it, and, springing upwards with your right foot, try and stand upright upon the pedal during its descent. As it commences to rise you will have to jump off, but with a little practice you will be able to stand on the pedal during one or two revolutions. As the pedal rises, bear as much of your weight upon the handles as possible, so as not to stop the machine by checking the pedal too much. Having learned to stand on the pedal with confidence, all you have to do is to throw your right leg over the saddle as the pedal rises. It is best to get some one to hold the machine when you try to mount for the first time, or you will be likely to dive over the handles. In running the machine along preparatory to mounting you must hold it by the left handle with your right hand on the back of the saddle, and as you jump shift it to grasp the handle." R. P. Tweed's system is somewhat similar. He thinks it best to "run beside the machine till you get up a good speed, and then, seizing both handles firmly, place your foot on the pedal at its lowest point, and spring rapidly across the saddle. Of course, this wants a good deal of practice, but it is by no means an impossible feat. It should be practised with the machine up against a wall at first to get into the proper way of throwing the leg over, and then on a quiet road, leaning the bicycle slightly towards you, as in case of falling you should not fall far." Theo. Staines is short and sweet. He remarks: "This can only be done by practice. The rider must run along with his machine for a few yards, and spring with his foot on to the pedal just as it begins to rise. This will lift him towards the saddle, and the rest is easy. This must be done quickly, or a cropper is certain." — *News*.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

1 JANUARY. — The coming year I am determined neither to drink, smoke, nor swear. Nor will I use any manner of slang. It is coarse and impolite. I am going to rise at five o'clock the year round, and bathe in cold water, winter and summer. I shall ride my wheel not less than five miles every pleasant day. I shall ride one hundred and fifty miles in a day, and shall make at least five century runs. I shall make a record not less than five thousand miles.

1 February. — I think it will do to get up at six o'clock till the days get longer, and I can see no harm in cigarettes, if I don't use cigars.

1 March. — I don't consider the various phrases used by cyclers to be slang, in the ordinary sense of the word.

1 April. — It's too big a contract. [End of diary.]

VAN HORN'S JUMP.

VAN HORN, of Denver, has got a story that he likes to tell to the boys, when they gather round the table at the club room, and every new comer has to take it, with all its embellishments. Here it is:

Just out of Denver there is a long coast coming down from the higher altitudes of the Rockies, and the boys like to put legs over and rush down the steep declivity at a break-your-head-if-you-fall speed. Very near the bottom of the hill there are irrigating ditches which cross the road, and these are bridged over with rude structures that do not resist the encroachments of seekers for firewood. One day Van Horn started to coast down this hill. He put his legs over and let the machine fly. He went slowly at first, but very soon his cyclometer was registering at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The steepest part is near the bottom, and beyond it is a wide ditch with its bridge. Van took a look ahead when he was flying down this steep part, and saw to his horror that the bridge was gone. It had been taken away for kindling wood. Death stared him in the face. To stop was impossible without a fall, to go ahead was death in the ditch. Van had no time to think what to do, for he was at the yawning gulf in a flash. He closed his eyes and prepared for the worst. Now came the remarkable part of the whole thing. A great stone was imbedded in the earth, with a large portion protruding upward just in front of the ditch, Van's wheel struck this and it sent wheel and rider into the air, across the ditch, and landed them right side up on the other side. The rider was not hurt, the machine stood the shock without a break of any kind, and Van could have ridden on had he not wished to stop a minute to pay his respects to the stone which carried him safely over. Van keeps the stone in a glass case now, and if any one doubts the story, they may just look at it, as a piece of corroborative evidence. He says that no machine but the Apollo would have stood the shock, but of course this is a natural prejudice in favor of his favorite wheel.

STEVENS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE chairman of the reception committee of Thomas Stevens of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, writes under date of 21 Dec., in a letter to the editor of *Outing*:

Dear Sir,

All arrangements have been made for the reception of Mr. Stevens on his arrival here. The Olympic Club have joined with us, and when he arrives will receive him down the bay. I, as chairman of the reception committee, have obtained permission from the custom house authorities and the quarantine officer to allow the committee to board the steamer down the bay. The officers and directors of the S. F. Bicycle Club, in connection with the officers and board of directors of the Olympic Club, will give Mr. Stevens a banquet, and also hold a reception in the latter's rooms, to which only members of both clubs and their lady friends will be admitted. This club will also invite Mr. Stevens to their annual banquet, which takes place about the time of his arrival here. You can rest assured that the S. F. Bicycle Club will receive him with open hands, and look after him while he is with us.

HENDEE'S NEW MOUNT.

J. B. McCUNE of the Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company, whose factory is at Worcester, was in town to-day, and stated that George M. Hendee has signed a contract with that company, and will enter its employ 1 January. Mr. McCune and Hendee are to go South next month, starting about the 15th, and will take along a sample of the Springfield Roadster bicycle, of which Mr. McCune is one of the patentees, by way of introducing themselves to the cyclists of that section. They will return about April 1. As Hendee is engaged to represent the interests of the Springfield Roadster, it is uncertain whether he will do any racing. Mr. McCune was unable to state whether or no his company would be represented by a team of racing men the coming season. It is too early yet to make arrangements of that nature. He, however, intimated that Hendee would not probably entirely abandon racing. Mr. McCune states that the company already has 160 orders for the Roadster, and the bulk of those were obtained with practically no solicitation. The company has changed its contract from 2000 to 3000 machines as the year's product. The machines will probably be put on the market the last week in February. — *Union*, 31 December.

THANKS TO DAISIE.

Editor Cycle: Please return thanks to "Daisie" for her determination to continue the feminine column through the winter. We all appreciate the "points," and look for them even more eagerly than through the wheeling season. Hoping our friend has recovered from her illness ere this, I remain, yours truly,

MARY SARGENT.

Can you find space in this week's issue for the enclosed lines as a Christmas remembrance for "Daisie"?

TO DAISIE.

I.

While Summer cools her glowing cheek
On dewy, wild sweet flowers,
While song of bird and insect speak
Of Love that freights the hours.

II.

When the red rose lifts her stately head
As dew-kissed lips she raises,
Our careless feet may sometimes tread
On sweet forgotten daisies.

III.

But Winter comes with icy breath
And locks so gleaming white;
His very presence fraught with death —
His lightest touch a blight.

IV.

'Tis then we bend with loving care
O'er a little flower so sweet,
And hail with joy the blossom fair,
Our winter *Marguerite*.

BOSTON, 25 Dec., 1886.

MARY SARGENT.

THE DRESS MAKES THE MAN.

A WELL-known member of the Newton Bicycle Club and a resident of Brookline came over to the Corey Hill toboggan slide one night dressed in full-length tights, and his shapely form was the observed of all observers. Having good-naturedly lent his toboggan to a friend who appeared on the coast with a cane and tall hat, he obligingly exchanged his toque while his friend indulged in a slide. The effect of the costume complete, with tall hat and cane, can better be imagined than described. — *Herald*.

A CROOKED TOE.

A CERTAIN man imagined that a certain toe on his right foot was not what it ought to be. It was a little out of line, and did not present the appearance of an ideal toe. And yet it served all the purposes of a toe in a very becoming manner. But the owner was dissatisfied, and he began to bandage and poultice it. But the more he bandaged and poulticed the worse the toe became. There came to him one day a man who said, "There is but one way to cure the toe. An ancient writer has said, 'If thy right toe offend thee, cut it off,' and so you must cut off that member of your body." "But," said the man, "I shall then have no toe at all." "Never you mind that," said his counsellor, "You will have cured the evil by abolishing it." Then did the man wax very wroth, and he did drive the counsellor from his domicile. "I will let the toe alone," said the man, "I need some kind of a toe, and a crooked toe is better than none at all."

Moral. This teaches that reform is better than abolition, and that a poor amateur law is better than none at all.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER ON WHEELS.

O. S. BARRETT, of Adrian, Mich., was during the war lieutenant of Company B, 4th Michigan Volunteers. He was attached to the 5th Army Corps, and served with the army of the Potomac. At the battle of Gettysburg he was shot in the leg, the ball breaking a bone, and shattering the nerves of the same. Rheumatism and neuralgia set in, and the result was paralysis of both legs and hips. He has been a great sufferer, and it was impossible for him to get about until he procured a tricycle. A friend advised him to get one of Singer's Velocimans, and he did so, and this is what he writes about it: "I think more of the machine than anything I ever had. I have but partial use of my arms, and no use whatever of the lower portion of my body, and yet I can make ten or twelve miles an hour on the machine over the streets of my city. I can turn a corner of a four-foot sidewalk with ease, and I can distance a foot tricycle anywhere on our broad and main streets, to say nothing of throwing dust in the eyes of a smart horse. I had a railing put around the seat, and had a foot-rest attached. Were it not for this I could not keep my seat, for I have no control of the lower portion of my body."

The lieutenant is greatly pleased with his machine. We are inclined to believe that he exaggerates when he talks of ten or twelve miles an hour; but if he can do half what he says he can, it testifies to the excellence of the machine.

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

WE have received the very pretty Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, which is published in Dublin. R. J. Mecredy, the man who went over to England and captured a number of races and a championship, is the editor. The number contains a lot of choice literature, including a story by Violet Lorne, an illustrated descriptive poem, etc. Many illustrations help out the text, and the whole thing is readable and ornamental. It retails for sixpence. The publishing house is yet young, and this, its first effort in its way, is very creditable.

WIND STOPPERS.

ANOTHER proprietary article we recommend our winter-riding readers to adopt is a pair of "Jaeger's wind-stoppers." This is not a scientific instrument; nor has it any relation to the "couple of planks nailed behind a trotting sulky," which Furnivall recommends for the enhancement of bicycle speed rates; but a "wind-stopper," according to Dr. Jaeger, is a sort of sleeve, made of elastic woolen material, designed to be sewn inside the sleeve of an ordinary coat or riding jacket. One end of the "wind-stopper" is wide enough to be stitched round inside a coat-sleeve, and the other is reduced to the proportions of a wrist, so that when the rider dons the wind-stoppered coat the elastic material inside clings around his wrist, and — its other end being stitched to the coat-sleeve all round — the wind cannot blow up the sleeves. The chill-preventing effect is thus similar to that of wearing gauntlets, but with none of the heavy and unsightly drawbacks of those articles, the "wind-stoppers" being hidden completely from view, weighing next to nothing, and porous enough to prevent undue heat. They can be bought for a few pence per pair, for attachment to any coat-sleeves. — *Tri Journal*.

NEW YORK CENTRAL REGULATIONS.

THE New York Central has issued a circular which says: "Bicycles, when accompanied by the owner or some person in charge, who is without other baggage and holds a first-class passage ticket, will be carried free by this company, at owner's risk, in baggage cars of local trains, when they can be handled conveniently, provided they are delivered to the station baggage man, and release of liability signed at least ten minutes before the departure of the train. Train baggage men must not receive bicycles for transportation in baggage cars unless they come to them through the station baggage man."

ROLLING AND SLIDING.

As a mounted policeman was walking his horse slowly through Brighton one cold night in the early part of last week, he was surprised by hearing a noise behind him, and an instant after a figure shot by and disappeared in the darkness. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "what is it?" Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped after it, and only overtook the figure as it was dismounting from a small Safety bicycle in front of Warren's apothecary store in Brighton. It proved to be a well-known member of the Massachusetts Club, who was riding over to the Corey Hill toboggan slide, and the peculiar costume, which consisted of white and red striped jersey, black tights, and fantastic toque on his head, together with the small bicycle which he was on, was enough to frighten almost any one on a dark night. — *Herald*.

HARD FACTS.

The Cycle appears to be the only paper in America which fairly grasps anything like the true state of things in English cycling circles. What that journal says on English feeling re the abolition question in its issue of the third is perfectly correct. — *Cyclist*.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

THERE is nothing so pernicious to the wind as the use of tobacco, says Charles E. Clay in the *January Outing*, and this fact cannot be laid down in too strong terms to those who may wish to put themselves in training, no matter for what exercise; and so stringent is the rule that professionals, when going into hard training for any special event, be it rowing, running, boxing, or swimming, are not allowed to breathe the fumes of tobacco, even in the open air.

RAILWAY TRICYCLE.

A RAILWAY tricycle has been patented by Mr. William Hayes, of Los Angeles, Cal. The invention consists of a trailing wheel free to swing within certain limits, and without flanges, with a seat placed at right angles to the main wheels, the object being to avoid friction of the flanges of the wheels on curves, as well as on straight tracks.

OFFICIALS WORTH HAVING.

THE Springfield Club officers provided a lunch for the members at the last club meeting. Here is the way they did the inviting: "The last official act of the present board of officers will be the serving of a light lunch (temperance) at the close of the meeting, complimentary to those in attendance. As this deed of spontaneous generosity (unsurpassed in the history of our annals) comes after the election, it is to be considered in no wise a gentle bid for re-election on the part of the present board."

AN INKLING OF BUFFALO.

W. S. BULL, of Buffalo, has sent us a very pretty pamphlet entitled, "An Inkling of Buffalo," published by C. W. Sumner. It contains a large number of very pretty views of that remarkably beautiful city and of its business houses. As a souvenir of the city by the lake, it is very valuable. Thanks, Brother Bull.

"CHESTNUTS."

WHEELING'S Xmas Annual goes to "Macbeth" for its title, as witness the following quotation: "A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap." The volume is smaller in size than that which *Wheeling* has before put out, being $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. It is the old tale of "Sandford and Merton," worked over for cycling purposes, and it deals with incidents and characters in cycling. It retails for sixpence.

CHANCE FOR A GOOD ITEM.

ED AUSTIN and Frank Taylor have constructed a sled bicycle attachment which astonishes the natives, and will eventually break somebody's leg if they don't improve the steering apparatus. — *Greenfield Gazette*.

ROAD BOOKS.

"THIS Diary is only ruled out for January," said a gentleman in a book store.

"Yes," replied the stationer, "our experience in the business has taught us that no one ever gets beyond the first month." — *Judge*.

When the diary goes out the road book comes in. The road book is ruled out during January.

THE CYCLING ISLE.

BY 5678.

IT was the year two thousand. For a century and a quarter mankind had enjoyed the blessings which result only from use of the wheel. They had gained thereby. Many thousands enjoyed a freedom from the petty ills of life which otherwise would have ceaselessly annoyed them. But they were still dependent and weak. Even at their best, the overwork, the dissipation, the use of stimulants, the lack of sufficient rest, the constant and fearful nervous strain of increasingly complex conditions, served to prevent radical improvement in the majority of cyclers.

The riding undertaken by the majority only served to hold at bay the accumulating evils of modern life. Comparative disregard, oftentimes absolute neglect, of the laws of health; supreme contempt for physical results in the union of human beings; propagation of a race with shattered nerves and enfeebled constitutions — all these evils formed an array too powerful to be overcome perfectly, even by cycling. Though the wheel caused improvement in individuals which lulled them into a sense of health, it could not alone produce the vigor necessary to the development of a robust race. The fearful increase in nervous diseases; the commonness of nervous prostration; the ever greater number of children born with weak nervous systems, served as a portent of coming ruin, and boded for the future a nation of maniacs.

Such facts as these saddened men. The mortal who could view them deliberately, and gaze upon the possibilities in store for his descendants, and yet feel no sorrow or discouragement, gave, in his unnatural stolidity, sure evidence that his nerve centres had begun to work untruly. Numbness and decay, inability to perceive, are as indicative of imperfections as is uncanny astuteness.

Though enough facts were obtainable to fortify the pessimist in the most doleful of predictions, the optimist then, as always, could find basis for encouragement in the almost infinite possibilities of human nature.

It was especially so in this case. A young married man, a pessimist by nature, an optimist from conviction; without a family; a student of the infallibility of natural laws; an enthusiast on the wheel; an indefatigable worker; a good organizer; ambitious and calculating, at length devised a scheme for the perfection of a portion of the race, and in it the wheel was to prove its efficacy.

There lies far away in the ocean, leagues on leagues from any other land, a small isle which had never been inhabited by man. The climate was balmy, but not enervating; the ground fertile; ample supplies of fresh water existed; pleasant hills and dales, amply wooded, stretched here and there; small game and birds and fruit abounded, all unmolested by human energy. A somewhat irregular coast formed two natural harbors, which were so protected by outlying rocks as to be dangerous to those first attempting a landing. In both, the beach was small, while high cliffs rose abruptly around. The isle seemed naturally formed to render self-defence easy.

It was to this island that the thoughts of our enthusiast turned. Meditation had con-

vinced him that he could elaborate a plan dependent only upon a few converts for ultimate success. When 1890 dawned he had elaborated his scheme; but 1900 had nearly come before he had made his converts, and was settled in the Cycling Isle.

The twentieth century opened with about a hundred families in their new home. They were nearly all young married couples averaging, say, thirty years. Most of them were without children; a few had one child, and none more than two or three. A few unmarried youths and maidens, relatives of some of the couples, were with them. The total number of settlers was two hundred. Their descent was from old American stock, some of them tracing their families through nearly three hundred years in the States back to old England.

The colony started with a theory by which to regulate their lives. This theory dealt primarily with social and domestic affairs; in things political, they were satisfied to follow the example of our republic.

A government was organized on the lines of a New England State. Four distinct settlements were made, each one with a simple and perfectly democratic town organization. Four counties were formed, each one having as its centre and future county-seat one of the original towns. A judicial system, a legislature of two branches, and a governor, were included in the scheme. This seemed unnecessarily elaborate at first, but was put into operation to accustom all from the start to the full duties of citizenship.

There was nothing new in this simple plan of government, nor was there intended to be. It is not certain that any one detail of the whole scheme was new, if considered separately. What originality there was consisted in the combination of theories with the conditions, and the introduction of a strong cycling element.

The object of the colony was to secure perfect physical development combined with broad intellectual attainments. To this end the fundamental law adopted contained certain principles which the enlightened people of the nineteenth century regarded as an infringement of private rights. Such laws, indeed, cannot be adopted by a majority, and forced upon a minority; they are only allowable when based upon universal consent, and feasible in small communities. In a large country the same ends can be gained only through the intelligence and moderation of the people acting as law unto themselves.

It must be remembered that these two hundred colonists represented only the average physical vigor of the better classes of the New England and Middle States. Feeling, therefore, the need of sounder bodies, and recognizing the dependence of mental vigor upon physical perfection, their first requirements related to physical training.

First of all, regularity was essential. The settlements were purely agricultural. An early breakfast; a long morning; an early dinner; a long noontime rest; a short afternoon, and two hours of recreation and prescribed exercises before supper; then a short evening and early retirement. This programme was readily carried out, even through the busiest times. In the quieter seasons longer hours were devoted to the



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L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

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required exercises; the hours of retiring and rising correspondingly later, and the evenings given to varied study, amusement, and recreation. If the hours had been made rigid, human nature would have rebelled; but a reasonable limit was allowed, and the ambition and rivalry of the people soon aided the regulation, because it was evident that those who were most regular in habits soon excelled physically and intellectually.

The value and importance of sufficient sleep being generally under-estimated, it was resolved that the allowance should be liberal. The hours were not restricted, and every one was urged to average between eight and nine, according to temperament. Great activity was encouraged for the waking hours. Sufficient sleep to make this both possible and enjoyable was insisted upon.

For a long time few delicacies were obtainable for the table. When wealth increased, and more could be secured, their free use was discouraged. Few, in fact greatly desired them. A liberal diet was in favor, great care being always taken with the cooking. Each meal was simple, but abundant, and variety was introduced by constantly changing the character of the meals. All the fruits that could be had were used in abundance. The palate was easily trained to be satisfied with such desirable things.

The hours devoted to exercise and recreation were lively ones. Every athletic sport was taught by competent teachers, young and old participating,—the women as well as the men. The original colonists of mature age suffered from the disadvantage of beginning comparatively late in life. Their children, however, were taken hold of in infancy, and grew up under a system as invigorating as that which developed a Ben Hur or a Scandaberg. Constant activity, guided by a comprehensive plan, which caused harmonious development, showed its effect in the first generation which grew up under the regime. In form, in figure, in all physical attributes, they surpassed their parents.

In this system of development the wheel played a prominent part. No youth was permitted to learn in a haphazard manner, and ride as he chose as soon as he could balance himself. On the contrary, each boy was carefully taught what in the nineteenth century were the accomplishments of the few. Trick riding was not particularly encouraged, but the great strength and agility displayed made many marvellous feats possible. After absolute control was obtained, training was begun. This was systematically prosecuted. A surprising staying power was quickly shown, owing to the whole character of the athletic training in which every one took part. Speed was also readily developed, and the people naturally became a colony of flyers.

The isle being small, and the best of roads being projected at the outset, a generation or two saw a paradise for wheelmen. Several concentric roads circled the island, winding gently in and out, here hiding in dense groves, and yonder almost skirting the beach. Other roads ran as spokes to a wheel, while still others lay directly across, meeting at right angles. In a sheltered dale, near the centre of the isle, a quarter-mile track was built, and completely enclosed. The sides being practically but a

series of windows, kept open most of the year, all the advantages of open air were secured. In addition to this, by closing any side against the wind, perfect conditions for speed were obtained. In the centre of the track athletic sports were carried on.

The women of the colony participated in the general training, of course, in a modified way. Even to a greater relative effect than the men did they make use of tricycle and tandem.

The first generation which grew up in the isle, though only about half of them were born there, were, as has already been said, more vigorous than their parents. Each of the three succeeding generations, which had appeared up to the time of the present account, showed marked improvement, not only in physique, stamina and feature, but intellectual grasp and attainment.

The physical vigor which was attained, the sense of power accompanying it; the joyous freedom of out-door life; the exhilaration of well-nigh perfect health, combined to destroy the repugnance, ever becoming more common with increasing civilization, to having families. It was expected that families should average four or five children, differing in age about three years. Early marriages were encouraged. Few unmarried persons were found above the age of twenty-five years, and almost none above thirty.

It follows that the four generations born since the time of settlement, together with some two hundred new colonists which had been received from home, had augmented the population to some 4,000 settlers, distributed in little villages all over the island. Another century or two will increase the population to its utmost limits. After that new homes must be sought.

It was necessary to import into the island all its manufactured articles for a long time, as climate, inclination, and surroundings made them purely agricultural. Twice every year a commission went abroad to make the necessary purchases.

A thorough system of mental training was adopted, and pursued systematically. As good health was universal, children could continue their studies without interruption. The most comprehensive plan, therefore, was possible. The superficial, popular cry, "Away with the classics," was not heeded; and particular pains were taken to make every subject alive. Historical studies were pursued with great interest, and with sociology received most attention. Industrial departments were connected with the schools, and no pupils were excused from them. The polite arts were cultivated; a large public library was maintained, and lectures and various entertainments constantly carried on by the members. These methods were developed so successfully as to produce the most active, vigorous, and at the same time the most perfectly cultivated race the world has seen.

If this account of such a favored isle does not sufficiently show whence it derived its name, it should be remembered that all its roads were as perfect as race tracks; that every person on the isle, without exception, used a cycle daily; that all were trained cyclists; that an enclosed track was maintained, and that the physical, mental and moral results attained were largely due to the use made of the wheel.

BANGS' LATEST.

JOSEPH and Josie were on a tandem. He was whispering soft nothings in her ear. There was a spill. Bangs helped to pick them up and set them a wheel again. As they rode off, Bangs said to Bings, who was with him:

"That reminds me of a very important part of my wheel."

Bings caught hold of the fence, and cried, "Let her go. What is it?"

"Why, a spoon break, of course," said Bangs.

And now they do not speak as they pass by.

BEST DATE FOR THE MEET.

I THINK the suggestion that the League meet be held the third week in May is a good one, and I hope the board of officers will act on it. That is the time in spring when St. Louis almost invariably enjoys good weather, which is the principal consideration in selecting the date. It will give scores of local wheelmen an opportunity to get off, which they cannot obtain nearer the end of the month. — *Spectator*.

BENEFITS FROM REDUCED PRICES.

THE Missouri Club has reduced the price of pool to two and one-half cents a cue, and finds the revenue larger than ever. I am told their tables, billiard and pool, bring them as high as \$50 per month. — *Spectator*.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CLUB.

Editor Cycle: It is my habit to look over all the bicycle literature, at least once a week, and of course the CYCLE is always read in its turn. In the edition of 10 December, in an article describing the new house of the Capital Bicycle Club, the writer calls that club the crack wheeling organization of Washington, which is indeed true; and for good fellowship the Capital boys cannot be beaten. About two years ago I visited the club in its old quarters, and have often told how nicely I was entertained by them. But I am drifting from the point which prompted these lines. The writer says that the C. Bi. C. is the second oldest wheeling organization in the country; in this he is wrong, and I take this opportunity of informing him.

The Boston Bicycle Club was founded 12 Feb. 1878; the San Francisco Bicycle Club was founded 28 Nov. 1878; the Montreal Bicycle Club, 2 Dec. 1878; the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, 1 Feb. 1879; and the Capital Bicycle Club, 7 Feb. 1879. I also claim for the San Francisco Bicycle Club that it is not only the second oldest club in America, but that it has accomplished more for cyclers than any other club in the country, which I can prove to your satisfaction.

I also take pleasure in informing you that among its members are some of our most prominent citizens, and that the first consideration in electing a member has always been, What is his social standing? Though not calling ourselves a racing club, we hold the five-mile championship of the coast, made by H. C. Finkler; and Will Davis of our club has twice beaten Elwell in a mile

race; and still Mr. Elwell, of the Bay City Wheelmen, is called the champion of the coast. I hereby extend to the members of the Eastern clubs a cordial invitation to any of their members who may visit this coast, to make our rooms their headquarters, and we will do what we can to entertain them. I will also state that the Baldwin Hotel is the League hotel in San Francisco, and that a reduction of fifty cents per day will be allowed to all L. A. W. members. The San Francisco Bicycle Club has been requested to receive Thos. Stevens upon his return to America, and you will hear of how well we shall succeed. A China steamer arrived last evening, and thinking that Mr. Stevens might be on board, the gallant captain of our club, Harrison Houseworth, accompanied by our reception committee, boarded the steamer out in the bay, and was informed that Mr. Stevens would come on the next steamer.

Our club, assisted by the Olympic Athletic Club, will give Mr. Stevens a grand reception at the rooms of the latter club, which are said to be the finest quarters of the kind in America, on which occasion none but members of the two clubs, and their lady friends, will be admitted. The officers of the clubs will then give Mr. Stevens a banquet. You will learn later what else we shall do to make the reception of Mr. Stevens a success. I do not think that it is generally understood that when Mr. Stevens arrives in this city, he will have completed his tour of around the world on a bicycle.

Cyclingly yours, 8,427, L. A. W.,
Ex-Captain Second Oldest Club in America.
 SAN FRANCISCO, 19 Dec. 1886.

SUGGESTION FOR A LOCK.

A SUGGESTION, which we commend to the ingenious, comes to us from Captain Verney, R. N., who says: "There is, so far as I know, no way of securing a tricycle except by a padlock and chain, which is but a clumsy expedient. Surely some ingenious man could devise a small key to fit into the axle itself. I would suggest a small flat piece of metal, like the key of a Yale lock, which should always be kept in its place when the machine is in use, but the removal of which should release a bolt, and render the axle immovable; all you would then have to do on leaving the tricycle for a few minutes would be to take out the key and carry it with you. If there is anything in this suggestion, no doubt it will be considered." — *Cyclist*.

TURN AND TURN ABOUT.

LADY riders are plucky, and are never at a loss what to do in emergencies. Two Melrose ladies recently took a ride to Cambridge on tricycles, and, after reaching their destination, one of the machines broke down, and could not be repaired forthwith. What to do? After the heads had been put together, it was decided that each should ride and walk half the way home, and thus the journey was accomplished. — *Herald*.

THE *Cyclist* proposes that the wheelmen of England present a fully equipped life boat to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. It suggests that this is a good way to recognize the Queen's jubilee, and it has opened a subscription paper.

CYCLETETS.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

WHEN, —

You see the snow effacing all the riding and the racing,
 When the road-worn bikes and tricycles are safely stored away,

When the questions, cold and cruel, as to "Who's to pay for fuel?"

And "Who's to lug the coal up nights?" are turning club men gray.

When, —

Around the club-room fires every night a gang of liars
 Tell each other "fairy stories" from the woof of fancy wove;

Tell of rides that broke the record, with yarns of "mashes" checked,

Tell of how they "did up" so-and-so; — and spit upon the stove.

When, —

The cycle papers, many, have to struggle hard for any interesting items which to cycle-ing relate,
 And "fill up" on that humdrum called the "amateur co. nundrum,"
 Or quarrel with each other as to how they circulate.

When, —

The racing-man is "shoving," over to his uncle loving,
 The plate he won last autumn (and the plate is fact, I think,)*

Finds for each defeat, a reason, brags of what he'll do next season,

Or for money stakes enormous, circumnavigates a rink, —

When, —

The cyclers run their dances, when they take toboggan cha. ces,

When the nickel on their skates is bright, but on their wheels is brown,

When the cutter ousts the tandem, when "last season" seems a phantom, —

Then, —

You can bet your bottom dollar that the winter's settled down. CAP.

*The earnest student will find a joke here, if he digs deep enough.

1887.

THE year is yet young.

BUT it is here all the same.

Now look out for a January thaw.

THE good resolutions still hold, and will hold for another week.

A VERY large number of men and women have resolved to subscribe for the *CYCLE*, and they have crystallized their resolutions by sending us seventy-five cents.

PITTSBURG, Penn., records for 1886: W. D. Banker, 2,578 miles; S. H. Murray, 2,245 miles; H. E. Bidwell, 1,940 miles.

CHARLES SCHWALBACH and A. S. Wildigg will open a bicycle agency in Brooklyn, opposite Prospect Park.

BANGS writes us that he rode the old year out and the new year in, and claims to be among the first to ride in 1887. As it was very stormy when 1887 came in, we looked up this record, and found that he rode in a horse car. The record is refused, and will not be entered.

HENDEE will ride a lever machine next year. Now let us see if he can get down to 2.25.

WHENEVER I ride in the evening or night,
 At any time past six o'clock,
 I take care to bring out a jolly good light,
 And hang it somewhere on my crock;
 But men who are driving in light-running carts
 Come whisking along in the gloom;
 It gives a contemplative parson such starts
 It shortens his tramp to the tomb.
 It really isn't right
 For they never use a light —
 They're a nuisance and a snare where'er they go;
 And if, in some dark part,
 You should charge a lamplight cart,
 Then you smash yourself and trike, and there you are,
 Don't you know.

LETTERS to Thomas Stevens may be addressed care of S. F. Bi. Club 1,428, Market street, San Francisco, Cal., where he expects to arrive about the middle of January.

STEVENS expected to find perfect ease in riding in China, but he found Chinese. There seems to be no harmony between the two.

THE *Post-Despatch* wants the League to adopt an accident insurance department. It might do worse

THE Columbia bicycle has a habit of coming to the front. It did so in the hare and hounds race at Chicago on Thanksgiving day. The three first men in were on Columbias.

THE *Wheel World* will change its title to *Olympia*, and will no longer be entirely confined to cycling matters, but will take in relative athletics.

A. J. PHILBRICK, of Salem, formerly builder of the Republic bicycle, announces a steam tricycle, which will be ready at an early date. Why not a steam carriage?

THE Massachusetts Club will dine next month. It will be a goodly company. The club members have indulged so freely in milk that they have become the cream of wheeldom.

THE Melrose Club will pool its issues over a new table.

CLUBS are new making up their yearly records. The Massachusetts Club will present to its usual elaborate compilation at the annual biquet.

THE Boston Club is nine years old.

HAYES and his men will meet around the festive board at the Quincy House on Saturday evening.

AND now our wheels are in a state of innocuous desuetude.

CAPT. PECK, of the Massachusetts Club, is an enthusiastic tobogganer. He took a header the other night, and didn't stop coasting down the hill, though there was no toboggan under him. He says that his pants are like an unpaid bill, for they want to be re-seated.

THE lucky Springfield winners in the recent Iroquois Cycle Club's drawing in London, Eng., were P. H. Joslyn, of the Boston and Albany freight-house, who drew the Crippler tricycle, worth \$165, and John Rohan, an employe of the Boston and Albany railroad company, who drew a Waltham watch.

DR. C. J. SCHERER, of Memphis, offers a valuable medal to the rider who makes the best mileage in 1887. No score under three thousand miles will be considered.

WHY is a tricycle, with the steering wheel behind, like the breeder of oxen? One is a rear steerer, and the other a steer rearer.

You came and went on flashing spokes,
As swiftly as the swallow darts;
You rode upon our avenue,
And o'er our maidens' vanquished hearts;
How brave you looked in jaunty suits,
You Mercuries with flying wheels,
All cap-à-pie in hose and plu h—
Like charming little gods on wheels!

I NOTICE quite a tendency toward stove-pipe hats among the cyclers. This may be a reaction from the close-fitting caps of summer. — *Spectator*.

THE *News* gives the following best times on record as among the earliest that can be found: By J. Moore, professional, at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, on 26 May, 1874, 3 m. 1 s.; by Keith Falconer, amateur, at Cambridge, on 28 November, 1874, 3 m. 16 s.

W. W. SHEEN, of Quincy, has ridden 7,450½ miles on his Star the past year. The Smithville people intend to give him a medal as a souvenir of the record, and it is very probable that he will have the best machine the company can turn out to ride next year.

THERE is much anticipation among wheelmen for the new tandem and handle-bar steering tricycle to be brought out next season by the Pope Manufacturing Company. Nothing definite is yet known about their special construction, but past experience has taught cyclists to believe that only the best can come from the largest wheel house in the world.

THE Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, received friends on New Year's day.

Jack and Gill came down the hill
Upon a Humber tandem;
Jack turned round to Gill and frowned,
"Pshaw! you don't understand 'em.
Put up your feet, stick to your seat,
I'm going to do a 'flyer';
For goodness sake don't touch the brake,
We're spilt! Oh, Jeremiah!"

THE Springfield Club had a saltatorial social at its rooms last week Thursday, and others will follow. There is a good deal of fun to be had out of these informal affairs.

CHIEF CONSUL PALMER, of Delaware, has organized the Delaware L. A. W. Division with twenty-eight members. Mr. Charles W. Todd, of Wilmington, has been elected secretary.

THE boiler which supplies caloric to our office burst the other day. The building didn't go up, and we have been thinking that perhaps we were blessed with avoirdupois enough to hold it down, despite the attempts of a boiler to blow it into the air.

GIDEON HAYNES, Jr., Boston, Mass., and A. E. Schaaf, Buffalo, N. Y., assignors to Pope Manufacturing Company, have been granted a patent on an anti friction bearing.

We shall be present at the officers' meeting in New York, and will use any proxies that may be sent us as the senders may direct.

THE Rudge Bicyclette, which Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. propose to bring out in the spring, is the original machine of this type, having been patented in England and America in 1879 by Messrs. Rudge & Co. It has had two years good trial in England and possesses several valuable features of special excellence and which will only be found on this machine.

CAPTAIN PECK, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, finished a riding season of nearly 5,000 miles in 1886. All being accomplished on a 55-inch Rudge Light Roadster.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE SHOE.

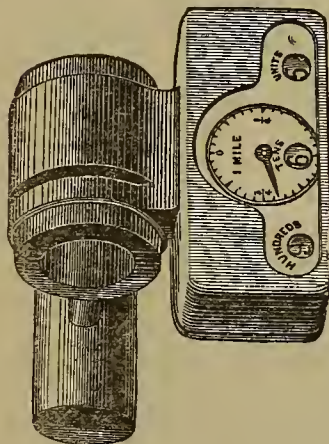
The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

STRICKLAND & PIERCE,

156 and 156½ Summer Street,

BOSTON.



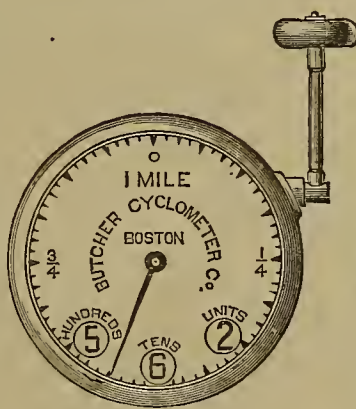
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by

Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

PATENTS

Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

N. L. COLLAMER . . . Patent Attorney,

Room 47, St. Cloud Building,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AMONG the many letters that Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. received in their mail last week, were three that were curiosities. In one, a man wishes to exchange forty acres of land for a Rudge Humber Tandem; in another, a man has two hundred pounds of gunpowder which he will exchange for a bicycle; and another wishes to dispose of two hundred pair of roller skates for any kind of a Rudge.

The Cycle

75 CENTS A YEAR.

ISSUED FRIDAYS.

Sample Copies Sent FREE.

FOR 75 CENTS

WE GIVE YOU all the Cycling News.

WE GIVE YOU a very large amount of the best Cycling Literature.

WE GIVE YOU Cycling Stories by the best American and English authors.

WE GIVE YOU the best Ladies' Department in the World.

WE GIVE YOU the views of the Leading Writers in the wheel circles of America on Current Topics.

WE GIVE YOU Fifty-Two Issues for Seventy-Five Cents.

YOU MAY GIVE US a postal-note for seventy-five cents. An occasional contribution. One more name toward the Largest Circulation in the World.

ABBOT BASSETT

19 School Street, Boston, Mass.

COLUMBIA SPECIALTIES.

THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.

The peculiar advantages possessed by this saddle arise from its general construction, — with a perfectly adjustable frameless or hammock-pattern seat, suspended between fore-and-aft springs; a combination by which all jars and vibrations of the machine are absorbed, and the tendency to headers much decreased.



The seat proper is of the finest leather procurable, and its form, with long cut-out, admits of its shaping itself perfectly to the form of the rider, obviating all chafing and any uncomfortable or harmful pressure. It has no metal frame, but a re-enforcing piece of leather sewed on the under side, which reduces to a minimum the liability to lose shape.

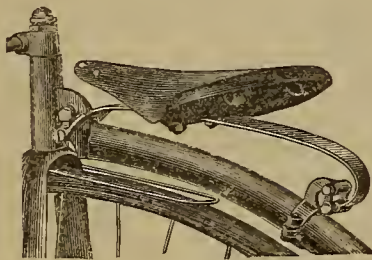
Our improvements consist in using round front springs in each variety of the saddle, and in shaping the leather so as to prevent the raw edge from coming in contact with the rider.

This saddle is easily and quickly placed in position, and its tension regulated by simply setting the click back or forward. It is applicable to any bicycle, by the use of different front springs and perch-clip.

Nickelled, \$6.00.

THE COLUMBIA SWING-SPRING

Combines the best contributions of three different inventors towards the solution

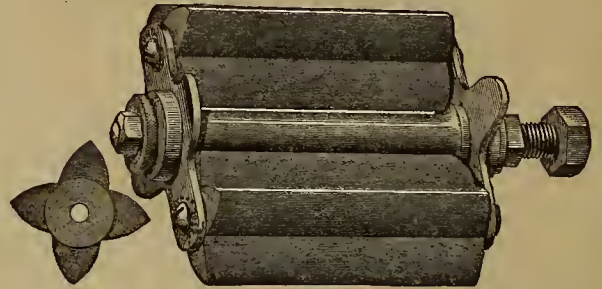


of the difficult problem in bicycle seat-springs. It overcomes the fore-and-aft jarring and the vibration of the small wheel by means of two pendent links combined with other parts in a peculiar way, so as to allow a fore-and-aft motion of the seat to a limited but sufficient extent to stop vibration, and to ease the rider over considerable obstructions. In averting headers it is a safety device beyond any other in the market. This spring is only applicable to the EXPERT and LIGHT ROADSTER.

Nickel-plated, \$5.00.

THE COLUMBIA BALL-PEDAL.

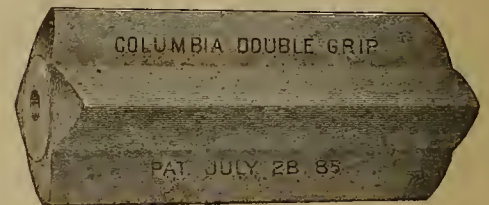
Per pair,



Nickelled, \$10.00.

The end-plates are one piece, drop-forged in entirely new dies, made sufficiently heavy where the greatest strains come, but lightened considerably by leaving out metal where it is not needed.

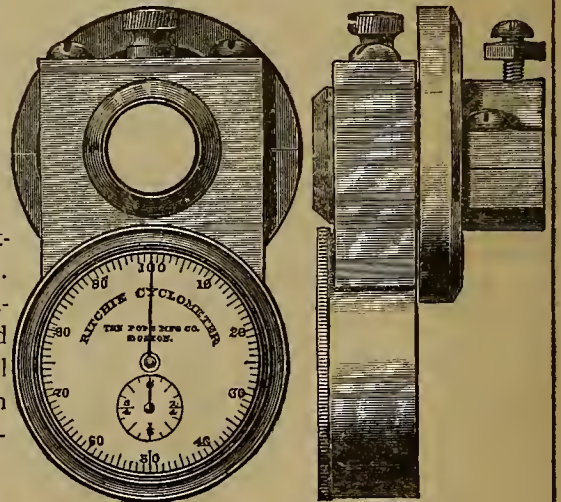
The pedal-frame is completed by a central steel tube, which entirely protects the pin from contact with the foot, and the bearings from the entrance of dust. The rods passing through the inner ends, and fitted with small and neat nuts, so as to be easily removed and replaced. The pedal-pin is tapered and strengthened at the right end; and there are two rows of steel balls, eleven



at each end, made with such accuracy that by actual micrometer tests they do not vary one two-thousandth of an inch in size.

The elastic bars are of our new "double-grip" pattern, which by its peculiar form affords a firmer hold than any other for the foot, increasing with additional pressure.

THE RITCHIE MAGNETIC CYCLOMETER



Has given complete satisfaction in its working. It has always run accurately under longer and more thorough practical tests than have been given to other cyclometers.

Plain Bronze Finish, \$12.00; Nickel-plated, \$12.50.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO Cyclers and Cycle Agents.



FOR WOOD, METAL OR STONE.

SELF-DRYING IN HALF AN HOUR.

Very Tough, Easily Applied, Durable, Gives a Fine Jet Black Lustre.

The contents of one bottle will cover a bicycle.

75 cents per bottle.

Put up for the trade in boxes containing one dozen bottles.

THE POPE MFG. CO.

597 WASHINGTON STREET - - - - - BOSTON.

12 Warren Street, NEW YORK.

BRANCH HOUSES

291 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 16.

BOSTON, MASS., 14 JANUARY, 1887.

THREE CENTS.

World's Tandem Record

— FOR 24 HOURS —

250 MILES, 140 YARDS.

— RIDDEN ON A —

* **MARLBORO'** * **TANDEM** *

— BY A —

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

— Beating all previous records by over 30 miles. —

THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

It would seem to be fate. It is, however, a fact, that the riders of

The American Champion

have made the most phenomenal long-distance and road times of the season.

Here is another marvellous record by J. S. PRINCE, at Omaha, on a carefully surveyed indoor and ten-lap track, in 48 hours,

767 and 9-10 Miles!

A WORLD RECORD BY 27 MILES.

They all say the same thing, viz., "The easy running qualities of the G. & J. Bearings." Then there is the

10 Miles	in	29 Min. 13-4 Sec.
20	"	" 59 Min. 35 4-5 Sec.
50	"	" 2 Hrs. 55 Min. 46 1-2 Sec.
100	"	" 6 Hrs. 1 1-2 Min.

All of them world records, made by a Roadster on a country road. Facts of this sort talk.

By the way, gentlemen, if you want your machine overhauled or repaired, don't wait until the busy Spring, and then expect the work to be promptly done. Send your mount to us now, and have it ready for the first bit of good riding weather. It stands to reason that it will be more thoroughly done, and at a much more reasonable price. Since we have completed our new factory, we can devote a good deal more space to this branch of the business.

Respectfully submitted.

G. & J.

THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 14 JANUARY, 1887.

No. 16.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.



One Year, by mail, post-paid.....\$0.75
Six Months..... .50
Single Copies..... .03

Specimen Copies free.

Every bicycle dealer is agent for the CYCLE and authorized to receive subscriptions at regular rates. The paper can be found on sale at the following places:—

Boston, CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., cor. Washington and School Streets. Tremont House news stand. At every cycle warehouse.

Philadelphia, H. B. HART, 811 Arch Street.

ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

All communications should be sent in not later than Tuesday, to insure insertion the same week.

Entered at the Post-office as second-class mail matter.

THE annual spring meeting of the Board of Officers L. A. W., which will be held in New York on Monday next, will be one of the most important in the history of the League.

THIS is said regarding the spring meeting every year, and it can always be said with truth, for at this time the real business of the League is transacted. At the annual meetings the members are bent on a good time, and little attention is given to business, and the fall meetings have never been well attended.

ALL the amendments to the rules presented at the Buffalo meeting will come before the meeting of Monday, and there are many more besides. If all these are passed, a radical change will be made in League affairs, and the old ways for doing things will be set aside for the new.

WE expect to see a larger gathering in New York than was ever seen before, not only for the reason that the Board is larger, but because the interest is greater.

WE will not undertake to discuss the

questions before they come up, for we have confidence that the Board will meet them in a businesslike and skilful manner.

THOMAS STEVENS has finished his circuit of the globe on a bicycle. He left San Francisco 18 April, 1884, and arrived there from the other direction 7 Jan., 1887. He did not traverse the course originally laid out, for it does not lay in the power of man to do this, but he did a very plucky thing, and surmounted seemingly unsurmountable obstructions. He has won the respect of all who appreciate manly courage and determined perseverance.

MASSACHUSETTS ATHLETICS.

THE Massachusetts Club gave an athletic entertainment in its regular course of evening diversions at the clubhouse on Thursday evening last. The programme included some very clever work with heavy dumb-bells by Messrs. Williams, Farrell, and Barr. The latter put up from the shoulder five times, with one arm, a 100-pound dumb-bell. There were numerous set-tos between clever sparrers, including pretty exhibitions by Messrs. Osgood and Bangs, Bangs and Curtis, True and Gibbs, and Ethier and Dunbar. The latter was particularly enjoyable, because of the light and scientific work. An exceedingly interesting feature of the entertainment was half a dozen rounds at broadsword fencing by those experts, Sergeant Dymond and Corporal McCracken.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

THE American team which proposes to visit England is now constituted as follows: W. M. Woodside, W. J. Morgan, E. A. Savage, Albert and Henry Schock. On their arrival in England Woodside will challenge Richard Howell to ride at least five short-distance races, the contests to take place in the principal cities. Morgan will challenge Fred Lees and Thomas Battensby to ride both long and short-distance races. Albert Schock will accompany Morgan and Woodside. E. A. Savage is the twenty-mile champion of the League. He expects to enter twenty-mile amateur races in England. Henry Schock will accompany the party as trainer. The bicyclists expect to remain in England at least a year.

PATENTS.

LIST of patents in cycling granted 4 Jan., 1887: F. W. Brown, Albany, N. Y., bicycle; C. Kramer, Albany, N. Y., velocipede; T. B. Jeffery, Chicago, Ill., velocipede; Wm. F. Wuterich, Meriden, Conn., velocipede. N. L. COLLAMER.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

THANKS, Mary Sargent, for your graceful tribute to one who feels that she deserves much less than you say. Such things spur one on to renewed efforts and more ambitious plans in the chosen line of work, and makes life more worth the living.

I HAVE often spoken of the delightful "freemasonry of the wheel," and gloried in its existence, but I have never appreciated it at its true value until I have seen it expressed as it has been the last few weeks. Thanks, one and all, for kind messages and words of generous flavor.

CONTINUING the records, I offer you first, this week, that of one who is well known in the cycling world, not so much as a rider, as she is as writer of graceful verse and entertaining prose articles on wheel subjects. It would seem that the attractions of the Harvard Annex have been more potent than the wheel during the past season.

Dear Daisie, — I should certainly break my record to keep any sort of a record, even a cash account. So, I am very sorry to say, I can't tell within one hundred miles how far I rode during the six weeks of the spring of 1886 that I had a tricycle. You see I say I can't tell within one hundred miles, but I am reasonably certain that the distance was not more than that all told. My longest rides were taken with the two ladies' parties during the meet in May, and I rode back and forth between Cambridge and Melrose a half dozen times.

With cordial good wishes,
"MINIMUM."

THE Orange records have come, — some of them. How puny and inconsiderable do our records look when we see what these ladies do on the roads of Orange. I think it will be hard to find any section of territory in this or any other country that can show a mileage so great.

MRS. J. W. SMITH has ridden 2,643½ miles. Of this distance, 2,228½ miles were covered on a tandem with her husband, and four hundred and fifteen miles were wheeled off on a single. I think we can safely put this down as the best American record, if it is not the world's record.

THERE is a prejudice in the minds of many against the appearance of a lady as a record breaker. It is a very natural prejudice, and one in which I to a certain extent share. And yet one of our lady riders has shown us that the thing can be done in a modest and lady-like way, and in a manner to disarm the criticism of those who are always ready to urge that a lady cannot ride

the wheel without unsexing herself. We glory in the achievement of our friend, but we should dislike very much to see a struggle among the lady riders to outdo the performance. Mrs. Johnson writes as follows:

IN accordance with your request, I submit my riding record for 1886, although for various reasons, in point of fact, it represents scarcely more than six months' riding. Until June, I was unable to do any regular riding, and again, in the latter part of the year, I was deterred from my general use of my wheel, so that from nearly 2,000 miles, my record for 1885, I can show for 1886 only 1,058 miles. The particulars are as follows:—

Miles ridden on single tricycle, 520.
On tandem and sociable, 538. Total, 1,058.

Longest day's record, one hundred and fifty and a half miles on a tandem.

In relation to this ride I should like to say for the benefit of other ladies, that although long and rather arduous, of course, there was no possible harm resulting from it, and the day following I was able to ride my single wheel as usual.

Yours very cordially,

MRS. L. H. JOHNSON.

EAST ORANGE, 5 January, 1887.

ONE more record from Orange. It stands second to that of Mrs. Smith, and therefore is the second best in America.

RECORD OF MRS. L. H. PORTER, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Months.	Days.	Tricycle.	Tandem.	Total miles.
January.....	6	25	26	51
February.....	10	26	23	49
March.....	16	96	32	128
April.....	18	88	137	225
May.....	21	59	191	250
June.....	19	29	243	277
July.....	19	4	234	238
August.....	20	18	275	293
September.....	19	62	150	212
October.....	16	85	112	197
November.....	18	110	183	293
December.....	10	32	60	92
	192	634	1,671	2,305

Average per riding day, twelve miles.

Longest ride, thirty-eight miles.

Single tricycle used, Beeston Humber, side steerer, weight sixty-eight pounds, geared to fifty inches.

Tandem used; Rudge Humber, geared to fifty-two inches.

Lakin cyclometers on both mounts.

Record for first year's riding (1885), 1,694 miles.

Record for second year's riding (1886), 2,305 miles.

Average for each year, 2,000 miles.

I WISH we might have from Orange some facts relative to the manner of rolling up these great records. Eastern ladies could certainly not do so much did they not entice their husbands away from business, or else ride far into the night. The New Jersey ladies have shown us what they have done, and I think I echo the sentiments of my readers when I say that we would be well pleased to know how they did it.

I HAVE still a number of records unused,

which will have to stand over another week. These come from Somerville, from Maplewood, from Chelsea, from Lynn, and from other places. DAISIE.

PHILADELPHIA NEWS.

THE Association for the Advancement of Cycling has paid off all outstanding debts, and is in a splendid condition to continue the good work it has inaugurated.

The Board of Officers has decided to have the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, Dr. Paxson, Dr. Filbert, Mr. Barber (of asphalt fame) and several other well-known gentlemen make addresses on the subject of improved pavements.

Few cyclers, even those who are members of the body, know what good work has been done and what strong influence has been exerted by the Association since its inauguration. A large number of complaints of contractors who have not lived up to their specifications have been referred to the Citizens' Municipal Committee and fully investigated by those modern Mentors, much to the disgust of the contractors.

The repairing of the Lancaster Pike between Paoli and Berwyn is another standing monument in honor of this energetic body of cyclers; in this movement they were aided by the owners of property in the vicinity of the Pike, who sent a representative asking that they might be allowed to co-operate with the Association.

The work at present on hand is a petition to pave Mt. Vernon St. with fire-brick, and in this connection one member has had over twenty interviews with city officials.

The first event of 1887 in cycling circles here was the reception on New Year's day given by the Century Wheelmen at their house, 1612 Park Ave. It was an informal gathering of friends and was a very successful affair, about two hundred visitors dropping in during the afternoon.

The success of this club has been phenomenal. Its start was made last April with a membership of fifteen; in one month their number more than doubled, and the first dues were collected upon renting their present quarters in May. From that time the club has gone on increasing until at the present writing it has a membership of ninety-three, with a comfortably furnished house, the latest addition to which is a fine pool table; their house, however, is much too small for them and they will no doubt erect a building of their own at an early date.

At their yearly meeting on Friday, 7 Jan., the following gentlemen were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

President, Kirk Brown; vice-president, Frank Read; secretary, H. W. Brown; treasurer, A. G. McGlathery; captain, A. D. Pedrick; directors, R. C. Swayze, J. C. Eastlake, Thos. Hare and Wallace Mayhew.

Much of the success of this club is no doubt due to its situation, being in a growing part of the city and in direct communication with the best riding districts by a fine strip of asphalt pavement, two miles or so in length, but this alone has not been the cause, for only one year ago another club had its existence in this same neighborhood, and never numbered over fifteen, and did not even rise to the dignity of a single room

Its members are all hard workers, and that is the principal cause of its success.

The grounds on which the Association for the Advancement of Cycling held its race meet last fall are now occupied by a toboggan slide, which, however, will not interfere with the track.

The Association will give another race meet here in the spring.

Undoubtedly the most popular cyclist in Philadelphia is Mr. Frank Read; he is the vice-president of three organizations, and the financial banker of every new scheme for the advancement of cycling interest.

The South End Wheelmen is another club just started in the southern part of the city; they number fifteen.

Bad weather has stopped work on the new Pennsylvania Club-house, but chairman Worrell says it will be roofed by April.

The bicycle track in Camden is to be put in thorough order, and we may expect some good races there in the spring.

A new ball-bearing invented by a Philadelphian, said to be far superior to the Bown patent is to be marketed in the spring.

Editor Aaron is rushing around getting things ready for the Board meeting in New York on the 17th. ARGUS.

THE ORANGE RECORDS.

THE following table shows how much riding was done in 1886 by three couples, members of the Orange Wanderers. In no case was making a "record" the object in view—any one could have done much more had that been aimed at. Recreation and health only were sought, and they were gained in full measure:—

Names.	Bicycle.	Tricycle.	Tandem.	Total miles.
J. W. Smith.....	2,430½	2,228½	4,709
Mrs. J. W. Smith.....	415	2,228½	2,643½
L. H. Porter.....	1,606	1,706	3,312
Mrs. L. H. Porter.....	634	1,671	2,305
L. H. Johnson.....	2,217½	850½	3,068
Mrs. L. H. Johnson.....	520	538	1,058

THE GASTRONOMIC POLICY OF THE CHELSEA CLUB.

THE Chelsea Club has given us a good example of thrift. At the club meeting the other night it was proposed to follow the example of other clubs and hold the annual dinner at one of the Boston hotels. The idea was opposed by one of the members, who said:

"See here, boys, if we're going to pay out our money, let's get the full value of it. If we spend two dollars for fun, let's have all we can. Now, if we go to Boston, it's going to cost us two dollars or two dollars and a half for an evening's fun. Why can't we distribute that amount of money over a number of evenings. The hotel in our city will get us up a good supper for fifty cents. They'll give us all we ought to eat, and we can get just as full as we can on a two-dollar dinner. We can have four of these evenings for two dollars. Now, if you want fun, let's have four rackets instead of one. Let's have a supper at every meeting, instead of one grand elephantine feed."

The suggestion of the speaker was carried, and the Chelsea Club will have a dinner at every meeting for four months, at least.

A FAN, left by a lady at the dance of the Chelsea Club, can be had by the owner at this office.

HENDEE AND ROWE.

OUR two champions are letting their friends do a great deal of racing on paper just now, and an attempt is being made to show which is the better man. This can never be known till the men meet on rival machines. The latest statement comes from the *Union*:—

“During the interview the conversation turned on the question of why Rowe and Hendee were not brought together earlier in the season, and their relative merits sooner put to the test. To the great surprise of the writer, Mr. Atkins stated that Hendee and Rowe were alone responsible for their failure to compete with each other until they met at Springfield. This was indeed surprising, as the writer shared the universal belief that the Pope company was responsible for the keeping apart of the rival riders. Manager Atkins, however, shed new light on the matter, and gave the following explanation:

When Hendee agreed to join the Columbia team in the spring of 1886, he stipulated that he should not be pitted against Rowe until the Springfield tournament, as he had heard so much of, and, in fact, believed himself so much in Rowe's superiority that he was fearful he should obtain no first prizes. With Rowe out of a race, Hendee thought he would be able to down all other competitors. The Pope company at that time thinking that the Englishmen were to come here, and with an idea of distributing their men in the different events, so that they could scoop, if not all, at least very nearly everything, consented to make this a condition of Hendee's contract. They could not then foresee that the Englishmen would not come, and they thought it would be a good idea to put Hendee and Rowe in alternate races.

When the men began training it was soon perceived that Hendee was in much better condition than Rowe, and Rowe himself noticing it became alarmed, and knowing of the stipulation in Hendee's contract, and fearing that perhaps Hendee might indeed prove the better rider, he, too, asked the same favor which had been granted Hendee. The company, of course, could make no distinction between the two, and, therefore, they made the same agreement with Rowe as that with Hendee.

Then came the first rumors that the Englishmen were not coming, and the company found themselves in a bad box. The outside public were accusing them of double dealing, and charging them with preventing the meeting of Rowe and Hendee as a stroke of business policy. The company had given their promise, and they make it a rule to always fulfil their promises at whatever cost. Had the Englishmen come over, the aspect of affairs would have presented a more favorable appearance, as then people would have approved the scheme by which it was proposed to ‘roast’ the Englishmen, and employ against them the same tactics with which they have so often accomplished the defeat of our American riders. With the absence of the Englishmen there was no need of such tactics; but there was the agreement with Rowe and Hendee. It was a choice of going back on their word, or ‘grin and bear it.’ They chose the latter, and accordingly Rowe and Hendee did not meet until the Springfield tournament.

Had it not been for the agreement the men would have been entered and started together in the same events throughout the season, and it would have been wholly immaterial to the company as to which of them was the more successful.

Why the men themselves held the company to the agreement is not known, but certain it is that after they had begun training they grew jealous of each other, and, therefore, it is probable that they did not care to meet until the Springfield tournament. Such is the inside history of the ‘deal’ by which Rowe and Hendee were not brought together in competition with each other until so late in the season.”

A HOME-MADE TRAINER.

A NOVEL plan for keeping a bicycle rider in condition for the next season's riding has been put into practice by E. Y. Judd of the Connecticut Club, who was one of the first Hartford riders to make a “century” ride. There are home trainers in plenty, and they furnish exercise approximately like that on a regular bicycle, but Mr. Judd has devised a simple way of using the bicycle itself. Upon the floor are placed two stout oak planks set on edge and bolted so as to stand about six inches apart. Between the planks are two small wooden rollers grooved to fit the tire of a bicycle and about thirty inches apart—fore and aft. At the back of the frame an oak standard follows the backbone of the bicycle and holds the machine upright. The little wheel is pinned down. When the rider mounts his wheel for exercise he pedals just as if riding on the road, but as the big wheel rests on rollers and the back wheel is fast the result is just what is desired—a reproduction of work on the road. The weight of the bicycle and the man upon it makes the wheel turn about as it would on a level road, but it can be very readily changed to make the work like that of hill climbing. Mr. Judd has no patent on this device but is willing to have it copied by bicyclists who wish to keep in condition this winter. It is a very cheap thing to build, and seems to answer the purpose perfectly.—*Hartford Courant*.

F. A. WOODMAN'S RECORD.

FRED A. WOODMAN, of Chelsea, made the following record in 1886: February, 19 $\frac{3}{16}$ miles; March, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; April, 411; May, 538 $\frac{1}{2}$; June, 512; July, 409 $\frac{1}{2}$; August, 734 $\frac{3}{4}$; September, 313; October, 491 $\frac{1}{2}$; November, 235 $\frac{1}{2}$. Total, 3,708 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Other records by club members are as follows: G. H. Danforth, 3,400 miles; W. S. Fracker, 3,300 miles; L. H. Frost and E. P. Pratt, 2,600 miles.

FROM THE ANTIPODES.

THE New South Wales Cycling Union decided by a vote of 33 to 11 that the “makers' amateur” and the agent shall continue to rank as *bona fide* amateurs.

W. S. MALTBY, trick rider, rode a unicycle one mile in 4 m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. on the Melbourne Cricket Ground, Australia, 20 Nov.

DUPLICITY IN DUFFERSVILLE.

THERE was no earthly need for a tricycle club in Duffersville; and it was very wrong of Dudge and Brown and Corner to start one. Everybody said so. That is to say, everybody who was anybody in Duffersville; by which I mean the members of the original Duffersville and District Cycling Club. For three insignificant members of an old-established and highly respectable club to want to split it up and form a tricycle club of their own, was a deadly insult to the dignified captain, the erudite secretary, the expert bugler, and the conscientious committee of that celebrated organization. Did we not already admit tricyclists? Had we not laid down the law that one tricycling member might have the honor of serving on our committee? Was it not even a fact that our captain himself had gone out of his way to pay a delicate compliment to the tricycling members by borrowing a tandem from one of them, and bringing his wife on one of the club runs? Really, such ingratitude was unpardonable; and the captain expressed his views on the subject very scathingly at the committee meeting which had been hastily summoned to discuss the situation. At least, he began to speak very sarcastically about it, but his innate delicacy led him to modify his denunciation of the tricyclists upon the entry into the room of Timmins. Timmins was the tricycling committeeman; and although it was not actually known that he intended to join the new club, his sympathies were believed to side with the claimants for tricycling autonomy; so the captain did not like to be too harsh in his expressions. Timmins was an aggravatingly cool-headed and practical speaker, and had on several occasions surprised us all by speaking very plainly about the behavior of the younger bicycling members on the runs, even going so far as to accuse our immaculate captain himself of allowing a pace to be set, when lady tricyclists were present, which was the reverse of pleasant for riders who were bent upon enjoying a leisurely ride through pleasant scenery. As if fellows wanted to be perpetually staring at trees and brooks and far-reaching landscapes, and that! But we did n't quite like to tell Timmins our opinion of his sentimental notions. You see, he was one of the most powerful fellows in Duffersville, and there were not many bicyclists in the club who cared to take him on when he came out for a practice spin on his light tricycle; so that although we despised his lazy habit of dawdling along when a lot of the older tricyclists and the lady riders came on a club run, we knew that it would n't do to twit him about it.

“Shall you join the new club, Timmins?”

It was the secretary who spoke, and he buried his face in some papers the while in pretended attention to business, but really because he scarcely liked to put the question point blank.

“I have joined it,” replied Timmins, quietly.

A dead silence fell upon us. We were all mentally wondering whether it would be good form to ask whether he intended resigning from our club; but none of us cared to ask. He saved us the trouble.

“Gentlemen,” said Timmins, “you have evinced an incomprehensible hostility to the

new tricycling club. Whilst always objecting to the tricycling members of the old club forming a separate division, so that they might ride at their own pace, and go where they liked, independently of the bicycling members, you have likewise opposed the formation of an independent club. I should have preferred to remain on good terms with you all, and to continue to exert what influence I possess towards the consolidation of the old club; but you have made up your minds not to fall in with the wishes of the tricycling members, so they have formed a separate club; and, my sympathies being with them, I cannot conscientiously retain a seat upon the committee of the old club; so I propose to resign, but will, with your approval continue to remain a private member of the Duffersville and District B. C."

"C. C. you mean," interjected the captain, sternly.

"As you please," said Timmins. "What's in a name? But with all your tricycling members withdrawn, I should think it would be more dignified for you to revert to the old bicycling title."

"Poo! Bosh!" said the secretary. "The new club will be a frost. Bet you a dollar we will have more tricycling members than you."

"I don't think you will," said Timmins, with that aggravating coolness of his; "and, as you are so fond of betting, I will take your wager, with six months as the limit!"

"Done," said Scribbs; and we all knew that his love of winning a wager — however insignificant in amount, would lead him to use strenuous efforts to beat his opponent.

And it seemed as though Timmins would be in the wrong box. True, the new tricycling club seemed to be doing very well, and its Wednesday afternoon rides were attended by some of the nicest girls in Duffersville; but for a Saturday scorch they were of no account, Timmins himself being the only triker in the place who could "go worth a red," as our club champion put it. But we were working behind the scenes, too, and at our next committee meeting it was announced that the names of three new tricycling members were to be balloted for. Before this was done it was necessary that Timmin's place should be filled, and here our astute secretary performed a stratagem that was worthy of a great general. He had himself bought a tricycle "so as to set a good example to us," he said; and although we none of us cared to go to such extravagance, we all encouraged Scribbs in his decision to sell his bicycle. Then, having qualified as a "tricycling visitor," he went on one of the runs with the new tricycling club one afternoon, found out who were members and who were not, and adroitly contrived to get the ear of a young fellow who was contemplating membership in the D. T. C. He seemed too good a fellow to throw in his lot with the solemn and slow-going opposition, and Scribbs had very little difficulty in persuading him to join the old club instead of the new. His name was Smith, and although we knew him to be a great chum of Timmins's, we could see that his tastes ran in the same groove as ours. Smith was captured, and not only elected a member of the Duffersville and District C. C., but also inducted into the vacant

chair on the committee, *vice* Timmins resigned. Then we felt that we were safe, and Scribbs already chuckled over the anticipated discomfiture of Timmins.

Smith promptly turned up at our next meeting, and lost no time in putting himself at his ease by ordering drinks and cigars around. He was a splendid fellow, we all agreed; and although he slightly scandalized our worthy chairman by the contemptuous tone he adopted in the discussions that arose upon various important topics, his free-and-easy nature seemed to prevent the possibility of offence being taken at his levity.

There was a batch of candidates for election that evening; Branden, the miller, who had just bought a second-hand bicycle, was duly passed through the ballot-box and returned unanimously elected, amid mild applause; Jenkins, the grocer's clerk, was the next to be passed, although one black ball, which we all guessed to have been deposited by Scribbs himself, who had a grudge against Jenkins, was found in the box; and then came a tricycling candidate in the person of the bugler's father; two black balls were found in the box, and the chairman announced that Mr. Toots, Senior, was not elected. A furtive look of astonishment passed around the table, but we all respected the sacredness of the ballot too much to say anything; and when the curate of a neighboring parish was also rejected by two black balls, and two of the most wealthy tradesmen in the High Street suffered the same fate, we could only gnash our teeth in secret.

As for Scribbs, he was furious; and the captain was heard to speak very strongly, down in the bar, after the meeting, against the members who harbored such petty jealousies and prejudices as to reject such desirable members just at a time when their influence was wanted in the club. And when we heard that the whole four had been unanimously elected to the opposition club a week afterwards, our wrath knew no bounds, and every man-Jack in the D. and D. C. C. was exhorted to leave no stone unturned towards helping the committee in their efforts to circumvent the Duffers' T. C.

The result of this agitation was that no less than nine tricycling candidates came up for election at the next meeting. Smith, our tricycling committeeman, behaved nobly, himself nominating five out of the nine proposals; and when the ballot-box was brought out, he made quite an entertaining little speech, descanting upon the many virtues of the gentlemen whom he wished us to elect; so that we felt sure that this time, at any rate, the unknown blackballers would consent to sink any animosity they might possess for either of the new men. It is a sad thing to say, but a grievous truth, *they were all blackballed*. One by one, as the box went round and returned to the chairman, the whole nine tricyclists were rejected by two black balls. We all looked uneasily at each other. Smith in particular seemed much put out, and said that if this was the sort of treatment he had subjected himself to by joining us, he should resign. Still, nothing could be done. In the old days, before party feeling had been aroused in the D. and D. C. C., our chairman had himself been in the habit of holding forth eloquently upon the sacredness of the ballot, and impressing upon us that we

must — each for his own protection and for the good of the club — not divulge to each other anything that would lead to the detection of such members as might see fit to blackball a candidate; and it was out of the question to inaugurate a scrutiny on such a subject. With a full heart the secretary went home, and tears filled his eyes upon taking up the local paper the next week, and seeing that the whole nine candidates had duly gone over to the fold of the Duffers' Tricycling Club.

And so it went on; as surely as a tricyclist was nominated for election, so surely would he be rejected by the two fatal black balls; and equally surely would he, in disgust at our behaviour, go over to the opposition. We began to lose heart over it, but Scribbs was not to be balked yet. With a set determination to retrieve his reputation, he discussed the situation with a few chosen friends; and they mutually came to a resolve to convene a general meeting, and get the rules altered, so that at least four black balls, instead of two, would be requisite in order to reject a candidate. Smith seconded this proposition in a lively speech, and to our great surprise it was unanimously carried. Now, we thought, we shall triumph. The two malcontents may register their adverse votes as much as they like, but their talons are cut and their power is gone. True, twenty-one tricycling candidates had already been lost to us; but the autumn was not yet far advanced, and we would nominate our own brothers and fathers if we could not get genuine tricyclists otherwise. So a special committee meeting was called, and every member pledged himself to secure at least one new tricyclist by the date of the following ordinary meeting, even if he had to hire a tricycle and lend it to the candidate for the purpose. Smith was in high spirits. He sent in eight application forms within a week, and brought a ninth to the club-room with him. The chairman called the meeting to order, and hurried over the passing of the minutes. Then, with a beaming face, the secretary read out the list of names which he had copied from the forms; there were twenty-seven of them altogether; and although we all knew that only one or two were really habitual tricycle-riders, nobody dared to question their qualifications. So the pairs of black and white cork spheres were handed round and the ballot-box slowly circulated. It was a full meeting, every official being present. And when the chairman opened the drawer at the foot of the box, and peered into it, our expectant gaze was met by a sudden fall in his countenance.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "I am sorry to say that Mr. Druce is rejected by *four black balls*."

The secretary gasped, but, with an effort concealing his emotion, proceeded to read out the next candidate's qualifications. The balloting process was repeated with precisely the same result: four black balls. And so it went on, the members at last going mechanically through the ordeal until every one of the twenty-seven candidates was rejected. Then the captain arose.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I propose the meeting do adjourn. It is obviously impossible for us to carry on this club while there are members in it — and I grieve to say, members on its committee — who are so

lost to decency as to allow some petty feeling to actuate them in ruining the club of which we are all so proud."

The motion was duly seconded; and, being put, was declared carried *nem. con.*

There was a lull after this. We were discouraged. The genuine tricyclists out of our last batch of rejections duly became members of the D. T. C., and our rules prevented us from twice nominating any candidates during a twelvemonth. We concluded to give it up. At least, all of us did except the secretary. There were only three weeks remaining for the achievement of his wager, but he was obstinately determined not to own himself beaten. To be sure, when we met the members of the Duffers' Tricycling Club on the road, they affected to be enjoying themselves consumedly; and some of them whom we had black-balled were even heard to say that they were glad they *had not* been elected to the D. and D. C. C. But Smith, who backed us up nobly all this time, said that this was only a case of sour grapes; and on the occasion of our closing run he composed a song expressly for our captain to sing, which was received with rapturous applause. I do not recollect much of it, but the lines were certainly not complimentary to the D. T. C.; one of the choruses, I remember, ran to this effect:—

Oh! no one can tell what I suffers,
When riding ahead of my Duffers,
If on any account
I am forced to dismount
And wait for them tricycling buffers.

We voted Smith no end of a brick for writing it, especially as he himself was a tricyclist. For his part, he seemed to be enjoying himself hugely, though in a somewhat peculiar fashion. Every now and then we would catch him biting his finger in glee—that being a habit he had when he wished to avoid laughing outright; and sometimes he would shut his eyes, and sit and grin, with every appearance of the liveliest satisfaction. The incomprehensible part of it was that all this while he was good friends with Timmins, and would often be seen in cheerful conversation with that renegade.

Matters were now approaching their climax. It was a forlorn hope, but the secretary determined to make one last attempt at electing some of the few remaining tricyclists in Duffersville, rather than have to endure the humiliating confession that his boast to Timmins was a ghastly failure. There were only seven of them this time; but the box came back, after circulating the table in the usual fashion, with the same old story—four black balls.

The secretary looked severe, and without a word he solemnly handed an envelope to the chairman. It contained his resignation. The chairman read the epistle aloud, and a dead silence followed. Then the secretary placed on the table a packet of papers, the club cash-box, and the green-baize bag in which the cork ballot balls were kept. Just then our Quiet Member seemed to wake up. The Quiet Member was one of those fellows who do a lot of riding in an off-hand way, vote one way or the other, without taking any active part in the debates, and only interpolate an occasional remark as though they had been thinking over it for some weeks. On the present occasion our Quiet Member's attention was called to the green-

baize bag already referred to, and he drew it towards him, and peered into it. Just at this moment, I noticed, Smith arose from the table, and taking his hat, rather hurriedly quitted the room; but we did not pay much attention to the incident, supposing that he had an appointment to keep. It was the Quiet Member who now called our attention to the bag of ballot-balls.

"Mr. Secretary," said he, "can you inform me how many ballot-balls were purchased out of the club funds?"

"Why, two hundred to be sure," replied Scribbs. "But that was over two years ago, and perhaps a few of them have got lost."

"Oh, no; I did not suppose that," said the Quiet Member. "Have you counted them lately?"

"No," said the secretary. "But, as I say, very likely a few are missing. It's not much to make a fuss about; they are very cheap, and—"

"Yes, yes; I know that," interrupted the Quiet Member. "And I do not think any of the balls will be missing. In fact," he continued, coolly loosening the mouth of the bag and emptying the pile of little cork balls on to the table, "I fancy that it will be found that there are considerably *more* than two hundred. Don't you think so?" he pursued, turning to the chairman.

All the while he was busily sorting out the plain balls from the blackened; and one by one the other members of the committee began to "tumble to the racket," as that jovial Smith would have said; and within a few moments busy hands had counted out the fateful spheres whose secret deposition had decided the fate of so many candidates for election to the Duffersville and District Cycling Club.

The result of the count was coolly and quietly written on a slip of paper, and handed to the chairman. There were ninety-eight plain balls, and two hundred and seventeen black.

The quiet man was leaning back in his chair, and laughing softly. The blank faces around him evidently amused him. He grew quite facetious, in fact, as he proceeded to point out, — what indeed was now perceptible to all of us, — that these black balls must have been presented to the club by some member who doubtless had more reasons for his conduct than mere generosity. Who was it? was the question; and although we were nearly all incredulous at first, it soon became as clear as day that we had been hounded by that Smith. In order to keep out tricyclists, he must have regularly come to the meeting provided with a secret store of black balls, and our unsuspecting chairman, never dreaming of the possibility of such a trick, had looked only to see that there were two — or, later on, four — black balls amongst the plain, without counting the remainder. The dodge was out at last; but alas! too late, and although Scribbs forthwith withdrew his resignation, and proposed a series of wild and impracticable resolutions designed to expose the trick, and regain all our lost candidates, it was ultimately agreed that nothing could be done, that we had gone too far to back out, and that the most dignified course would be to keep the affair strictly to ourselves. Nevertheless, we solemnly and fiercely passed a resolution to expel Smith

from the club; our secretary vowed that he would sell his tricycle the very next day, and buy a rear-driving Safety; and the whole committee pledged themselves to support a motion which was accordingly passed at the next general meeting —

"That tricyclists shall on no account be eligible for election to, or as visitors on the runs of, the Duffersville and District Cycling Club."

Some of the D. T. C. laughed when they heard of it; but we leave them severely alone, and rejoice exceedingly when we — that is to say, our captain, on a 58-inch bicycle, followed by the bugler on a 52, the secretary on his Safety, and half a dozen other bicyclists — come up with the tricyclists' party on the road, and our bugler sounds an imposing call of defiance as, with heads leaning far over the handles, we put on a three-minute-gait spurt, and dash past the crawling tricyclists. And we never ask them to our smokers, either, and even refused to let Smith — who turned out to be a Duffers' T. C. man after all — enter for our Home Trainer race. For the horn of the wicked shall be put down, and the way of transgressor is hard. — *Faed, in Tricycling Journal.*

CYCLET'S.

APOSTROPHE TO A CALENDAR.

Thou pretty, painted thing, thou book of days!
What may I bring thee as a meed of praise?
I know thou art "stuck up" — but oh! not proud.
Why should'st thou be? But, breathe it not aloud,
Thou sweet exponent of a daily theme:
Thou'rt born to greatness; — nay, and thou may'st dream
Of lofty fame! To see thyself, no less
Than speaking to ten millions through the press
Which shapes a people's destinies afar;
Thus: "Buy Peumbia wheels. — *Pope's Calendar.*"

Thou pretty work of most convenient art!
How oft shall I consult thee, when my heart
Is sad: some note due, and I want the date
(For all must bow to irony of fate),
To count with nervous pulse the days of grace.
Or, gazi. g, sometimes, on thy chromoed face
I'll think of sweeter themes: the banquet night;
Club runs; engagements in the soft twilight,
Tricyclic, far beyond the madding crowd.

And that reminds me, why to'ard realm of cloud
Is bent so wonderingly the maiden's gaze,
(Lower corner, right)? I see naught to amaze;
Aod yet — by heavens! — as following her eyes
To yonder rainbow bridge of size,
I fain would quote from Bryaot's long ago,
"Lines to a" — wheelman (now *en route* from Tokio).

Vainly some fowler's eye
Hath marked thy distant course to do thee wrong,
As, outlined on a bluish, greenish, purplish sky,
Thy figure rolls along.

Thou mine of wisdom! — filled with others' wit;
Sharp saws; the poet's fancies carved to fit
The theme thou pratest of: sayings from the press, —
Some wise, some otherwise; all, more or less
Of cycles, cyclic; doing good, we hope,
And coming with the blessing of the Pope.

Oh rich entanglement of rare chromatic hues,
At once to bring joy, startle, and amuse!
Sent for twelve postage stamps, — not less or more,
Enclosed please find one dollar; — send me four.

* * *



SAFE, PRACTICAL ^{and} FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

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Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

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SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.

I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.

To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

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W. B. EVERETT & CO. - - - 6 & 8 Berkeley St., Boston.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discount to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

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BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

of any kind, send stamp to

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,

for Large Illustrated Price-List of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange and Bought for Cash.

LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



LEAGUE politics

Now engage the attention

OF all who take an interest in the National Association.

AND certainly every wheelman should be interested in the institution.

It does much for wheeling, and it will do more if every member will feel an obligation upon himself to do something to help along the cause.

RENEWALS are fast going in. There are few League clubs that will not continue to be such the coming year.

THE Boston Club votes to remain with the League, and the example is one that will be followed by every club in Eastern Massachusetts,

HICKS of the *Post-Despatch* has laid aside the flying-start idea, and is now working the insurance scheme for the League.

FOR a club that has been called a non-riding club, the New York Club shows a good record. The clubs that talk the loudest seldom find time to do anything else.

THE Somerville Club has been having an evening with Montague, the mind-reader, and they will invite wheelmen to hear him later.

When first a greenhorn's bosom swells
With passion for the sylph that dwells
Within a dainty bonnet,
He racks with raptures increate,
Such dreams do poets' heart dilate,
In travail o'er a sonnet.
Those anguished hopes a novice feels,
Gyrating on his giddy wheels,
You may depend upon it,
And some perfervid devotees
The wild throes of the ordeal please;
With joy they've undergone it.

JOHN S. PRINCE, before leaving Minneapolis for Omaha, offered to wager \$1,000 that he can beat Schock's six-day performance of 1,405 miles, riding only seventeen hours daily. Or he will ride against Schock six days for big stakes.

THE long delay of Stevens, the bicyclist, in his ride through China is now accounted for. He stopped to wind his Waterbury watch. — *Boston Post*.

PRESIDENT DUCKER is more emphatic than ever in his refusal to serve as president of the Springfield Club the coming year and, puts it in this language: "I cannot and will not serve. I mean just what I say." That sounds as though he had decided what to do.

THE East Hartford Club made \$130 at the tournaments held last spring and fall.

THE Boston Club will dine 5 February next.

MEN clad in armor cut and thrust at each other at the Massachusetts Club last week. This was a new idea in athletics, and was a taking feature.

WE are in receipt of several New Year's cards. The senders, one and all, have our thanks for the kind favors.

MR. FRANK HASBROOK, of Indianapolis, Ind., has, during the seven months ending the fifteenth of last October, ridden one Expert Columbia 3,780 miles. The entire expense for repairs and oil was sixty cents.

Mr. Hasbrook did not experience a fall during the entire time.

There was an old cyclist,
And what do you think?
The longer he rode
The more he would drink.
The more he would drink,
The more he would sweat,
And so this dry cyclist
Was drippingly wet.

— *Tri. Journal*.

MORGAN and Woodside are again with us in the east, and on Saturday they will show their paces to the people of Attleboro, at an entertainment in the Columbia rink.

DR. BLACKHAM, of Dunkirk, N. Y., addressed the Rochester (N. Y.) Academy of Science on Monday evening last on the topic, "The Bicycle and Tricycle as Factors in our Civilization."

THE firm of Gormully & Jeffery has been merged into a stock company, with the title "Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company." Mr. R. Phillip Gormully is president, and Mr. T. B. Jeffery is secretary and manager. The business will be prosecuted with no change of policy.

"THE Columbia tandem will be a daisy," so writes one who has seen the model machine. We suppose this is another way of saying it will be in the field.

MASSACHUSETTS is moving on the danger board question.

THE Massachusetts Club will tender to Thomas Stevens a complimentary banquet shortly after his arrival in Boston. The committee of arrangements consists of Mr. A. E. Pattison, chairman, C. D. V. Graves and J. T. Williams.

THE Somerville Club is very active this winter, their new president making things lively. Thursday evening, Charles Howard Montague will give an exhibition of mind reading for the benefit of the club, a whist tournament is soon to be held, and at an early date the club will give a minstrel show. Another one of those popular assemblies will be held 28 January.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company will have one of the largest signs in the city at their new place on Franklin street.

A DISCUSSION anent single and double ball bearings, which has been going on in the English cycling press, has shown a decided opinion in favor of a double row of balls, with lateral adjustment.

THE *Wheelmen's Record* comes to us from Indianapolis, Ind. Its initial number is dated 6 January, and is well made up, containing newsy articles and some very good wheel literature. P. C. and G. S. Darrow are the editors.

MR. HARRY W. TURNER, of the Chelsea Club, is on his wedding tour. The event transpired last week. Among the gifts was a marble clock from his associates at the electric lighting works in Lynn, and a substantial present from the club.

THE Massachusetts Division will encamp at Cottage City the coming summer. The islanders will make it pleasant for the visitors, and Harrogate will be approached, if it is not outdone.

THE Massachusetts contingent will go to New York via Fall River on Saturday evening.

THE *Bulletin* comes to hand with a new heading which improves the old.

SAMUEL B. WRIGHT has been appointed to fill Burley B. Ayres' unexpired term as secretary and treasurer of the Illinois Division.

THE first annual ball of the Malden Club will be held 4 February.

A LADY has been visiting the rink of the Pope Manufacturing Company daily for some time past who is not able to walk without the aid of crutches, but being recommended by her physician to ride a tricycle, has done so, and found it very beneficial.

PRINCE WELLS, the professional trick rider, contemplates an Australian tour.

THERE is some talk in New Orleans of promoting an illuminated parade, to take place during the annual Mardi Gras festivities which occurs there next month.

"THERE'S another rent in my breeches," remarked the wheelman, as he placed the landlord's monthly stipend in his pants pocket.

C. W. NAIRN, London editor of the *Cyclist*, announces that C. Stuart Nairn will take up his residence in the United States and he commends him to the wheelmen of America. We don't know what relation the one Nairn bears the other, nor what part of the United States he will strike, but we know that his commendation comes from a good quarter, and is worthy of heed.

It is very probable that the same course will be pursued the present year in the election of Massachusetts Division officers that was carried out so successfully last year. League clubs will be asked to nominate tickets, and these will be sent to members with a blank sheet to be filled. A suggestion comes to us that the name of the club to which he belongs be placed against the name of each candidate.

THE Boston Ramblers had a very brilliant career in the cycling world of Boston a few years ago. The club was composed of young and enthusiastic men, and they made themselves felt in all that pertained to the sport. The attractions of the older and richer clubs were too strong to resist, however, and the Ramblers went out of existence, the members going over to the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs. The whirligig of time now shows us one of the Ramblers in the position of captain of each of the above two clubs.

LEAGUE uniforms are going into the dye-pot. They look very nice when given an ebon hue, no matter how red they have been before.

THE Springfield boys are getting up another minstrel show. This time they will benefit the Woman's Christian Association.

THE new club rooms of the Brookline Cycle Club were informally opened to members only Monday evening. The rooms are situated near Harvard square, and are fitted up in excellent taste.

IN a week or so, the home office of the Pope M'fg. Co. will move into its new building, at the corner of Franklin and Arch Streets, Boston.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

THE Massachusetts Division officers held one more of their very successful meetings around the festive board at the Quincy House on Saturday evening last. Previous meetings have been confined to the officials, but on this occasion the officers were allowed to invite friends to partake of the banquet and view the proceedings. Chief Consul H. W. Hayes presided, and about the tables were seated the following gentlemen:

C. L. Smith, A. L. Bowker, H. H. Bates, J. H. Grimes, E. B. Coleman, George A. Nash, John Amee, C. S. Clark, all of the Cambridge Club; J. S. Dean, E. G. Whitney, E. W. Smith, A. Kennedy Child, Dr. W. G. Kendall, and C. S. Howard, all of the Boston Club; R. S. Brewis, of Manchester, Eng.; Abbot Bassett, of the Chelsea Club; E. H. Foote and J. B. Cann, of the Somerville Club; Sanford Lawton, of the Springfield Club; Hon. A. G. Hill, of Northampton, J. Fred Adams and H. A. Chase, of Haverhill, W. I. Harris and H. A. Fuller, of Brighton, Dr. W. H. Emery, of Dorchester.

At the conclusion of the repast, the meeting was called to order by the chief consul. The committee to whom was referred the invitation of the Martha's Vineyard Bicycle Club to the Massachusetts Division to hold a camp on the island during the summer of 1887, reported that it was expedient to accept the invitation; and they suggested that the committee be continued, in order to make further arrangements for the affair. Report accepted.

THE chief consul read a letter from Mr. E. F. Hill, of the sign-board committee. He suggested that the Division adopt a "Danger" board and a "Caution" board. He said that the English association used a malleable-iron sign, but that such an one was not practicable in this country. He thought a good sign could be made of wood with metallic letters affixed. These would cost about \$1.40 each. A pattern of the proposed sign was shown, bearing the words

CYCLISTS!
DANGER!
L. A. W.

Mr. Kennedy Child was asked for some opinion on the question, as he has had a good deal of experience in England as an official of the N. C. U., and was the first contractor for furnishing the signs. Mr. Child said that the N. C. U. first tried tin signs, and then leaden ones with the letters screwed on, and both these they found to be impracticable. Now they are using a malleable-iron sign, with the sign and letters cast in one piece. These are imperishable. The sign offered by Mr. Hill he thought too small. It ought to be large enough to be seen by rapidly passing riders, and it ought to be made imperishable. He thought that a good sign ought not to cost over \$1.25, if a quantity is ordered.

The report was referred back to the committee, with instructions to consider the question of malleable-iron signs, and to confer with Mr. Child in the matter.

The committee on rules reported that it would be better to wait another month, or

until after the meeting of the officers at New York, before taking up new rules.

On the motion of Capt. E. G. Whitney, it was voted to appropriate the sum of \$100 for the annual expenses of the chief consul's office.

A letter was read from Mr. A. S. Parsons, regretting his inability to be present, and suggesting that it was a little out of character to combine a business meeting and dinner, since it practically levied an admission fee upon those who attended, and many who felt that they could ill afford the expense would be shut out.

This excited some discussion, and resulted finally in a vote to hold a dinner at the next meeting which should be served at 6.30 P. M., and the business meeting shall be called for 8.30 P. M. and held in another room than the banquet hall.

Adjourned to meet 12 February.

THE RAMBLERS APPLY FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE MISSOURI.

The action taken by the St. Louis Ramblers Bicycle Club last night is calculated to cause a good-sized sensation in cycling circles of the country. The club met for the ostensible purpose of appointing a committee of three to join with committees from the other clubs formulating plans for the League meet in May. Chief Consul J. S. Rogers, president of the club, was in the chair, and Bob Holm acted as secretary. The question of what share the Ramblers would take in the entertaining of visitors to the meet, caused a lively discussion. Being without a suitable club-house, and there being no prospect of securing one before the League meet, some one of the speakers proceeded to show how much would be gained for the meet if the Ramblers would but go into the Missouri Club, and thus, instead of dividing two clubs' energies, combine them in one grand effort to make the League meet the greatest known to this country. The enthusiasm of the boys increased as the various speakers pointed out what grand results would accrue to the meet by a union of the two clubs, and a motion that the club make application to the Missouri for admission as a body was unanimously adopted, the secretary being authorized to make the application at once. This combination of the two most powerful bicycle clubs in the West, if effectual, will make the Missouri one of the greatest cycling organizations in America. — *Post-Despatch*.

NEW HAVEN.

SNOW and ice six inches deep over everything make wheeling impossible, except in the imagination, and the club men now find the most enjoyment in telling stories to the non-initiated. Some of the stories are true, but the majority tend to fill the mind of the novice with fear and trembling.

On the 24th of this month the New Haven Bicycle Club will have another birthday, — its seventh, — and will appropriately celebrate the event with a supper in the evening at one of our best restaurants.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Tuesday evening, the 4th, and the reports of the officers showed a good healthy condition of affairs. The club membership has doubled during the last twelve months, and in that time the club has bought and paid

for a pool and billiard table. The membership at the present time is forty-eight, all live, active wheelmen, and they are all looking forward to a life of usefulness and activity for the future. On the whole, the prospects of the club were never brighter than at the present time.

The officers elected were as follows: William M. Frisbie, president; Henry G. Redfield, secretary; W. H. Hale, treasurer; W. H. Hale, captain; C. E. Larom, first lieutenant; C. S. Shepard, second lieutenant.

We have it! It has hit us, metaphorically speaking, where we live. Of course, you all know what "it" means. If not, know then that the little word means the festive toboggan and its accompaniment of pretty girls, bright costumes, rosy cheeks, and the bane of the doctors — health. Less than a month ago a few gentlemen started a subscription paper for the New Haven Toboggan Club, and the thing is an accomplished fact. The slide is up and the chutes packed, and the members are down like a flash. Two hundred and fifty names are on the books of the club, and many more would like to be. The chutes are forty feet high, with a fall of one foot in four for seventy feet, and then one foot in six for ninety feet, and an ice-covered level of about eleven hundred feet. The slide is open from two till five, and from seven till ten P. M., six days in the week, and is *the* thing for this vicinity. There are but three others in the State, one in Hartford, and two in Bridgeport. The officers of the club are: Jos. T. Whittlesey, president; E. C. Bennett, vice-president; C. W. Trowbridge, secretary; Wm. H. Hale, treasurer.

LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP.

THE *L. A. W. Bulletin* of 31 Dec. publishes a table of the League membership in each State and Territory. New York leads with a membership of 1747, and Pennsylvania is second with a membership of 1488. Massachusetts has 1444, New Jersey 944, Ohio 847, and Connecticut 584. All others have a membership less than 500. Bermuda, Germany and South Carolina are each represented by one member, England by two, Montana and Oregon by three each, and Mississippi and Nova Scotia by four each. The entire membership is 10,264, the per cent of increase for the year being 98. Massachusetts increased from 591 to 1444, a gain of 144 per cent.

FRED WOOD.

FRED WOOD, the English cyclist, arrived in Sidney, Aus., from San Francisco, 14 Nov. He proposed remaining in Sidney several weeks and participating in some projected races.

THE IVES AND RHODES RECORDS DISALLOWED.

THE Racing Board of the A. C. U. has passed upon the claim of F. F. Ives and W. A. Rhodes for bicycle records made upon the Hampden Park track last fall, and has disallowed the claims owing to informalities in the drafting of the certificate. The Racing Board does not doubt the authenticity of the records, but claim that there is no substantial proof that the required seven days' notice was given. We wonder if they made inquiry relative to the watches used in

taking these records, and whether or not they think a fifteen-dollar timer is accurate enough to time a hundred-mile run.

THE CLUB.

BOSTON CLUB. The Boston Club has elected the following officers: President E. C. Hodges, re-elected; secretary, E. W. Hodgkins, re-elected; treasurer, C. W. Fourdrinier; captain, E. G. Whitney; first lieutenant, Theodore Rothe; second lieutenant, W. E. Jones; club committee active representative, C. P. Donahoe; associate, H. H. Gage, re-elected; W. W. Keith re-elected; W. F. Crafts; J. R. Chadwick re-elected. The question of the club remaining in the League for another year produced a little discussion, but a vote upon the matter resulted almost unanimously in favor of standing by the League. It was voted to hold its annual dinner on 5 Feb., and the following were appointed a committee to make all arrangements; Messrs. Dean, Chadwick, Wright, Voorhees and Nelson.

SALEM. The Salem Club has elected officers as follows: President, A. G. Webb; vice-president, John J. K. Cooker; secretary, A. N. Hill; treasurer, Lewis F. Allen; captain, D. E. Hunter; first lieutenant, R. H. Robson; second lieutenant, H. A. Whip-pich; bugler, E. P. Symonds; executive committee, W. H. Hart, J. Flint and J. G. Waters.

SPRINGFIELD. The Springfield Club re-elected secretary Sanford Lawton, and treasurer W. C. Marsh, but both positively refused to serve, and a committee was appointed to present nominees for those offices at the next meeting. The following directors were chosen: H. E. Ducker, W. H. Selvey, W. H. Jordan, H. P. Merrill and D. E. Miller. The following field officers were chosen: Captain, Fred A. Eldred, 31; first lieutenant, F. H. Williams, 23; second lieutenant, E. E. Sawtelle, 27; bugler, W. C. Stone, 23; club surgeon, Dr. H. E. Rice. The treasurer reported the net receipts of the tournament to be \$12,229 and expenditures 11,809. At the annual meeting which followed immediately the treasurer read this annual report: Cash on hand 1 Jan., 1886, \$1,452; total receipts during the year, \$15,724; total expenditures, \$15,287; cash on hand 31 Dec., 1886, \$437; total assets, including unpaid dues, \$581. Secretary Lawton's annual report showed the total number of active members to be 71; during the past year nine members have resigned, six been dropped, and six new members added.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. Officers elected by the Syracuse Cycling Club: President, Fred Brigham; vice-president, Clarence W. Wood; secretary and treasurer, L. S. Wilson; captain, Carl G. White; members of club committee, Robert S. Hamlin and Ed. I. Rice.

THE Bay City Wheelmen of San Francisco have elected the following officers: President, C. C. Moore; vice-president, W. W. Whitson; secretary, E. Fahrbach; treasurer, Robert M. Welch; captain, W. Meeker; first lieutenant, F. V. James; second lieutenant, Percy C. Haslett.

The following officers were elected at the Lynn Cycle Club meeting, 7 January: T.

A. Carroll, president; J. H. Young, vice-president; F. H. Hitchcock, secretary; Wm. Wheeler, financial secretary; F. A. Lindsay, treasurer; Fred Barnett, captain; T. F. Fully, first lieutenant; Eben Young, second lieutenant. Wm. Woodside was made an honorary member.

THE Pottstown (Pa.) Bicycle Club organized last month, with a membership of eighteen. The officers are: Rev. A. J. Arnold, president; Hugh J. High, vice-president; A. M. Scheffey, secretary; W. S. Crubb, treasurer; Hugh J. High, captain, and A. M. Scheffey, lieutenant.

OUT of the sales of the old Waterbury (Conn.) Wheel Club rises the vigorous organization to be known as the Waterbury Ramblers, with Albert Hyatt as president; Edwin Hart, secretary-treasurer; William Hall, captain, and Samuel J. Wells, lieutenant.

THE officers of the Allegheny, Pa., Cyclers for the ensuing year are: Dr. G. W. Beane, president; W. C. Coffin, Jr., secretary-treasurer; W. O. McConnell, corresponding secretary; W. D. Bunker, captain (re-elected); Hugh Fleming, Jr., first lieutenant; J. F. Gray, second lieutenant; F. A. Minnemyer and C. E. Minnemyer (both 56-wheel), color bearers; F. T. Hoover, guide; J. K. Ewing, bugler; Dr. G. W. Beane, surgeon.

THE Rambler Cycle Club, of Baltimore, held its annual meeting last week. The following officers were elected for the year: H. W. Barrington, president; Wm. H. Miller, vice-president; Robert Dryden, secretary; Dr. Wingo; treasurer; J. Turner, captain; Mr. Jones, sub-captain; S. R. Boyd, Jr., sub-captain. It was voted that the club should move in its new quarters by 1 February.

THE New Haven club held its annual meeting last evening. The club has forty-eight members, and is in a better condition than it was a year ago. The officers elected for the year are: William M. Frisbie, president; Henry W. Redfield, secretary; W. H. Hale, treasurer; W. H. Hale, captain; C. E. Larom, first lieutenant; C. S. Shepard, second lieutenant.

AT the annual meeting of the Waltham Ramblers' Bicycle Club, the following named were chosen officers: W. E. Sawyer, president; M. H. Gilbert, secretary; O. H. Lowell, treasurer; I. H. Cole, captain; J. Silva, first lieutenant; O. H. Lowell, second lieutenant; H. Duddleston, Jr., color bearer and guide.

AT the annual meeting of the Melrose Cycle Club the following officers were elected: N. R. Jones, president; U. C. Stevens, treasurer; F. P. Pierce, secretary; B. F. Eddy, captain; J. N. Hopkins, first lieutenant; B. F. Eddy, C. L. Sprague, H. L. Johnson, club committee. The club has lately added a pool table to its rooms, and the members may be found nightly hitting the ivories.

AT the last meeting of the Bay City Wheelmen, of San Francisco, the following officers were elected to serve for the next six months: C. C. Moore, president; W.

W. Whitson, vice-president; E. Fahrbach, secretary; R. M. Welch, treasurer; W. Meeker, captain; F. C. James, first lieutenant; P. E. Haslett, second lieutenant.

THE BOSTON BICYCLE SHOE.

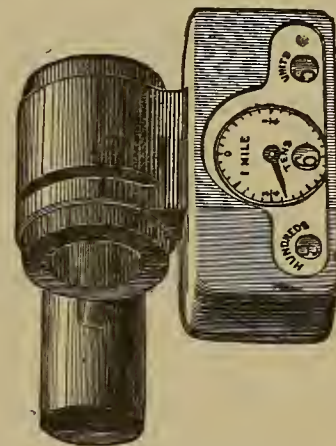
The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first-quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

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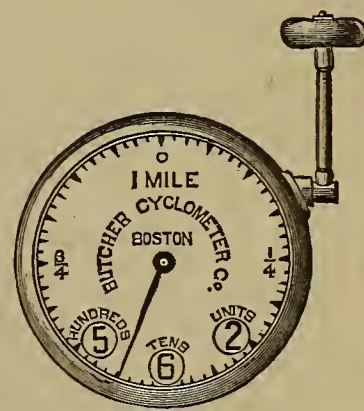
Our 1886 Pattern

Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

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Secured on reasonable terms. Work reliable. Papers carefully and legally drawn. Special attention given to inventions pertaining to cycling by an experienced wheelman and League member. Write for particulars.

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COLUMBIA SPECIALTIES.

THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.

The peculiar advantages possessed by this saddle arise from its general construction, — with a perfectly adjustable frameless or hammock-pattern seat, suspended between fore-and-aft springs; a combination by which all jars and vibrations of the machine are absorbed, and the tendency to headers much decreased.



The seat proper is of the finest leather procurable, and its form, with long cut-out, admits of its shaping itself perfectly to the form of the rider, obviating all chafing and any uncomfortable or harmful pressure. It has no metal frame, but a re-enforcing piece of leather sewed on the under side, which reduces to a minimum the liability to lose shape.

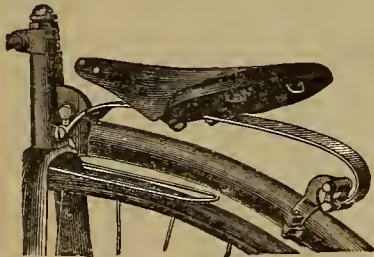
Our improvements consist in using round front springs in each variety of the saddle, and in shaping the leather so as to prevent the raw edge from coming in contact with the rider.

This saddle is easily and quickly placed in position, and its tension regulated by simply setting the click back or forward. It is applicable to any bicycle, by the use of different front springs and perch-clip.

Nickelled, \$6.00.

THE COLUMBIA SWING-SPRING

Combines the best contributions of three different inventors towards the solution



of the difficult problem in bicycle seat-springs. It overcomes the fore-and-aft jarring and the vibration of the small wheel by means of two pendent links combined with other parts in a peculiar way, so as to allow a fore-and-aft motion of the seat to a limited but sufficient extent to stop vibration, and to ease the rider over considerable obstructions. In averting headers it is a safety device beyond any other in the market. This spring is only applicable to the EXPERT and LIGHT ROADSTER.

Nickel-plated, \$5.00.

THE COLUMBIA BALL-PEDAL.

Per pair,



Nickelled, \$10.00.

The end-plates are one piece, drop-forged in entirely new dies, made sufficiently heavy where the greatest strains come, but lightened considerably by leaving out metal where it is not needed.

The pedal-frame is completed by a central steel tube, which entirely protects the pin from contact with the foot, and the bearings from the entrance of dust. The rods passing through the rubbers are threaded upon the inner ends, and fitted with small and neat nuts, so as to be easily removed and replaced. The pedal-pin is tapered and strengthened at the right end; and there are two rows of steel balls, eleven

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FOR WOOD, METAL OR STONE.

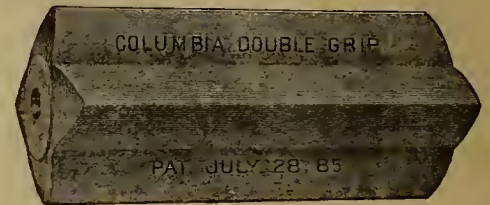
SELF-DRYING IN HALF AN HOUR.

Very Tough, Easily Applied, Durable, Gives a Fine Jet Black Lustre.

The contents of one bottle will cover a bicycle.

75 cents per bottle.

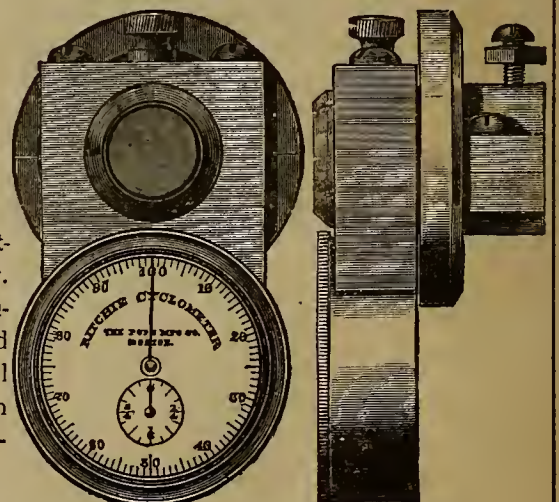
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The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 17.

BOSTON, MASS., 21 JANUARY, 1887.

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THE CYCLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY ABBOT BASSETT, 22 SCHOOL ST., ROOM 19.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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WITH this issue the CYCLE ceases to exist. We have been elected to the very important office of Secretary-Editor of the League, and all our time must be given to its duties. We part with the CYCLE with many regrets. It has paid us well, and we have enjoyed our association with the little constituency that it has had. We have made arrangements to transfer our subscription list to another paper, and all unexpired subscriptions will be filled out. All those who have sent us money within a few weeks will have it returned to them, and many who have subscribed with us for personal reasons and cannot feel that a transfer of subscription will be just to them, shall receive satisfaction. We are now in a distant city, making ourselves acquainted with our new duties, and we hope within a few weeks to be able to be once more in Boston to arrange for the closing up of our business.

THE meeting of the Board of Officers in New York was very long, and there was a deal of talking, but many important precedents were established, and the results were good.

There was some inharmony caused by the warring of two factions over the Secretary-Editor's office, but we can believe that the better judgment of the members will prevail, and nothing will be done to destroy the peace of the organization.

FROM A FEMINE POINT OF VIEW.

SOME one has said to me, "Why don't you publish your own record, with all the others that you are giving us?" I wish I might offer my friends as complete a statistical table as those which have been sent me, but alas, I cannot.

I STARTED out with the best intentions at the opening of the season, and determined to keep a record; but the machine that was ordered did not come to me, and I was forced to ride upon a very heavy wheel. The natural consequence was, that I did little riding until July, and I cannot show a score much over five hundred miles. This looks very small when compared with some of the figures that I have had the pleasure to publish; but if there was a proportionate amount of pleasure in the large scores to that in my modest little one, I can believe that the year 1886 has been one of great joy to the lady riders of the wheel.

ONE who was with us on the North Shore trip, sends a sketch of her riding. This lady rode on a Traveller tandem, and was the first to reach Magnolia.

Dear Daisie:—I am glad of the opportunity to write and tell you of some of our delightful little runs on the tandem. We did not begin to ride until the summer was half over, so between five and six hundred miles is all we can justly lay claim too.

We live in a cycling neighborhood, and many pleasant rides have we had in the evening; rides of from six to ten miles, our friends riding with us. We ran races with the small boys, fast horses, in fact anything that came along. The first long ride we took was to Magnolia. We were to go with a delegation from our city, but for one reason and another we were the only ones who could make the trip. You are all familiar with the delightful ride, so I will say little about it,—in fact, I am rather ashamed, as we made part of the trip on Sunday. I hope none of my lady friends who ride do such things. We spent three pleasant days, averaging about thirty-two miles in four hours each day, so you see we are not speedy riders, although it was said we scorched, on our last trip to the North Shore, and yet we can boast of fast time, now I think of it. Who can beat this? I once heard of its nearly being done, but we

did it. A poor little squirrel tried to beat the time that can be made on a Traveller tandem, but unfortunately we met at right angles. We didn't stop to see the result, but as we rested on the rocks from our labors we heard Mr. Squirrel had gone to pastures green, where he can't be beaten by a tricycle.

We had a nice ride to Concord, but we won't boast of the time we made on that trip, but will rest on our past laurels. We were to be there at six o'clock to tea, or be laughed at. We would have reached there in time, but oh! the sand you do strike. It would be a lovely ride, if you could only avoid that two miles of sand. But I felt paid for the trip, for it was the first time I had ever visited there.

With the exception of a trip to Wellesley, which we took one lovely morning, these were the only long rides we enjoyed last summer, but we hope to do better another season.

The name the small boys we met on our numerous rides gave me, was

NANCY.

SOMERVILLE, 2 January, 1887.

ANOTHER lady, who was with us at Magnolia, and who rides one of the seats of a sociable, writes as follows:—

My Dear Daisie:—I do not know that I count, being only the other half of that much underrated machine, a Sociable, but I doubt if the L. A. W. has a more enthusiastic member. My interest in cycling dates from the days when the chief consul of the C. T. C. used to make us an occasional visit on his pioneer bicycle, and two years' wheeling on a machine of our own has only increased my ardor.

We began to ride in 1884, making about fifty miles. In June of 1885, we bought our machine, and when we took our first ride on it of about thirteen miles, were quite elated at our success. Before the year was ended, we made twenty miles in a day without undue fatigue. In September, we went over the route of the Boston Bicycle Club fifty-mile road race, taking it easily in one day. Our whole riding for the year was about six hundred and fifty miles.

In 1886, we began on the 12th of April. Our principal riding has been over the sand-papery roads of Brookline and the Newtons, with occasional trips to places like Sharon and Concord, where there is much sand, but no paper. We added to our record this year about eight hundred miles, and hope to do better in 1887.

I gladly add my tribute to the health-giving qualities of the tricycle, for both the other half and myself feel that we have never been so well as since we began to ride.

One other pleasure the Sociable has given us, and that is the enabling us to attend services at some of the pleasant Newton

churches, which otherwise would have been inaccessible. Our last ride for the season was on Thanksgiving Day, so you see we had eight months riding in 1886.

G. F. P.

In a previous article I referred facetiously to the Baronness of Lynn. The lady to whom this referred has sent me what I asked for. She was the only lady that succeeded in going the whole of the trip around Cape Ann on a single tricycle, and the party was unanimous in praise of her very creditable performance. Mrs. N. uses her wheel for business as well as pleasure, and saves herself many a long walk.

Dear Daisie:— I ride a two-track Columbia tricycle, and like it very much. This has been my first season on the wheel, and as I had no cyclometer, I can't give you any definite record. I think I have ridden about seven hundred miles. My largest ride was twenty-five miles in the day. I have greatly enjoyed my wheel, and have had but one fall. I took what they call a "header," but escaped without injury and was able to ride five miles to my home. My wheel has been indeed a good friend to me, for it has banished many a sick headache, and given me health and strength. The most satisfactory thing in my riding is, that I have not broken one piece in my wheel since I bought it. Next season I mean to have a cyclometer, and I will inform you in the fall just how far I have driven my wheel.

BARONNESS OF LYNN.

NEXT comes Maggie, who was also with us at Magnolia. What a North Shore flavor I have given to my column this week! Maggie would have gone with the party around the Cape, and there is little doubt that she would have finished, but her wheel came to grief, and she had to take the train for home.

Dear Daisie:— Thinking that your effort to secure records of the different ladies who use the tricycle will do much to interest others in the same sport, I send you my record for this year, my first season, as about 848 miles. My longest ride was thirty-seven miles, though I have made eight other trips of over twenty-five. The distances are correct, although not using the cyclometer, being over known roads, or with others who had cyclometers. I began riding about the first of May, using a Victor single, and later on rode a Royal Mail tandem with my sister, thirteen years old, who has ridden three hundred miles. Expect to do better next year; as I shall begin earlier and have the advantage of a season's experience.

MAGGIE KIRKWOOD.

Maplewood, Mass.

I HAVE to thank Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, of Stockport, N. Y., for a very interesting photo of themselves and their wheels. I am very glad to have it. My letter-file is not yet depleted, and there are more records to come.

DAISIE.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A CYCLIST.

BY HUGH CALLAN.

[This story received the special prize of £50, offered by *The Bits* for the best cycling story, and was published by that paper 4 Dec. last.]

It is not quite two years since first I mastered the art of cycling, yet in that short space more ups and downs (ah me! not always figuratively) have been mine than have fallen to the lot of most. My wheel and I have borne company in rugged places and in smooth, have visited nearly every part of Europe, have sailed over lengths of seas, climbed mountains, waded rivers, been in storms of rain and snow, been chilled by frost and scorched by sun, lost in forests and shaken by earthquakes. "Spills," precipitate headers earthwards, breakings of necks and bones, are the conventional concomitants of the sport. But the less one dreads such, the less he experiences them. Though I have had many narrow escapes from dangerous falls, only once did the danger come to much. It came about thus:—

In Austria they have a nasty habit of laying big ridges aslant the roads on steep to serve for gutters. At the top of one fearful hill I hesitated whether to dismount or risk the descent. Every twenty yards was one of those confounded ridges. The road was crowded with people coming from a church at the foot. When at last I resolved to dismount it was too late—the speed was too great. Over the first ridge I bounded, inches clear of the ground, then on over others till the bound grew to half a foot. Half-way down two boys were driving up a string of cows, attached together by chains. My shouts and my bell only served to terrify the brutes and make them block the way. When I was only some feet from them they turned tail, and I screwed round to clear them. But the boys lashed them back up the hill, and only a rapid jerk of the handlebar the other way averted an awful fall. Just then came another ridge. The shock proved too strong; the brake shifted off the tire, and left me flying at twenty-five miles an hour down the hill. As I dashed over each ridge, it was first lie back with head nearly on backbone, then forward like lightning to hold on like grim death as I crashed down again from the bound. Each second I despaired of life. Still the steep and pace are increasing; now the last ridge is in view, and if I am not sharp enough all will be over with me. Full three feet (said eye-witnesses) rose wheel and I in air, and the crash when we met the ground shook every spoke and rib and bone. Not two yards from me at the turn stood some children, all unconscious of the terrible danger. Quicker than thought I jerked the right handle, and we flew towards the hedge. Then came a dive together into a deep ditch on the roadside; a solitary swim ten feet up into the bushes, and the mad steeplechase was over.

The bicycle backbone was fast on the front wheel, one spoke broken, one pedal bent. That was all. What a deliverance! An hour with a blacksmith, and all was right again; well, nearly right. Passing some mounted peasants I asked how far it was to Horn, and looking back for the answer, suddenly found myself among the stones on the ground. The knapsack had jammed in between backbone and wheel.

The peals of derisive laughter that greeted my ears reminded me of an exhibition I once made at a country house in Scotland. The lady persuaded me to show her and the household how a bicycle was mounted. Accordingly, they all gathered around in the courtyard. "First," I said, proceeding to mount by the step, "I shall show you the orthodox style." Just, however, as I slid into the saddle the wheel came on a hollow in the ground and over I went on my chest, with the wheel on the top of me. "Orthodox" is the name they know me by in that district.

True is the saying, "A haughty spirit before a fall." Let me illustrate it further.

In a wild upland part of Turkey, I came up one day with a troop of soldiers on foot and horse. To pass them I took to the moor, and, when opposite the centre of their line, called out, pointing to myself, "Ingleese," then raised my cap and shouted, "Viva la Turca," whereupon officers and men with one accord waved their hands and cheered me to the echo. And now I was well past the main body, at a place where the path runs along a slope above a river. Here, when my breast was swelling highest with the tide of emotion, a straggler, as much from ignorance as from wantonness, thrust his sword amongst the spokes, and, to his speechless dismay, beheld me rolling and sprawling down the bank.

So miraculous do my escapes appear that they tempt me to believe in a charmed life. Here are a few of them:

There is a well-known winding *brae* at the head of Loch Lomond, as one comes from Crienlarich. Down this, in my foolhardiness, I was wending my way, one summer evening at dusk, when suddenly, from some cause undiscovered, the wheel slipped sideways, and I only escaped precipitation into the roaring lynn far below by getting entangled in some whin-bushes that grew on the side of the cliff. Not so fortunate was my steed, for one pedal-pin had snapped at the crank. So for the thirty-five miles to Glasgow it was a case of slow, painful locomotion with one foot, changing the pedal as each foot grew weary, all through the night till the dawn.

Between Freiburg and Lausanne, in Switzerland, I had just climbed a steep of four miles, and was glad to mount again; but no sooner had I done so than I entered an ancient dilapidated village called Rue, and observed that the descent had already begun. Loth, however, to dismount, I kept on till the pace became ungovernable, and perforce I had to keep the saddle. So on we rushed, over huge cobble-stones, broken dishes, old pans, gutters, dung-heaps, while dogs and geese, and goats and children fled in terror from before us. With brake still on, still the steep was so frightful that the speed kept increasing, when, oh! horror! the street seemed to terminate in a ditch and a stone wall. I was just about to relax my hold and throw myself off, when I saw a narrow exit directly at right angles to the street. Even so, death still stared me in the face, for there was not room to turn. Summoning all my courage I rushed obliquely towards the wall; then, right on the edge of the ditch, pulled round the machine's head and shot down the hill—saved.

Another time, when descending the Jura

Mountains into France, with my legs over the handle-bar, an abrupt turn in the road brought me into a magnificent amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs. There seemed no outlet to the road, but on the inner side rose a solid wall of rock, and on the outer, the cliffs went sheer down hundreds of feet to where cataracts roared and tumbled and splashed amid the broken masses. At length an opening appeared tunnelled out of the rock, but at right angles. An inch miscalculated would hurl me over the two feet of stones that served for an outer wall, down, down to a fearful death. With a cry of terror, I grasped the branches of an ash tree projecting from the inner side, and held on desperately for many minutes before my scared senses could be convinced that the danger was past.

North of Vesoul, in the east of France, I had had five miles of easy slope, with legs over handle, through glorious woods. On the left ran a torrent, on the right were heights. At one of those exasperating bends I came upon a group of children playing at "houses." To avoid them I had to drive into a crowd of geese in scores, which fled with hideous screams, but not fast enough to disclose in time a big stone in the middle of the road. I was on it before I knew, and, though I jerked aside and flung my weight backwards, I bounded over its side. Upright again, I was barely in time to notice with affright that not a foot was between me and the precipitous side of the torrent. With desperate effort I half wrenched, half lifted, the wheel from its course, bringing away the miserable turf dyke—the only apology for a fence—and sped away—saved once more.

But the greatest troubles and dangers to a cyclist arise from the ignorance or carelessness of others.

Tired and hungry, one evening, after fifty miles of causeway in Holland, I was slowly moving up the town of Arnheim, paying no heed to the rabble of children about me. All at once I felt the hind wheel lifted up, and I was thrown heavily on my shoulder. Leaving the machine as it lay, with the speed of rage I darted after the big boy who had done the trick. Up close and down close, through barns and sheds and yards I chased him, till a locked door brought him to bay. Meantime a fearful hubbub arose behind, and, before I had taken my fill of pommelling the culprit, a motley crowd of jabbering, vociferating Dutchmen was upon me. Bakers with baskets, cobblers with hammers, grocers tying up their aprons, butchers brandishing their knives, women flourishing brooms and pokers, all had rushed to rescue the boy from "the mad foreigner."

Once, on the right bank of the Rhine, between Heidelberg and Strasburg, a lively scrimmage with horses befell me. The careless peasants had left their horses yoked in pairs to long cumbrous hay-carts, unattended by the roadside. There were two teams, one on each side, opposite each other; both faced the wrong way. Believing the beasts would show no more spirit than their continental brethren usually show, I ventured to risk the narrow passage between them. Fool! that passage was like to prove the gate of death. For, deeply absorbed in equine ruminations, they did not espy me till quite abreast; and so sudden was the

start they got that they wheeled right round in front of me, knocked me over against the other cart, and terrified the other horses. There I clung, with arms entwined among the forks of the cart and legs mixed up with the bicycle spokes, hauling it along, as the whole cavalcade swept along the road. Not till my voice reassured them that it was no unearthly visitant they had beheld did they cease their wild career, and give me time to view the sad havoc made among my spokes and on my clothes. Oftener it is not the cyclist, but the persons that show the ignorance or carelessness, who suffer.

As I was toiling up a long slope not far beyond Saint Loup in France, a team of fierce-looking bullocks approached, dragging a lumbering wagon, in which the driver was apparently asleep. They already showed symptoms of fear; so I hallooed to the fellow to look after them. Too late—he leaped out and ran to their heads, while I dismounted. They swerved right round, knocking him over like a ninepin, and bolted up the hill straight for a ladder jutting out from a cherry tree, up which a man, hidden in the foliage, was gathering cherries. Down rattled the ladder with the man and the load of cherries in a shower, and fell across the oxen's backs. He rolled off and the wheels passed over his legs, while the oxen dashed over an embankment, snorting and bellowing, and away over the fields. While I was bathing and rubbing the poor fellow's legs, a crowd ran up from the village, threatening me with violence; and not till I had effectually harangued them in French for half an hour on the rights and rules of the road did they let me depart.

The sun was beating pitilessly on me with noontide force in the great plain of Hungary close to the Danube shore, when I saw a peasant on the top of a laden wagon of wheat, drawn by two horses, coming along, as usual, on the wrong side. As he paid no heed to my shouts, I went to the right. So did the horses in their fright. Too late; he bawled out to them piteously, as he pulled on the reins, "Né, né!" The rickety concern toppled over and he descended double-quick from his fifteen-foot elevation, and all the sheaves upon him. When I cleared them away, he rose groaning and moaning, holding his arm. The cart was twisted out of shape, the ropes and reins broken. After spending an hour mending and loading the cart again, what was my disgust to hear the wretch demand pay for the grain spilled. Some bitter altercation followed, till he whined out, in broken German, "for pity's sake to give him a florin, for he was a poor man." After that, who could resist? A similiar upset occurred in the heart of Servia. A man was driving a cart half laden with cut grain on which he sat. While he gazed stupidly at me, and laughed deliriously, his horses shied and made off over ditch and field and back to the road again. The low telegraph wires caught him and the grain, and turned both off into the ditch together. It was now my turn to laugh.

Truly, a bicycle seen for the first time is a most potent instrument for rousing wonder and alarm both in beasts and men. One evening I was entering a township embedded in the heart of forests. A stampede of fifty horses which had been feeding on the common followed me up the long street; horses

to right of me, left of me, behind me, before me, close on every side, all snorting and plunging and tearing along, men and women, with whips and poles trying to stem the living torrent, and I in the thickest of the throng.

Swinging along a grand bit of road in Sclavonia, the sun glittering on the bright steel, I came up behind a big girl; she fled shrieking at the first sight of me. Her shrieks and her pace increased as I gained on her till she fell down in a faint. Once recovered, she told me she took me for an evil spirit encircled in fire. I was the first cyclist that crossed the Servian-Turkish frontier, and a lively time it gave me. The fellow at the frontier station sent me back on foot eight miles to the magistrates. It was dark when I returned, but I had to wait nearly an hour till the rascal finished eating. Then he pronounced my passport still not good; so off I bounced towards Turkey, determined to force a passage. But a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets blocked the way. Every motion of mine they followed, and twice had their bayonets an inch from my breast. Trying to get back my machine all I got from them was, as they pointed back, a thundering "Marsch!" Next morning, when I left the town, armed with a private magisterial order, the folk were waiting in thousands, and cheered me off, amid cries of "Bravo, Ingleese!"

In every Turkish town I was requested—or, rather, commanded—to perform for the amusement of the inhabitants. But at one in particular where I was detained, all the great men of the neighborhood, Beys, Sheiks, Kamakans, Pashas, assembled in the barrack-yard, with the soldiers and townsfolk in thousands around them, and saw me go through the various evolutions of my craft.

Twice I was stopped on the mountains and searched for gold, but escaped by a trick. Pretending to show how the thing worked, I leaped into the saddle, and flew for life down the road. At a town, not far from which, quite recently, brigands have massacred a dozen people, the authorities arrested me on suspicion of complicity in brigandage—my poor wheel being taken for a readier vehicle to carry off the spoil! They placed me in the guard-house, and sent me off next day by train to Salonica.

It would be endless to tell of hardships endured from the elements or from difficult ground. Yet one or two may well be told.

On that memorable Monday, 8 Feb., 1886, when the snow-storm blocked the fastest trains and the sheep perished in hundreds on the hills, I rode from Ayr to Glasgow. The snow was inches deep on the road when I got beyond Kilmarnock. The northeast wind was driving right in my face in terrific blasts. Hands, feet, ears and face became so benumbed that they did not feel as a part of myself. The snow froze fast and encased me in a rigid prison of ice. At an inn they scraped me with knives before a roaring fire, and restored me with brandy. Little daunted, and bent on keeping an appointment in Glasgow, I faced once more the blinding, freezing storm. The way now led high up over moorland hills; the snow was wreathed feet deep at every turn, and had drifted high above the dykes and hedges. Often I dismounted to examine if I was still on the road, till at one spot, where the fields on one side

are lower than the road, I went quite out of my reckoning. While I was toiling with might and main to cut my way, suddenly the wheel sank out of sight, and I was flung headforemost and buried in the snow. Had not the previous extraordinary exertion kept heat in my body, that had been my last performance with or without the wheel.

I was crossing the Erzgebirge Mountains, in South Germany; above rose crags a thousand feet; darkness came on apace, and found me wandering in those awful woods. Thunder rolled among the hills, and lightning gleams, shooting across the sky, revealed the terrible magnificence of the place. By-and-bye the road broke into two paths. Up one I pushed till it became so steep, so narrow, and so deep with sand that I retreated to the other. Desperately I pushed up through the foot-deep sand, over stagnant pools, loose rocks and fallen timber, till again the road parted into three. Sick at heart, I threw myself down among the prickly shrubs, but, as my senses were leaving me, the cry of a wild animal struck my ear. Stories of wolves and belated travelers darted vividly through my brain. I lit a match and read half-past ten on my watch. What was that glitter far ahead? It was only the wire fence that divides two great empires. For many miles I labored on till ready to drop. But the sight of a rough wooden cross over a mound, and the thought that some poor victim of wolves lay buried there, inspired me with new strength to push on. At last a faint light glimmered down in a valley. It shone from a house in a village, but the people rejected me from the door; and only after begging admission through the whole straggling hamlet, did I find anyone bold enough to give shelter from the rain and the floods.

While making for the battle-ground of Marathon, in Greece, one terribly hot August day, I was sent a short cut across country. Beautiful beyond description was the path for some miles, but it lost itself in fields. For some miles I pushed my wheel over fields and brooks, through thickets and pathless wastes strewn with marble chips. Leaving a guard-house under Mount Pentelicus, where they treated me to wine and melon, I followed the best road—a mere sheep-track. At length it disappeared down steep sides, over fallen rocks and trees and briars, into a deep wooded glen. Here a clear, deep stream ran brawling over immense rocks; and over all, perforce, I picked my way, but not till I had slipped into a boiling lynn. No path was traceable on the other side. Up, up, again, over prickly bushes, mud and shingle, through pine forests, whose soil was slippery with the growth of centuries, down again to the river's edge, but still no path. Gorgeous plants and flowers, exhaling richest odors, gaudy-plumed birds, reptiles, and tortoises, for a time interested my attention. But after three hours wandering up and down, and the sun had left all but the tops of the thousand-foot cliffs that towered around, despair laid hold of me. Leaving the wheel, I climbed the cliffs, and saw, beyond the windings of the stream, the village of Marathon, nestling amid its cypresses far down the valley. After twenty minutes' search, I recovered the wheel; but so steep and shingly, and so dense with vegetation were

the banks, that further movement was impossible, so I tried to make a way up the cliff. The stones and the sand slid from under my feet, and the machine fell back upon me. One foot up, then a slip, a fall, a nasty bruise, until, utterly exhausted, the machine entangled in thorns, and a big rock overhanging, I despaired of ever extricating it from such a frightful place. But the thought of censure nerved me, so, shouldering the wheel, I climbed inch by inch, slowly and painfully, up that seventy degree gradient of rock and sand and thicket. The light of the brilliant stars showed me a field of grain in a valley. Thence a path led to a river. I was making a soft place on the bank to lie down for the night, when the braying of a donkey led me on. It came from a field beside a mill, and there they spread straw on the ground, and gave me a coverlet. A young Greek shared this primitive couch, and talked incessantly. The sense of rest and peace as I lay and smoked my pipe, watched the rising moon, and chatted with the Grecian, was ineffably sweet and deep.

Two days after the great earthquake shocks in Greece, when people thought all danger was over, I was leisurely wheeling along a smooth level street in Patras, on the Gulf of Corinth, when it seemed to me that the surface became all at once unaccountably lumpy. While I was looking about to discover the cause, the cries of the people, as they rushed out of the houses and wildly up the street to the open square, revealed to me the interesting fact that—what probably no one else has ever done—I had ridden a bicycle on an earthquake!

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE PEDAL MOUNT.

Editor Cycle: Unasked I come to you with a small article to give my views on the subject of the *Pedal Mount*, which, I can safely say, if you will publish, will benefit some of your many readers. I am prompted to do this from seeing an article in the last number of the *CYCLE* on this subject, in which the writer advances a method which, I think, is far from correct; in fact, from the many cautions given, is apt to deter the timid from even trying to learn, for who is there among those having the experience but dreads a header? I am, comparatively speaking, an old man, and nearly four years of service during the war has given me rheumatic joints, but, for all that, an ardent lover of cycling, and there are but few days in the year that I do not have a five-mile spin on the road. A tour to the Ohio meet in September last is one of the most pleasant recollections of my life,—so pleasant, indeed, that several of us are already laying our plans for the same route and meet this year. Four thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine miles in 1886 is not so bad for an old man, and to encourage road riding I have offered a fine medal to the rider covering the largest number of miles during 1887. Our best riders here, almost to a man, use the pedal mount, to learn which I would give the following rules, which, if carried out, it will be quickly learned, and no danger whatever of a header: First, select some short, smooth piece of road, slight down-grade

preferred. Next, while practising, if possible, remove the step entirely, to prevent injury from it. Second, position should be taken on left side of wheel, left hand on grip of handle-bar, right hand on handle-bar, about midway between head and end of bar. Left crank up and slightly forward of fork (position of pedal horizontal). Third, move forward by stepping off with left foot, a medium brisk step, twenty-seven to thirty inches. At a regular pace the next move of the left foot will bring it to the pedal, which is then, or should be, past the lower centre on its upward movement. Fourth, place left foot on pedal, both hands firm on handle-bar, as first described; bring up right foot with a slight spring to assist the upward movement of the pedal. Body erect at all times. With a little practice this movement will carry the rider to the saddle with hardly any effort on his part. Position of right hand should not be changed until after firmly seated in saddle. The entire mount, from inception to completion, is done in a space of thirteen feet, taking a 52-inch bicycle as a basis. In executing the mount the wheel should be but slightly inclined towards the rider, and no matter whether up hill, on a level, or a down-grade, there is no inclination of the wheel to tilt forward; therefore, no danger of a header if above directions are carried out. I hope you will give the above, or a synopsis, to your readers. It is a pretty mount, and can be learned by a novice just as easy as that by a step.

CHARLES J. SCHERER.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FROM THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

ALTHOUGH the long period of snow has effectually put a check to all wheeling the club men are by no means despondent, but have many plans in view to while away the season of inactivity.

THE Kings County Wheelmen propose holding a pool tournament at their headquarters on the 18th inst., open to club members only, but at which all interested are cordially invited to be present. Handsome cues are to be presented to the first and second best men, and a very enjoyable time is anticipated. Their annex committee has been hard at work, and the much-talked-of new location will, it is hoped, be definitely settled during the coming month. They will probably secure new quarters in the vicinity of Bedford and Fulton avenues, and will move their headquarters to the new location, using their present rooms as an annex. They have received a challenge from the Long Island wheelmen for a match at bowling between teams from the two clubs. An early date will be set for the match, and much fun is looked forward to in the event. Perhaps the greatest piece of news from their vicinity is that the great E. K. Austin, secretary-treasurer, etc., etc., and the hottest kind of a champion for light wheels, has given up his thirty-four-pound Rudge Light Roadster and adopted a Star as his mount for the coming season, which, light as it is of its kind, weighs forty-five pounds. Since the last New York and New Jersey Team Road Racing Association race the Kings

County Wheelmen have had the Star fever bad, but we never thought it possible that Austin would come down to the "coffee mill."

THE Brooklyn Bicycle Club has taken very kindly, we might say enthusiastically, to tobogganning and skating having organized clubs for the indulgence of each sport. They had a merry party at the slides on Saturday evening last, and propose getting up a rousing skating party on the coming Saturday. The wear the club uniform on all occasions of this kind, and find it both comfortable and serviceable. That apostle of skulls, cross-bones, and figures, their worthy club surgeon, Brush by name, has compiled an elaborate table of statistics of the club for the year 1886. A *resume* of the voluminous document shows that on 31 December they had a membership of sixty-five, classified as follows: Active, 55; associate, 5; veteran, 3, and honorary, 2. The maximum duration of membership was seven years and seven months; the minimum, one month. The total period of membership was one hundred and nine years and eight months, and the average duration one year and ten months.

In age, the maximum was thirty-four years, the minimum 18; sum total of all the ages, 1,469 years, and the average twenty-two and a half years.

In height, the maximum was six feet three inches, the minimum, five feet four inches; the sum total of all heights was three hundred and sixty-five feet four inches, and the average five feet eight inches.

As to weight, their heaviest man weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds, their lightest, one hundred and twenty-two pounds; their total weight was 9,244 pounds, and their average weight one hundred and forty-two pounds. In all of the above, sixty-five men reported.

Their mileage in 1886, with but forty-five men reporting, was: maximum, 8,086; minimum, 100. Total mileage of all reporting, 55,743 miles.

The number of wheels reported was 54, classified as follows: Expert, 24; Victor, 12; American Club, 5; Rudge Light Roadster, 3; Columbia Light Roadster, 3; British Challenge, 1; Yale, 1; Apollo, 1; Pilot, 1; Spalding, 1; unknown makes, 3. The largest wheel was 60 inches, and the smallest 48, the average being 53 inches.

The largest individual records were: A. B. Barkman, 8,086 miles; F. B. Hawkins, 4,751; Elmer Skinner, 4,000; Dr. Brush and E. Williams, each 3,000; W. Slocum, 2,556; A. S. Haviland, 2,500; Martin R. Winchell, and J. R. Nafis, each 2,000; F. B. Jones, 1,800; and H. J. Kellum and G. E. D. Todd, each 1,500. Besides these, Messrs. Bancroft, Meeteer, Adams, Wheeler, Cole, Spelman, and Wheeler, each scored 1000 miles or over.

The boys have well earned their title of being "toughs," and are proud of it, and while none of them aspire to racing, I think the majority will hold their own with most riders, when it comes to a matter of distance. Messrs. Barkman and Hawkins have each made over two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, on Long Island roads, and have also done a number of centuries. The other members of the club who have made cen-

turies during the past year are, Slocum, Meeteer, Adams, Wheeler, Skinner, Todd, Williams, and Jones. They are to have an entertainment at the club-house on the evening of the 19th at which the club medals won during the past year will be presented.

ANON.

CYCLET'S.

"WHEELING."

AIR.—"Sailing."

AWAY, my boys, the roads are dry,
Our 'cycles mount, and say good-bye
To those who are to us most dear;
And then our course we'll gaily steer;
For who so gay as wheelists on their wheels,
When speeding past the forests and the fields?

Then here's to the wheelist,
And here's to his willing steed;
Which will serve him well, when in his greatest need.

CHORUS.

Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
Riding on so joyously, like ship that's spread her sails;
Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
And many a mile will covered be,
Through lovely glades and vales.

The wheelist's life's the one for me;
From care and troubles who so free;
He speeds, with swift revolving feet,
Past fields of golden waving wheat;
But though he roams o'er England's lovely shores,
He seeks fresh scenes, and foreign climes explores.

Then here's to the wheelist,
And here's to his willing steed,
Which will serve him well, when in his greatest need.

CHORUS.

Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
Riding on so joyously, like ship that's spread her sails;
Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
And many a mile will covered be,
Through lovely glades and vales.

Hurrah! my boys, the stormy wind,
Will help us leave our homes behind,
The busy towns we soon shall clear,
And sylvan scenes will then appear.
But ere we start a toast we'll give to all
Who ride the wheel, of great size or of small.

Then here's to the wheelist,
And here's to his willing steed,
Which will serve him well, when in its greatest need.

CHORUS.

Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
Riding on so joyously, like ship that's spread her sails;
Wheeling, wheeling, over the hills and dales,
And many a mile will covered be,
Through lovely glades of vales.

THE Meet will be held 20 and 21 May next.

W. W. STALL and wife are in Washington.

THE Ramblers, of St. Louis, offered a gold medal to any one who should climb "Son of a Gun" hill during 1886. Fifteen men got up, and of these, eleven belonged to the Ramblers.

THE Fort Wayne Bicycle Club gave a very successful promenade concert 10 January inst.

ONE scorcher to his great rival—"Ah, good morning, Jones! have you heard about my last ride?" "I hope so!" was the cool rejoinder.

WHEELMAN on ordinary, following another on Kangaroo, casts an admiring glance on two pretty girls, and is "crushed" as follows:—

Girl. You must n't look round at us so!
Wheelman. Why, my dear?

Girl. Oh! you should keep your eyes in front; you're taking care of *that* (pointing to Kangaroo), are n't you?

WE are in receipt of the valuable *Clipper* anamlac, with its carefully compiled tables of statistics, records, etc. In the cycling tables the promateurs are classed as professionals, but they are designated by a special character.

WHY is a man approaching a candle like a man getting off a bi.? Because he's going to a *light*.

SPIDER wheels are not such modern inventions as some people think, for we find the immortal bard makes mention of them. "Waggon wheels made of long spiders' legs." "Romeo and Juliet," Act I, scene 4.

JONES was telling Robinson about a friend who was injured in an accident, caused by the bad road near Cleveland. "He ought to have got heavy damages from the road," said Robinson. "He did," replied Jones; "he got his nose smashed, forehead cut open, broke an arm, and sprained his ankle."

LOUISE ARMAINDO is lying very sick in Minneapolis, from a cold contracted after the late six-day race.

RALPH FRIEDBERG will go to Europe with the American team. He will do fancy riding and his celebrated "female-bicycler" act, in which he has met with good success.

MR. CHARLES HOPKINS, of Wellington, has built for himself a tricycle house, which will accommodate a large number of machines. He will have room for his own wheels, and those of his friends who may call upon him. The structure forms an attractive feature of the estate, and attracts not a little attention from passers-by.

MACHINIST in repair shop to impatient wheelman, who has been waiting three weeks to have his handle-bar straightened, "Is it the bi. yer after I You can't have it this after—. Some other after—. Good after—!" (Bicycler makes a note of the formula and repeats it, substituting the word "Cash" when the latter is demanded in payment of repairs.

"A promateur walked round the Coventry track
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow,
And I said to him, 'Stranger, why dost look so black,
And why singing willow, tit willow?
Oh, why do you moan, and why sad seems your heart,
I pray you the reason to me you'll impart?'
He did but gaze at me, and then, with a start,
Went on singing tit willow, tit willow.

Now could I not make out why he suffered such pain,
And sang willow, tit willow, tit willow,
So once more I abjured him to kindly explain
The reason of willow, tit willow.

Then he turned and stopped still on his sorrowful way,
And sobbed, 'Well, the reason I cannot feel gay
Is, they've taken my amateur status away,
Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow.'

—Sport and Play.



SAFE, PRACTICAL and FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.

First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

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SOLE AGENT FOR EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here that my 54-Apollo is the finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased with the Apollo is very mildly putting it. I can find only two words that can express my feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.

If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

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of any kind, send stamp to

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Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.



AFTER some of his experiences in the Orient, wheelman Stevens must think it better to walk in Europe than to cycle in Cathay.—*Buffalo Express.*

MR. A. F. PECK, Jr., of the Massachusetts Club, had the honor on Saturday last of piloting the Chief Executive of the State down Corey Hill toboggan slide. The Governor enjoyed the fast ride immensely.

W. J. MORGAN informs us that he can make arrangements with the Anchor Line for a theatrical rate for any cyclists who contemplate visiting England or Europe this winter, providing they sail per steamer Belgravia 5 February. A letter or telegram to this office will reach him.

THE next dinner of the Massachusetts Division, L. A. W., will take place at the Quincy House, Saturday, 12 February, at 6 P. M.

THE next ladies' night of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club will take place 22 January. The committee in charge intend that it shall be the most enjoyable yet held, and a large turnout of members is expected.

MESSRS. JOHN P. LOVELL'S Sons have taken the New England Agency of the Springfield Bicycle.

BY actual count 24,489 bicycles entered Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, last year, and it is estimated that 21,489 entered at the gates where records are not kept.

CLEVELAND RECORDS.

THE Sun Star Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, has a riding record for the year of 1886 of 1,359 miles. Captain Walter Collins furnishes the following report: Membership, 31 Dec., 1885, 21; 31 Dec., 1886, 36; number of runs, 32; number of miles run, 359; longest run, 72 miles; average run, 42½ miles; largest attendance, 19; average attendance, 9; most runs made, 27—by H. E. Chubb. Club tour: (third) R. W. Wright and H. E. Chubb, to Conneaut, O., and return, 150 miles, 30 and 31 May; A. R. Scott, H. E. Chubb, and William Taylor, Tiffin, O., and return 159 miles, 15 and 16 Aug.; H. E. Chubb, Joseph Hatch, William Taylor, 300 miles, in Canada, 10 and 17 Sept.

ICE CYCLING

YESTERDAY (Dec. 8th) afternoon a couple of Ramblers conceived the idea of taking a spin on their wheels over the smooth, frozen surface of the bay. To keep the rubber tire free from snow, that it might grip the ice, stiff brushes were fastened to the forks over the big wheel, which answered the purpose so far as keeping the wheel free from snow went. It was thought that this precaution would make a bike as safe as a fish house on wheels. The ice was smooth, the wind from the west, and the wheels free in their action. They walked home, however, and both wheels and riders are candidates for hospitals. To those who have not tried the sport, the following points may be of interest: Carry a feather bed on each side; never carry a bunch of keys in your hip pocket; there is not that elasticity in ice that philosophy gives it credit for; stars and fireworks guar-

anteed every time the wheel gets tired; there is no discount on the fun until the tide turns, then there is no discount on the tide. A bike is a thing of beauty and a joy for summer time, but don't monkey with it on ice. If you must spin over the frozen surface of the bay, charter a handcar or get a lease of one of the cosy street-cars, but never tackle your bike. It will protest if you do, and make a mop of you at the first opportunity.—*Bellville Intelligencer.*

THE CUNNINGHAM COMPANY.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of The Cunningham Company is to take place next month. Although the house which brought cycling to America is at present out of business, it must not therefore be supposed that it is out of existence as well. It still retains its legal hold on life; its charter is still operative, and quite likely it will one day again assume its former leading position among American Cycle manufacturers, and re-establish its "Harvard" and "Gale" machines in all their old-time reputation and favor.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

FOR the past three months the cycling and general sporting press of this country and England have been pretty well deluged by numerous articles and squibs regarding the first British and European tour of the American professional champions, and so persistent and shrewd an advertiser is W. J. Morgan, that at this time there is much curiosity and actual interest taken in the movements of W. M. Woodside and W. J. Morgan, who form the nucleus of the team who propose to invade the domains of her majesty Queen Vic. and her contemporary rulers. The date of sailing has been fixed for 5 February, and the steamer "Belgravia," Anchor Line, will be the boat selected to convey the party across. Several men have been named as the third party to compete, and the choice lay between amateur and professional talent. Owing to the disturbed aspect of the amateur question in England, the choice fell on an all-round professional rider, Ralph Friedberg, the well-known Western artist, who arrived here from Chicago, Wednesday, 18 January. From the echoes of welcome from the English press, we should judge that the trip will be one of profit as well as a racing success, and the team are chuck full of confidence in their ability to uphold the American flag successfully while abroad. The first stand will possibly be at or near London, and all the famous tracks in Great Britain may have an opportunity to judge the American product. The management of the team affairs will be in the hands of W. J. Morgan, who will undoubtedly keep up his end of the team while abroad. A farewell athletic exhibition of cycling, racing, trick, burlesque, and general athletics will be given at the Columbia Rink, Washington street, this city Saturday evening next, 22 January, when the team and other leading cycle lights will be present, and take part in the programme. We hope to see all cyclists turn out, and give the pros. a good send-off, as it will be the last appearance of the genial Woodside and Morgan in this country for some time.

MUTTERED WORDS.

May and Will rode down the hill
Upon a Humber tandem;
Will fell down and broke his crown—
Then muttered words at random.

It was a pleasant October forenoon. The sun shone out in all its splendor, chasing away the mists that had filled the crisp bracing air of the earlier morn, and leaving every leaf and bough tinged with many-hued dew drops, rendered gems of diamond-like purity by the rays of his majesty. Will Buckley sat in his father's law office in Hagerstown, meditating on the beauties of the weather, rather than upon the intricacies of the complicated legal problem that had fallen to his lot on that particular morning, and in spite of himself and his frequent attempts to recall his wandering thoughts to the dusty papers that lay piled up in picturesque heaps upon his desk, his mind would turn back to a face he had seen on the previous evening.

George Smyth and his brother had given a progressive euchre party to which Will had been invited, and at the tables he had played partner twice to May Manning, a young lady with whom he had had a slight acquaintance for some months past. During that time he had made several calls at her residence, with and without other gentlemen friends, but the peculiar charm of her manner and grace of her every action, to say nothing of the sweet tones of her gently modulated voice, had never struck him so forcibly before. He had made a bad blunder that had lost them a game, and both were forced to move down one table. Later ill luck dropped her to the foot, and the result was she bore off the "booby" prize. Others had laughed in gentle derision, and her pretty face had been shrouded in blushes. Will gallantly hastened to her side, and in his humblest tones, sought her pardon, and drew all the blame of her misfortune upon his own, as he called it, "thick" head. It had been the charm of the manner in which she excused him, and said that we all were liable to occasional blunders, which should not be set down to our thoughtlessness—rather to our bad luck, that had struck him so forcibly. At the same time she laid her hand upon his coat sleeve and turned a pair of gentle brown eyes up to him—eyes which certainly contained no malice, and equally certainly were not those of a coquette. If she had been a most accomplished flirt, she could not have smitten the heart of our hero more completely, for (whisper it gently, as he did not yet realize it himself) Will was in love!

However, he sat there, as I have said, and involuntarily he searched his mind for some means of enjoying this bright, beautiful day; and suddenly, like an inspiration, came the thought of taking *her* on a tandem ride. His work could wait; he felt that exercise would do him good; he would work the better for a little fresh air—a thousand and one excuses came readily enough to him, and he yielded. Ah, if he had not, how different might have been the after life of at least two young people, and this sketch would never have been written, and his true courage and chivalry never have found light in these columns.

A Humber tandem was procured about one o'clock, and May, nothing loath, was easily persuaded to take a little airing. She had

ridden before, though never with him; but very gracefully she sat upon the bright polished wheel, and many were the admiring eyes turned upon her as they rode along the streets.

On and on, out into the country they sped. The roads of blue limestone, crushed by the wagons and softened by rain, then baked by the sun into an almost concrete smoothness, slipped under their wheels, propelled by the strong limbs of our hero, until the cyclometer registered ten miles and a half, when the tandem was turned around and the homeward journey commenced. A by-road led through a dense wood, and alongside a pretty babbling brook, where the birds chirped in their innocence, the fishes played in the cool waters and disported their shining sides, and the soft rays of the sun peeped through between the dense foliage overhead and strewed the earth and water with tiny bright spots, not unlike those on the shy trout's sides; and Will was familiar with every turn and hill on this road. Accordingly, he proposed to return that way.

Two, three, four miles had been traversed, the prettiest spots were past, the sun was beginning to send his rays in oblique lines beneath the trees, seeking every corner that might be illuminated before he seated himself in the glorious, ruddy West, and there were but five more miles before home would be reached and the day's sport be over. Once or twice within the last half-hour Will had spoken, calling the attention of his fair companion to some special beauty of nature, or to the flight of a gay plumed bird; but she had chatted happily, incessantly enough. A team approached. The driver called out for Will to stop. True to his gentlemanly instincts, he did so. It was not for the horses, however, that he had been halted, for the mud-besmeared jehu in his politest language advised our hero to turn off at a little cross-road and seek the pike, rather than go on ahead, because a washed-away bridge would make it disagreeable riding, a quarter-mile further on.

Thanking him for his kindness, Will did as he was directed, and entered a but little used road, which the driver had said would lead him by a short cut to the main thoroughfare. This road, however, was unknown to Will, but appeared good enough. So the tandem sped merrily along between the towering trees which lined its course on either side. A hill was reached—a hill with a curve in the road. The road was such that the bottom of the incline could not be seen. Gently Will applied the brake, and the wheel sped on. The pitch steepened and the brake was applied with more force, the riders removing their feet from the pedals. Still steeper grew the hill, and still firmer was the brake applied to the now swiftly turning wheel, when—Snap! With a loud crack it parted, and Will realized that the machine was beyond his control. On, on, faster and faster sped the tandem.

Little heroine that she was, May uttered not a sound, nor even intimated that she was aware of what had happened. Will, for his part, judging from what the road had been, concluded nothing bad would happen, and the pitch of the hill was now, in fact, much less. The bottom could not be far off. So he remained quiet for her sake, and spoke not a word. On sped the machine, now,

however, a little slackening its frightful speed; and now a long straight stretch of road appears in front. Mentally, Will thanked Heaven for that, and if only the bridge at the bottom of the hill, which could be distinctly seen, were in good condition, no accident would befall the girl he loved, and who trusted so implicitly in him and his prowess.

But look! What is that? Across the road near the bridge lies a large log, placed there to signify that the bridge was impassable. With a gasp for breath, and a mental prayer to kind Heaven to strengthen him in this his hour of need of strength, Will glanced about him to see what could be done.

Every moment brought them nearer and nearer certain destruction—every revolution of the swiftly turning wheels lessened their chances of escaping with even their lives, and shortened the time for action. Will grew desperate, and nerving himself for a grand effort to save the life he now realized was so dear to him, he grasped the backbone of the machine, and swinging himself off back, hung on for dear life, while his bruised and bleeding body dragged and bumped over the sharp stones in the road-bed. The small wheel in front tilted down with its release of sustaining power, and Will's heavy weight acted as an anchor to the fast flying tandem. Despite the bruises and cuts, despite the dust, the pain, and even the now ready-flowing blood, our hero held on. Ten—twenty—thirty feet, and the machine's course was checked. Two or three mortal minutes of agony, and the deed was done! The tandem came to a stand not three yards from the log, and May Manning owed her life to the noble boy who now lay limp and insensible in the road.

May dismounted to see what could be done. She raised the head of her prostrate deliverer upon her lap, and seated herself in the road, without a thought for the dust and dirt, or for the ungracefulness of the attitude. At that moment a little girl trudging home from school with her books under her arm, came down the road singing,

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

May quickly summoned the child to her side, and sent her to the nearest house for assistance. Readily enough the little one responded to her appeal, and again May was left alone with her hero. She smoothed his curly brown locks, and with her delicate kerchief wiped the blood from his calm brow. Was he dead? No, her woman's instincts told her not. He had simply fainted. She was not one to give way in time of need, nor to fly into hysterics at the sight of blood; so she nursed his bruises as well as lay in her power and waited the coming of assistance.

Suppose he were injured! And it was all for her! How nobly he had saved her from harm, at the sacrifice of himself. Involuntarily, and prompted by the gratefulness with which her tender heart was overflowing, she stooped and pressed a kiss upon his quiet lips; and with that action came the consciousness that she loved him. Now, indeed, she must save him! Now was she doubly grateful, and did she truly appreciate his heroism. Now did she ply more softly

the handkerchief, and still more tenderly shift his head upon her knee to a softer spot—a position where she might study well that noble face, and seek for the first signs of returning consciousness. She kissed him again, this time blushing softly as she did so; and with that token of affection, he stirred uneasily and muttered almost inaudibly "She must be saved at any cost, for I love her!"

The blushes deepened, and her tender clasp tightened slightly, but otherwise there was no sign that she heard. Steadily she studied his face, and longed for the reopening of his eyes. At last he stirred again, breathed a heavy sigh, and revived. At his first glance he saw what had happened, but hypocrite that he was, he feigned to be unable to rise. Neither spoke. The silence was precious, and each read in the other's eyes the old, old story of love, and love returned.

"You have saved my life, and you are hurt," she said at last.

"I would die for you," he whispered, in reply.

"I would rather have you live," evasively, and averting her eyes which were filled with tears.

"Let me live for you, May, and for you alone!" he said.

For answer, she passed her hand over his brow, and sighed. He caught it in his strong grasp, and assuming an upright position, breathed words of burning, passionate love in her not unwilling ear. He, to whom she owed so much,—he, who had caught her from death, as it were; he sued for her love, and it was his already. What was there for her but to yield? And yield she did at last, with the grace that characterized all her actions.

When the sturdy farmer came in sight with his little girl running along in front and pointing out the way, our friends were repairing their damages to wheel and person, and with a little assistance were soon on their way again, now merry enough in spite of the torn clothes and bruised body of our hero.

There is little to add. This sketch must, of course, end as all such stories always do, or I would fall in favor with my readers; so I will draw the curtain over the young folks, and leave to the imagination of the reader the tender nothings that were said, the responsive glances, and the soft hand-pressures indulged in—things to others silly indeed, but to the parties concerned the sweetest of the sweet.

Will and May are now man and wife, with two little ones growing up to lives of usefulness in their respective branches, and of pleasure astride their wheels. Will, junior, already has his "felocipe" and little May has learned to lisp a few of the cycling words, such as "bithyle," "tanem," and the like. When last heard from, the mischief-loving father was teaching his youngest hopeful to say "proamateur" and "professional,"—words touching upon a question let it be hoped may be settled and settled peaceably, long before she comprehends their significance, and the troubles that have grown out of their misuse and misapplication.

N. L. COLLAMER.

ST. LOUIS AND THE LEAGUE MEET.

YESTERDAY was a lively day among the wheelmen. The board of officers and joint committees of the city clubs met the visiting delegation at the Union Depot at 10 a. m., and escorted it to the Lindell Hotel, where informal conversation took place for some time, when the party resolved itself into an executive meeting for arranging details of the League meet.

There were present from abroad: Burley B. Ayres, Ned Oliver and C. R. Griffeth, Chicago; Chief Consul Irwin of Indiana; Dr. C. C. Johnson, Detroit, Mich.; G. Slaughter, Moline, Ill.; J. A. Gleason, Tipton, Ind.; H. E. Rouse, Peoria, Ill.; T. W. Overall, Kansas City, and J. W. Neill, Mine LaMoste. The St. Louis representatives in the meeting were: Chief Consul Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer Lewis and Representatives George C. Oeters of the Missouri Division Board of Officers; Capt. W. M. Brewster, D. A. Cook, J. E. Smith of the Missouri Club, and A. K. Stewart and L. S. C. Ladish of the Ramblers.

After some discussion the usual three-day feature of the League meet was abandoned, and it was decided to have but two days. This decision was come to because it was thought it would be difficult get many here as early as Thursday. The two days selected were Friday and Saturday, 20 and 21 May, which have already been recommended by the *Post-Despatch* as a suitable date. There was a disposition manifested by the American Wheelmen representatives to get the best day of the meet for their road race. Their proposition was to have a three-days' meet, beginning Thursday, with Saturday given over to a jaunt to Clarksville, to see the 50-mile road race. But the meeting didn't take kindly to any such scheme, and resolved to have strictly League affairs take up the two days, the meet to come to an end with Saturday, and anything after that to be run as a private scheme. The programme, as finally made out, was as follows: Friday, 20 May, the National Board of Officers will meet at 9 a. m., and the general League at 11 a. m. After dinner the League will take an excursion down the Mississippi River to Montezano Springs, visiting the Vulcan Iron-works, Indian Cave and other points of interest. The immense steamer, Chas. P. Chouteau, which has carried 13,000 bales of cotton on one trip, will be chartered for the occasion, and will afford plenty of room for the merry cyclers. After supper at the springs the return trip will be made. On the way home dancing will be indulged in on the spacious floors of the steamer.

On Saturday, the annual League parade, with hundreds of wheelmen in line, will take place at 10 a. m., the line of march ending in Forest Park, where the dinner will be served. At 3 p. m. will be races, and in the evening the grand banquet at the Lindell, which is expected to be one of the largest banquets ever held in the West. Toasts will there be responded to by the Mayor, members of the City Council, and other municipal dignitaries. This will end the League meet proper, but an excursion will then be run to Clarksville the next day to take in the American Wheelman's 50-mile road race, which will come off Monday. Religious services will be attended by the cyclers at Clarksville Sunday morning, and

in the afternoon, a quiet ride will be taken around the Belt road.

Burley Ayres of Chicago says the programme as arranged promises to be the most entertaining the League of American Wheelmen has ever held. He is sure that fully 100 cyclists will come down from Chicago, and he vouches for that city's hearty support of St. Louis in making the meet a success. The subject of a parade excited no debate, and it was determined to make it a big feature.

THE APPLICATION REJECTED.

Saturday the *Post-Despatch* stated the Ramblers' application for membership in the Missouri Club. Yesterday the Executive Committee of the Missouri Club replied that the application could not be favorably received, as a provision of the charter prevented their admission as a club. The committee, however, expressed their sincere regret, and acknowledged the honor conferred upon them by the application. This reply was read in the Ramblers' Club-room, and Al Stewart was accused of misleading the club. He indignantly denied it, and hot words, nearly resulting in blows, were exchanged. Mr. Stewart flatly told the club that the American Wheelman had published what it knew was false, and, though bulldozed by one or two, stood by his assertion. A special meeting of the club will be held to-night. It was originally projected to disband before the Missouri Club could be heard from, but that object being lost, the aim of the meeting is not clear.—*Post-Despatch*.

RECENT cycling patents: Nat. Brown, Emporea, Kan., swing bicycle; W. S. Evans, Clyde, Ohio, bulletin board; Wm. C. Hall, Sycamore, Ill., laying concrete; A. P. Merrill, Fall River, Mass., wheel for velocipedes.

THE CLUB.

THOMASTON.—Semi-annual election by Thomaston Cycle Club, 3 Jan., 1887: G. I. Tuttle, president; T. F. Sheridan, vice-president; H. H. Teames, secretary-treasurer; A. B. Schneider, captain.

CHICAGO.—Officers elected by Chicago Club, 11 Jan., 1887: R. Philip Gormully, president; John C. Ellis, vice-president; Fred. A. Ingalls, captain; Richard J. Schmitt, secretary-treasurer; Samuel B. Wright, quartermaster.

THE Columbia Bicycle Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, O. W. Clifford; vice-president, H. A. Hall; secretary, W. A. Block; treasurer, C. F. Kurtz; captain, Frederick I. Goilon; first lieutenant, Ray Randell; second lieutenant, Will Swift; bugler, George L. Shepardson; executive committee, John Plattner and F. E. Bell.

AT the semi-annual meeting of the Bosobel Bicycle Club of Lynn the following officers were elected: President, Robert J. Heron; vice-president, Philip McCarty; secretary, William L. Lewis; treasurer, Henry Forsythe; captain, Edward Trusdale; first lieutenant, George A. Leison; second lieutenant, Joseph Rowley; color-bearer, Thomas Stevens; bugler, E. A. Packard; club committee, Thomas Stevens, S. Steel P. McCarty.

THE Lynn Base Ball Club of 1887 will play on the grounds of the Lynn Cycle Track Association, which will be put into the best possible shape for its purposes.

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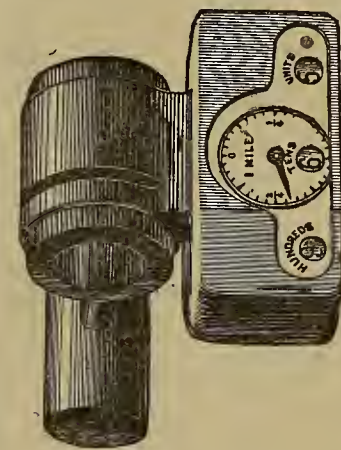
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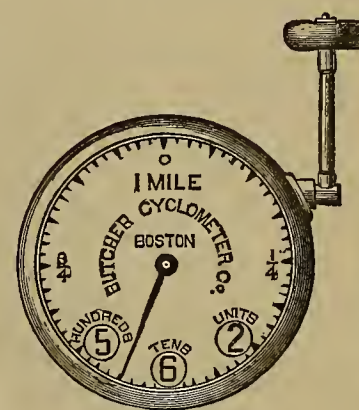
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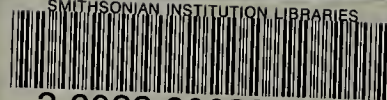
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